

THE LETTERS AND MEMOIRS OF
SIR WILLIAM HARDMAN



WILLIAM HARDMAN

[Frontispiece

The Letters and Memoirs of Sir William Hardman

M.A., F.R.G.S.

SECOND SERIES: 1863-1865

ANNOTATED AND EDITED BY

S. M. ELLIS

WITH FIFTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS



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PREFACE

THOSE who read the first volume of this work, entitled *A Mid-Victorian Pepys*, may recall that we left William Hardman in April, 1863. In the present volume the narrative is continued from that date until April, 1865. It embraces rather a restless period of Hardman's life, before he settled down at Kingston-on-Thames as magistrate and mayor. At first we find him still at No. 27, Gordon Street, with his wife and two little daughters, a non-practising barrister, keenly interested in the events of the day, engaged in mild literary work, and much given to hospitality and the society of his friends. But a change of residence is at hand, and after two lengthy tours abroad and a summer stay at Hampton-on-Thames, in 1864, Hardman purchased Norbiton Hall and took up his abode there in the autumn of that year.

Despite these excursions, Hardman continued his monthly budget of news and gossip for his friend, E. D. Holroyd, a barrister who had gone to Australia, and the letters are somewhat fuller in detail, as the following pages will demonstrate. At home, Hardman's intimate friendships with, in particular, George Meredith and Shirley Brooks suffered no relaxation. Their tremendous laughter at the Panorama of Life continues, and Meredith and Hardman are still "Robin" and "Friar Tuck" to each other—nicknames they

had, no doubt, taken from *Maid Marian*, by Thomas Love Peacock (Meredith's father-in-law). Friar Tuck, whose motto was "Drink and sing, and eat and laugh," was a very apt prototype for Hardman, who could truly continue Friar Tuck's credo :

"None shall laugh in my company, though it be at my expense, but I will have my share of the merriment. The world is a stage, and life is a farce, and he that laughs most has most profit of the performance."

Such was Hardman and his attitude to Life, well-fed and well-wined. A few reviewers of the first volume of this work took exception to the comparison of Hardman with Pepys, because Hardman offered no revelations of his inner self and secret sins in the manner of *The Great Samuel*. But Hardman had no inner self or secret sins to reveal. All that he was is revealed in his letters. He was entirely domesticated, nay uxorious, and miserable when separated from his wife for even a few days. When, rarely, Mrs. Hardman was away, the husband dined dismally at his club "in a mouldy state of mind": he wanted no hectic night of freedom. Mrs. Hardman deserved his devotion, for she was a splendid example of the Mid-Victorian woman and wife, a veritable help-mate. Not only did she bring her husband a large fortune and prove an admirable housekeeper and hostess; she was his companion in all his pursuits and interests—literature, music, geography, zoology, long walks and mountain tours, and even sculling (in crinoline), as a later page will show; she shared his taste for good dinners, and could enter into and enjoy

his robust sense of humour ; and, most pregnant test of all, her husband's notable men friends were equally her friends. As George Meredith wrote at the outset of their friendship : " She is one of the rare 'women who don't find it necessary to fluster their sex under your nose eternally in order to make you like them.'"

There are, therefore, no secrets in Hardman's life : all is in his letters. He remains a sturdy, self-opinionated Tory, a trifle irritable and arrogant ; laughter and good cheer are his attributes, together with that Rabelaisian humour and interest in human idiosyncrasy which he shared with Meredith, Swinburne, Rossetti, Thackeray, Shirley Brooks, and many other distinguished men of his environment.

I again thank Mrs. Croome, Hardman's daughter, for the use of her father's letter-books. I have continued my method of amplifying any brief statement in the original script by an indented note in the text wherever Hardman's allusion is of importance and merits additional detail. By this means I hope a comprehensive glimpse of the topics and events of 1863-1865 will be secured.

S. M. ELLIS.

THE COTTAGE,
MORNINGTON AVENUE, W.14.
July, 1925.

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LETTERS AND MEMOIRS OF SIR WILLIAM HARDMAN

MAY, 1863

BELOVED disciple of our common (yet uncommon) Master, the great Alcofribus Nasier ! Greetings without end, and as long as the moon endureth, which will probably not be quite so long. But of this scientific matter by the way : let us proceed. Where was I ? " So long as the moon endureth." Just so. Lord Dundreary¹ would tell us that " every fellah knows that there is a *new* moon every month, but what becomes of the old ones is a sort of thing that no fellah can possibly make out." However, my greetings are monthly. So there ! Sola ! Sola !

Your goddaughter² treats me with great contempt ; I expect you to look to this. " Honour thy father and thy mother," etc. The Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments in the *vulgar* tongue. Ah ! that's it. Ethel has got the last part of the business, but not the first. To-day I was asking Nellie who the little girl was whom I saw playing with them in Euston Square Gardens ; and I said, after describing the damsel, " Well, who is she ? "—whereupon your

¹ The character of Lord Dundreary in the comedy *Our American Cousin* had been made famous since November, 1861, when it was created by E. A. Sothorn. See the first volume of this work, *A Mid-Victorian Pepys*, pp. 236-237.

² Hardman's younger daughter, Ethel.

goddaughter, who was sitting at my side (we were at lunch), said cheekily, "Why, she's *the cat's aunt!*" Gracious goodness! I thought Mary Anne would have laughed herself into hysterics. It appears, that the word "*she*" was the cue, and it is the correct thing among children and nurses to say "she is the cat's aunt."¹ Very startling to a dignified parent.

Last night I sang, with my wonted vigour, the Song of Songs, the great piece for basso profundo, sacred to the memory of my E. D. H. Of course you know that I allude to *Friend of the Brave!* It brought back to my mind the jolly evenings of *four* years ago. Need I say that we talked about you and wondered what you were doing; I supposed you would be just hurrying off to chambers after breakfast.

I met my old friend, Lord Robert Montagu, in Pall Mall, and chaffed him about his unsavoury work in connection with the Metropolitan Sewage. In the course of conversation he said, "I am a poor man," but I did not believe him until I saw that the Duke of Wellington had obtained an injunction to restrain him from selling a batch of most interesting letters from the late Duke and Duchess to Lady Olivia Sparrow (Montagu's grandmother), his excuse for which was the want of a little ready money. The British Museum had offered £80 for these letters. The marital relations between the late Duke and Duchess of Wellington were, as you are doubtless aware, unsatisfactory, and these letters would have

¹ Apparently this catch-phrase had just come into vogue. It has had a long life, and is no doubt still sometimes used by nurses in quelling the inquisitive questions of their young charges who overhear their gossip.

admitted the curiosity-hunters behind the scenes, where they would have found how "F.M. the Duke of Wellington" could do otherwise than "presents his compliments."

Lord Robert Montagu (1825-1902), P.C., M.P., was the second son of the sixth Duke of Manchester by his first wife, Millicent, only daughter and heir of Brigadier-General Robert Sparrow of Brampton Park, Co. Huntingdon, by his wife, Lady Olivia Acheson, daughter of the first Earl of Gosford. Lady Olivia Sparrow died in February, 1863. The first or great Duke of Wellington (1769-1852) married, in 1806, the Honourable Catherine Pakenham, daughter of the second Lord Longford, and although she was the mother of the Duke's two sons, her matrimonial situation was rendered very unhappy by her husband's intimate friendship with Mrs. Arbuthnot, a beautiful and tactful woman. She was Harriet, daughter of the Honourable Henry Fane, of Fulbeck, Lincolnshire, and granddaughter of the eighth Earl of Westmorland. She married the Rt. Hon. Charles Arbuthnot, at one time British Ambassador to Turkey, in 1814, and soon after met Wellington in Paris. She became his confidante in all matters, for, as Greville records, "she was not a clever woman, but she was neither dull nor deficient and very prudent and silent."

Although there was a great deal of scandalous gossip about Wellington and Mrs. Arbuthnot, it seems to have been finally decided that it was purely an intellectual and platonic connection which bound them together to the end. Society regarded the Duke as Mrs. Arbuthnot's special preserve, and she herself termed him "my legitimate property." Like many other great men,

the Duke presents rather a foolish spectacle when in the toils of love. He used to call Mrs. Arbuthnot "The Tyrant" and dubbed himself "The Slave," and he delighted in little verbal pleasantries of abasement, which no doubt were piquant as coming from the Conqueror of Napoleon and the Saviour of England. Evidences of this will be found in *The Diary of Frances Lady Shelley*, who was a valued friend of both parties. The Duke would write to her, "I am more a slave than ever, and the Tyranna more tyrannical;" and ending with "Ever yours most affectionately." Mrs. Arbuthnot, who read all his correspondence, would add, "I have no notion of his finishing a letter in such a style; I will never allow that again." All very pretty and trifling.

In the meanwhile, the Duchess of Wellington was ignored. She was a nervous, weak woman, who could not deal with her rival. She simply retreated before her. When Wellington was entertaining, the Duchess would sit apart, dressed in plain muslin, when everyone else was in full dress; she would confine her conversation to the tutor, and retire to her own room after dinner. Mrs. Arbuthnot thus notes:—

"The poor Duchess is as foolish as ever, if not more so, and provokes me to a degree! I am sorry for her, too, and still more so for him. . . . The Duchess goes out of town to-day, and we dine with him in the old comfortable way downstairs, only ourselves."

The only joy in life the Duchess had was the love of her sons, and even to them she acted in a foolish way, her devotion leading her to wait on them and to carry their fishing-rods and cricket outfits when out on their holiday expeditions. Her story was a sad one. In early life,



HARRIET FANE, SECOND WIFE OF THE RT. HON. CHARLES ARBUTHNOT

From an engraving by W. Giller after Sir Thomas Lawrence.

(Reproduced by permission of George Allen & Unwin Ltd. from *Memories of the Arbuthnots*)

when she was young and pretty and the future Wellington first proposed to her, her parents refused their consent owing to the youthful officer's small professional income. Eight years passed with Arthur Wellesley away in India. On returning home he heard that Miss Catherine Pakenham was still unwed. So he wrote to her, and said if she still loved him, he was willing to marry her. She replied that before he bound himself he must see her, for she had grown old and lost her good looks in the long waiting, and was no longer the girl he had loved in bygone years. Arthur Wellesley was pleased by this frank statement and resolved to hasten his marriage, but when he saw his bride he whispered to his brother, "She is grown damned ugly, by Jove." However, he went through with it, though, as Greville says, his wife "was intolerable to him." Yet there must have lingered some echo of their old affection, for when the poor Duchess of Wellington retreated finally before the triumphant Mrs. Arbuthnot and died in 1831, the Duke evinced, for his stern nature, great emotion. When he returned from the death-chamber he observed to an old friend: "It is a strange thing that two people can live together for half a lifetime and only understand one another at the very end." He went on to say that just before she died the Duchess had felt beneath his sleeve to assure herself that he still wore an amulet she had given to him in happier days, and which she feared he had long ago discarded. "She found it," he said, "as she would have found it any time these twenty years had she cared to look for it."¹

¹ *Memories of the Arbuthnots of Aberdeenshire*, by Mrs. P. S.-M. Arbuthnot.

Mrs. Arbuthnot did not long survive her defeated rival. She died suddenly in 1834. Wellington was, no doubt, deeply affected, but to hide his feelings he attended immediately a debate in the House of Lords with "an unmoved countenance," which his contemporaries regarded as callous. And now comes the strangest part of a strange story. The widower, Charles Arbuthnot, who had never evinced any resentment at his wife's intimate friendship with Wellington, became the Duke's consoler, and went to reside altogether at Apsley House and Wellington's other places. The two old men clung together, and lived together until extreme old age. Arbuthnot died in 1850 at Apsley House; Wellington had refused to believe the end was come, and said to the doctor in a broken voice: "No, no, he's not very ill—he'll get better. He will not die." And at the funeral the iron control of the great soldier was at last snapped—"the hero of a hundred fights sat wrapped in his mourning cloak, with tears streaming down his cheeks,"¹ tears which he never shed for his wife or even for Mrs. Arbuthnot. Indeed a curious story, as curious almost as that of Nelson's relations with Emma and Sir William Hamilton. The last two years of Wellington's life were desolate and solitary, for he had ever been harsh to his two sons and did not want them in his last days. He died September 14th, 1852.

Hardman's observation that the Duke could do otherwise than "presents his compliments" is an allusion to the fact that Wellington, who conducted all his correspondence in his own holograph, invariably commenced his business letters in this way. The Duke was the easiest

¹ *Life of Wellington*, by G. R. Gleig.

prey ever ensnared by the autograph hunter. An enquiry on the most trivial subject would ensure a reply in the third person, "F.M. the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments," and so on.

May 15th.—We are just recovering from the dissipated results of two dinner-parties on two following days. We determined to have a double-barrelled shot at our friends, and make the flowers, etc., of one day come in for the next. You see we are economical ! Wednesday and Thursday, May 13th and 14th, were the days selected for this great effort. On the former day ¹ we had a married party, on the latter a single ditto. Both went off most successfully ; at least, we flatter ourselves they did. Our visitors on the 13th were Shirley Brooks and his wife ; the Rev. J. M. Bellew and his wife ; Mrs. Charles Dickens ; Hamber ; Mary Anne's aunt, Mrs. Radley ; and Hinchliff.² Mr. Ross,

¹ The following was the Menu, and it is given as typical of a dinner of 1863 :—

Potage à la Tortue
Turbot, sauce aux câpres
Côtelettes d'agneau aux petits pois
Ris de veau piqués à la Toulouse
Vol-au-vent d'homard
Selle de mouton rôti
Petits Poulets à la Romaine
Canetons
Asperges, Epinards, Neuves Pommes de Terre
Cabinet Pudding, Jelly, Blancmange
Tarts, Creams, Meringues à la Vanille
Anchovy Toast
Raspberry Cream and Orange Water Ices.

² Thomas Woodbine Hinchliff (1825–1882), of 64, Lincoln's Inn Fields. Author of *Over the Sea and Far Away* and other books. Took part in founding the Alpine Club, 1857.

the chief of the Parliamentary department of *The Times*, was to have come, but his wife was taken dangerously ill at the last moment. On my right at dinner sat Mrs. C. Dickens, the wife from whom the great Charles has so shamefully separated ("discharged with a good character," as Shirley Brooks says of her), and who is a very agreeable lady, and although a grandmother, still not an "old" person. She is a very old friend of Mary Anne's father.

More fortunate than Byron, Carlyle, Meredith, Bulwer-Lytton, and other literary men, whose unhappy matrimonial experiences have been fully described and dissected, Charles Dickens has so far escaped a public revelation of the true facts which led to the separation from his wife in 1858. Forster was extremely vague when he alluded to the subject in his biography, and, except to the families of the personal friends of Dickens, the matter has remained a mystery ever since. Dickens had married Catherine Hogarth (when she was still a minor) in April, 1836, and, judging from the portrait by Maclise some ten years later, she was a graceful and charming woman. For sixteen years she was the devoted mother of the novelist's numerous children. In 1857, Forster states, Dickens had become very unsettled because "the satisfactions which home should have supplied, and which indeed were essential requirements of his nature, he had failed to find in his home." Apparently there was a continuous jarring incompatibility existing between husband and wife. In May, 1858, they separated. The eldest son went with his mother, in accordance with her wishes, as he was of age and could decide for himself. The other children

remained with their father and excellent aunt, Miss Georgina Hogarth, intercourse with their mother being left to follow their own subsequent wishes. There the matter might well have ended as far as the public was concerned. But Dickens, learning that he was a subject of gossip, was ill-advised enough to print a statement relating to his private affairs on the first page of the number of *Household Words* (his own magazine) bearing the date June 12th, 1858. It was headed *Personal*, and in the course of it he said :—

“ Some domestic trouble of mine, of long-standing, on which I will make no further remark than that it claims to be respected, as being of a sacredly private nature, has lately been brought to an arrangement which involves no anger or ill-will of any kind, and the whole origin, progress, and surrounding circumstances of which have been, throughout, within the knowledge of my children. It is amicably composed, and its details have now but to be forgotten by those concerned in it.

“ By some means, arising out of wickedness, or out of folly, or out of inconceivable wild chance, or out of all three, this trouble has been made the occasion of misrepresentation, most grossly false, most monstrous, and most cruel—involving not only me, but innocent persons dear to my heart. . . . ”

Dickens was here, presumably, referring to his friendship with a lady (whose name the curious will find mentioned in his Will), and he ended his tirade with these melodramatic words :—

“ I most solemnly declare, then—and this I do, both in my own name and in my wife’s name—that all the lately whispered rumours touching the trouble at which I have glanced, are abominably

false. And that whosoever repeats one of them after this denial, will lie as wilfully and as foully as it is possible for any false witness to lie, before Heaven and Earth.

“CHARLES DICKENS.”

All this, of course, was in execrable taste and published contrary to the advice of Forster and Dickens's best friends. Further notoriety was given to the matter by the publication in *The New York Tribune* of a letter from Dickens to Arthur Smith, the manager of his Reading Tours. It was written from Tavistock House, May 25th, 1858, and in the course of this very long communication Dickens stated :—

“Mrs. Dickens and I have lived unhappily together for many years. Hardly any one who has known us intimately can fail to have known that we are, in all respects of character and temperament, wonderfully unsuited to each other. I suppose that no two people, not vicious in themselves, ever were joined together who had a greater difficulty in understanding one another, or who had less in common. . . .

“Nothing has, on many occasions, stood between us and a separation but Mrs. Dickens's sister, Georgina Hogarth. From the age of fifteen she has devoted herself to our house and our children. She has been their playmate, nurse, instructress, friend, protectress, adviser, companion. In the manly consideration towards Mrs. Dickens which I owe to my wife, I will only remark that the peculiarity of her character has thrown all the children on some one else. I do not know—I cannot by any stretch of imagination fancy—what would have become of them but for this aunt, who has grown up with them, to



Mr.
&
Mrs.
Charles
Dickens.
Married
April 2nd.
1836



DICKENS AND HIS WIFE IN MIDDLE AGE
(From the original photographs in the Dickens Museum, Portsmouth, by the courtesy of Mrs. Scale)

whom they are devoted, and who has sacrificed the best part of her youth and life to them."

Dickens went on to describe the terms of the separation, which were arranged on his behalf by Forster with Mark Lemon acting for Mrs. Dickens; and the pecuniary part of them, he says, were "as generous as if Mrs. Dickens were a lady of distinction and I a man of fortune." The concluding pages of the letter were devoted to a further repudiation of the gossip which had coupled the name of a young lady with the matrimonial separation—"Upon my soul and honor, there is not on this earth a more virtuous and spotless creature than that young lady. I know her to be innocent and pure, and as good as my own dear daughters."

In after years, according to Forster, Dickens always spoke of this statement as his "violated letter." But no doubt its recipient, Arthur Smith, considered he was justified in giving it newspaper publication by the covering letter (dated three days later) from Dickens, who then said: "You have not only my full permission to show this, but I beg you to show it to any one who may have been misled into doing me wrong." The "violated letter" was printed in full by R. Shelton Mackenzie in his *Life of Charles Dickens*, published in Philadelphia, 1870.

However, neither the letter nor the statement in *Household Words* did any good. The friends of Dickens considered he had acted very unwisely in drawing public attention to his private affairs, and the friends of Mrs. Dickens, such as the Hardmans and Shirley Brooks, were more than ever convinced that she was an ill-used woman.

On my left sat Mrs. Bellew, who, having obtained a divorce from her first husband, Captain Wilkinson (for adultery and cruelty), after his decease married the

celebrated preacher under whom Mary Anne sits on Sunday mornings.¹ Bellew, although a wonderful orator in the pulpit, does not shine in general conversation: he does not understand how to "ply the ball," but contents himself with pointed enquiries and facetious sayings. He is a thorough man of the world, and knows all about operas and theatres. His wife is a little past her best days, but has plenty of conversation. The talk on all sides was loud and vigorous. Hamber² especially had lots to say. We like him so much, he is quite an established favourite of ours, for whose acquaintance we have to thank you. During dinner, Bellew remarked that he had seen a host of celebrities at the Reading Room, British Museum, among whom was Bishop Colenso.³ This led to some light badinage about the Heretic of Natal, and Shirley Brooks said aside to me, "How would you introduce Colenso to a general company as a celebrity? I suppose," he continued, "the proper form would be 'This is the man who does not believe in God the Father,' " etc., etc.—mumbling the last words so as to leave them and the rest of the Apostles' Creed to

¹ The Rev. J. M. Bellew (1823-1874) was at this date minister of Bedford Chapel, Oxford Street, his famous ministry at St. Mark's Church, Hamilton Terrace, having terminated in 1862. A full account of Bellew, and his portrait, will be found in the first volume of this work.

² Captain Thomas Hamber, editor of *The Standard*. He married Miss Frances Straight in 1859.

³ As previously related, John William Colenso (1814-1883), appointed Bishop of Natal in 1853, had excited much controversy and criticism by his published study of the Pentateuch, wherein he expressed his views that *Numbers* and *Leviticus* were written by men who lived many centuries later than the events described, and that *Chronicles* were falsified deliberately in order to exalt the Priests and Levites.

be imagined. I roared with laughter, and Bellew would insist upon having the private joke repeated for the benefit of himself and the rest of the company. I did so, and he evidently felt it his duty to look very serious, while a deep silence fell upon the rest of the company. My profane friend Shirley and I were awestruck, but dexterously branching off into fresh pastures new, the stream of conversation recovered itself: but it was a very critical moment.

In course of our conversation after the ladies had left, an explanation was given, and vouched for, as to Gladstone's apparently incomprehensible fickleness in suddenly withdrawing his proposed tax of £17. 1s. on Clubs without any great apparent opposition. It seems that he found out if the club houses were compelled to take out the proposed licence that they would be able to bring themselves under another schedule for Property Tax as *licensed* houses, and that he would lose rather more by this change of assessment than he would gain by his licences. Very amusing, yet sad, that we should possess so thoughtless and experimental a Chancellor of the Exchequer! I give you this information, as it has never appeared in the papers or been in any way hinted at.

Our dinner-party of the Thursday (the 14th) was also very lively and successful. Hamilton¹ and his wife; Meredith; our new friend of next door, Lionel Robinson;² Miss Riding; Miss Kelly (daughter of the

¹ N. E. S. A. Hamilton, of the Manuscript Department, British Museum.

² Lionel Robinson, of 28, Gordon Street, formed an intimate friendship with George Meredith, and became the "Poco" so often mentioned in Meredith's correspondence.

Post Office Directory); Dr. Liveing; and Mary Anne's cousin, Miss Radley, were the party. This night we were more musical, but it was not so amusing. Meredith exerted himself vigorously to talk for the enlivenment of the young ladies, but somehow *unmarried girls are a mistake!* (There's a rash remark.) So long as they are kicking up their heels in a ballroom, in a violent state of perspiration, with the arms of admiring youths embracing their waists, they are all very well, but set them down to sober conversation in a drawing-room or at a dinner-table with men of the world—and they are little better than idiots. This is heresy, methinks, yet it is true. The humanising influences of matrimony are required to fit a woman for the society of men. There are exceptions.

Meredith is extremely well. He was the life and soul of our second evening, and was warmly responded to by Mrs. Hamilton,¹ whom we like and admire exceedingly, and my cousin, Miss Radley, a lady who has seen enough of the world to dare to be agreeable at a dinner-party; but the chilling influence of fancied formality had an effect on my younger unmarried friends, and though they professed great enjoyment they did not show it. I fancy in the Colonies your young ladies are less formal and more natural.

Bellew stands up very boldly for a friend. They were all abusing Tupper² the other evening at dinner,

¹ Mrs. Hardman is writing now. It was through the Hamiltons that George Meredith met Marie Vulliamy, who became his second wife in 1864.

² Martin Farquhar Tupper (1810–1889), whose *Proverbial Philosophy* commenced in 1839. See the first volume of this work for an account of the contemptuous attitude of his literary contemporaries to Tupper, pp. 284–287.

when Bellew took his part—not as a poet, for he is only admired by schoolgirls and the Queen, but he says Tupper is one of the best-hearted, forgiving, amiable of men, never bearing the least grudge for all this severe criticism. I account easily for Tupper's popularity and the sale of his *Proverbial Philosophy*—it is the only book which deals not extensively with religious subjects which Mamas and governesses do not taboo on Sundays. I always read it on Sundays when the novel or history was put aside.

Mr. Bellew, though passionately fond of music, does not play or sing. His enthusiastic applause in the midst of an operatic duet William and I played had almost unnerved me, my courage on such occasions being small; but I suppose it acted as a stimulant. I was unusually "cheeky," and we got through *Tancredi* with great éclat, and were exposed to a shower of compliments and much raillery from our clerical friend—"the treat was great in a musical point of view, still greater in a moral, such conjugal harmony, domestic felicity, home resources!" His manner to children is so winning and fearless that he has quite seized Nellie's soul; she thinks him very handsome.

I am kept at home this evening (May 19th) by a very bad ear-ache. William has accepted an invitation to a Masonic Banquet, where he will meet old friends, and at which he occasionally enjoys himself by the special invitation of one or other of the Past Masters, though he has ceased to subscribe on his own account. Mr. and Mrs. James Eckersley (William's brother-in-law and eldest sister) are on a visit to us. They, their

friend Mr. Fenton, the manager of the "Underground" (vulgarly so called) Railway, and our next-door neighbour, Mr. Lionel Robinson, have gone to see Fechter, the attractive French actor, in *The Duke's Motto*; ¹ my ear-ache rendering me afraid to venture out in a north-east wind on a night worthy of our January, I sent Mr. Lionel Robinson in my place. Ever since the 7th March, when I sent him a ticket for the Royal Procession, ² we have been on the most intimate and neighbourly terms with Mr. L. R., and he is now one of our great favourites. As old Lady Bellair says (Disraeli's *Henrietta Temple*), "We taste him, my dear, and better still he tastes us." Having started all these gay young people, I proceed to a fire-side with great sensations of comfort and relief. Ten days ago we were boating on the Thames, at Richmond, in warm sunshine and a scene worthy of fairyland. A wet cold summer is prophesied, and I fear the prediction will be fulfilled. I finish this on Wednesday the 20th—"The Derby Day." It is pouring with rain. The Eckersleys started at seven a.m. for Norwood, whence they join some of their friends in an open barouche!

The London Season has begun most brilliantly. The Prince and Princess of Wales are residing at Marlborough House, and they attend theatres, operas, concerts, and entertainments given to them by the Nobility, every evening, besides visiting all the sights

¹ At the Lyceum Theatre. Charles Fechter (1824-1879) was the son of a German father and an English mother.

² See p. 265 of the first volume of this work. Mr. Lionel Robinson died in 1923, aged eighty-three.



LIONEL ROBINSON ("Poco")
(From a photograph sent by his daughter)

and exhibitions in the daytime. On dit the Queen says : " I cannot think what has come to Wales and his wife ; if they go on in this way they will become as common as the Cambridges ! " Will you care to hear that the Prince of Wales is said to have taken too much wine at the Royal Academy dinner, the effects of which were noticeable when he joined the Princess subsequently at the Opera ; or that *The Court Journal* announced one day that the Princess had given up horse exercise, but *The Court Circular* of the next morning informed us she had been seen riding in Rotten Row. " Idle words, idle words," saith the preacher (Bellevue).

The Princess of Wales was only eighteen years old, and the frank, joyous way in which she entered into all amusements and gaieties seems to have pleased the English people—wearied of the mourning and gloom which had enwrapped Queen Victoria and her Court since the death of the Prince Consort in 1861. George Meredith, in one of his contributions to *The Ipswich Journal* at this date, advances this trait as one of the main causes " of the astounding popularity of the Princess of Wales. . . . She is very comely and graceful, and has the intrinsic attractiveness of youth, and these make her loved. But above and beyond these things are all the stories which reach the popular ear of her thorough geniality, her enjoyment of spectacle and gaiety, and the interest taken by her in everything which interests other people." Mr. Edward Coke, whose wife was in attendance upon the Princess of Wales, related " they never are quiet for a single night, when they do not go to a ball they go to the play.

I never saw such children as they are—they could not live without amusement ! ”¹

On the very day Mrs. Hardman was writing her letter, May 19th, 1863, the Prince and Princess of Wales visited the latest show and talk of the town, the exhibition of “Pepper’s Ghost.” This famous illusion, based on the reflection on glass of a man hidden in a cavity, was the invention of John Henry Pepper (1821–1900) and Henry Dircks. It was first exhibited in December, 1862, at a rendering of Dickens’s *Haunted Man*. If Mrs. Hardman was correct in the report that Queen Victoria reprobated the zest with which the Prince and Princess pursued amusement and shows, it was unreasonable on the Queen’s part, because “Pepper’s Ghost” was commanded to Windsor, and, further, Victoria in her own youth had delighted in exhibitions and shows, particularly those of rather an abnormal nature, such as dwarfs and freaks of the Tom Thumb type. Miss Mitford noted : “Our Queen delights in strong, not to say worse, emotions, whose chief pleasure it was to see the lions fed in Van Amburgh’s time.” The performing lions were a rival attraction at Drury Lane Theatre to the legitimate drama at Covent Garden Theatre in 1838–1839; and W. C. Macready, the disgruntled “star” actor at Covent Garden, wrote in his diary : “Read in *The Morning Post* the account of the Queen’s third visit to Drury Lane Theatre to see the beasts, and of her going upon the stage after the pantomime to see them fed.” However, the Queen decided to honour Mr. Macready a few days later, and, with her thoughts still running presumably on lions, commanded the play *The Lady of Lyons*. At the conclusion she said to

¹ *Life’s Little Day*, by A. M. W. Stirling.

Macready : " I have been very much pleased." And he next day notes : " February 2nd, 1839. Saw *The Court Journal*, which contains a wretched piece of trash justifying the Queen's patronage of Mr. Van Amburgh." Poor Macready never forgot his resentment against Queen Victoria and the lions, and four years later returned to the charge : " Heard that the Queen had *commanded* the licence to be given to Van Amburgh ! This is a civilized country ! "

Queen Alexandra has always preserved her appreciation for amusements and exhibitions. At one of the Exhibitions at the White City, Shepherd's Bush, in 1913 I think, I saw Her Majesty enjoying the fearful pleasure of a run on the Mountain Railway, accompanied by her suite, which included Sir Dighton Probyn, who was then at least eighty years of age, but he went through the rather unsuitable performance (for an aged person) very gamely.

In¹ addition to hearing Holyoake² lecture on " Colenso," I have been to one of Congreve's lectures on " Positivism." I fully intend to hear some more, but I was obliged to miss the second lecture, being away last Sunday at Copsham (with Mary Anne) on a visit to Meredith. You will see in the last *Saturday Review* a notice of Congreve's work on Queen Elizabeth, which will explain in some measure what his views are. Mr. Congreve is the great supporter and exponent of Comte's philosophy in this country. He was (I believe) originally an Oxford man, and one of

¹ Hardman here resumes the pen.

² George Jacob Holyoake (1817-1906), Secularist, Agitator, and Reformer. Convicted of blasphemy, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment in 1842.

the masters of Rugby School.¹ He is very gentlemanly and quiet in his manner of delivery, and he places the most startling propositions before his audience with great clearness. The audience aforesaid is very select, twenty men and four women were all that were present on the occasion when I heard him. He lectures in a small room in the Jenkins Institute in Newman Street.² Among his hearers, besides Robinson and myself, were Harrison³ (the writer of the review on *Essays and Reviews* in *The Westminster* and of the article on Morison's *St. Bernard* in *The Reader*) and Truelove, the infidel bookseller in the Strand. He commenced his discourse with some comments on the latest event in Positivism, viz. the ejection of M. Littré by the French Academy, after a previous onslaught upon him by the Bishop of Orleans. Then he proceeded to enunciate the great doctrines of Humanity. We must regard the human race as a whole, and our views are to be mistrusted if we find that our sentiments as Englishmen are influencing our actions or feelings in matters that affect the entire race. The idea of the Catholic religion, as first

¹ Richard Congreve (1818-1899) was a pupil of Arnold's at Rugby. He was Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford, until his resignation in 1855. Congreve seceded from the main body of Positivists—Lafitte (Comte's executor), Frederic Harrison, Cotter Morison, etc.—in 1878.

² Later on the Positivists held their meetings in Newton Hall, Fetter Lane.

³ Frederic Harrison (1831-1923), who, with Richard Congreve, E. S. Beesly, and J. H. Bridges, became prominent over seventy years ago as "The Wadham Men," exponents of the doctrines of Comte. Hardman's friend, Cotter Morison, was also a frequent speaker at Newton Hall. Frederic Harrison's views changed in later life.

announced by St. Paul, is a noble one, and worthy of the greatest reverence, as it tended to form a bond uniting all the nations of Europe, or of the world. Anything that deals with nations as a corporation is to be respected, and therefore from this point of view the Protestant Reformation was worse than a mistake, it was a crime. This view is startling.

Apparently Positivism was a system of Philosophy based on positives, that is to say, actual certainties, and excluding everything but natural phenomena and knowable things which could be discovered by observation, experiment, and comparison; it held all enquiry as to causes to be useless and unprofitable.

I have some interesting matter from Morison,¹ who has gone from Lisbon to Cadiz, whence he took an inland excursion to Seville and Cordova during the *Semana Santa* or Holy Week. He and his wife were present at a bull-fight at Seville on Easter Sunday; she saw two bulls killed and was satisfied, but he remained until the whole eight were slaughtered, but you shall have the fight in his own words:—

“I have seen a sight which I suppose, out of Dahomey, has no parallel in this world. Without metaphor, I have gazed upon a *field of blood*, and the hopeless impotency of language to reproduce the scene almost makes me give up description in despair. At

¹ James Cotter Morison (1832–1888) was on the staff of *The Saturday Review*, and published this year, 1863, *The Life and Times of St. Bernard*. In addition to the exposition of Positivism, he was interested in yachting. He made many trips in his boat, the “Irene,” with his wife, a sister of James Virtue, the publisher.

three o'clock in the afternoon we repaired to the Corrida. The size, shape, and arrangement of the whole thing seemed to me identical with all we read of the ancient amphitheatre. A gigantic circus verging towards a quarter of a mile in diameter, thronged tier upon tier with thousands of spectators, galleries all round *outside* the circus connected by passages for egress, just like the ancient vomitoria; the brutal gasping multitude preparing for their feast of blood, and the feeling that one was going to witness torture and death deliberately planned and perpetrated for a holiday and a show—filled me with such a tangled web of emotions that I cannot pretend to speak of them. Having taken our places (which, by the way, were not procured without difficulty, such is the popularity of these spectacles), we waited with a mixture of nausea and curiosity for the beginning.

“Punctual to the time, the gay troop of matadors and picadors marched into the arena, dressed in blue and crimson and gold—short jacket, tight breeches, stockings, and pumps. After a few ceremonies, the sport began. A door was opened, and in rushed a bull. Five or six men on horseback (*i.e.* the picadors) and about treble that number on foot were ready to receive him. For a moment the number of his enemies and the screams and shouts of the people seemed to confuse him; presently, singling out a mounted picador, he charged full tilt. The picador is armed with a long and powerful lance, which he presents to receive the shock of the advancing bull. It is his duty to strike the bull only on the right shoulder, by which no *mortal* wound is inflicted, and

if possible to thrust him off. But what I saw mostly happen, and I should think could hardly fail to happen, was, that the bull received a ghastly wound, but easily bore down by superior weight and strength the resistance of man and horse, and rarely failed to plunge his horns deep into the sides or limbs of the latter, and time after time knocked both of them clean over, hardly conscious of resistance. The revolting spectacle which follows can *never be described*. A good bull is expected to kill about five horses. Ribands of quivering flesh flutter from shoulder and flank of the wounded horse, festoons of protruding entrails dangle about the feet of the rider and the animal's legs, rivulets of blood patter on the ground. I saw one horse ripped open literally from head to tail, and his intestines came out in a lump like the yolk of an egg. Another rolled over and over, till he had made himself a winding-sheet of his own bowels. Others capered and pranced—truly with the “Dance of Death”—until the loss of blood or guts brought them to the ground. The inhuman monsters who rode them, and spurred them to their last gasp, were careful to keep feeling their ears—to ascertain whether they were dying, that they might dismount in time. One horse who came in *white*, turned *mulberry* all over before his death; he somehow survived five or six bulls, none of whom wounded him severely enough to knock him off his legs. He thus, at last, became one mass of gore, and I would have given anything for a revolver to shoot him out of his misery.

“But in this digression about the horses I have forgotten the bull. After it is thought that he has

killed a proper number of horses—from three to five—he is attacked and tormented with *banderillas*. These are sticks about a yard in length, armed at the extremity with a severely barbed iron tip. Two at a time, they are thrust into the bull's neck and shoulders, and I have seen from eight to ten dangling and goading the poor animal, *not* to madness, but to fear and stupor. In one instance these *banderillas* were surrounded with fireworks, and these going off burnt and fired the bull, until his back must have resembled an overdone beefsteak. Now comes the time for the matador, the great man of the day, whose duty it is to kill the bull with a small sword. Standing in front of the puzzled and terrified beast, he watches his opportunity, and plunges the sword up to the hilt between the shoulders. The bull vomits up a deluge of blood, sinks on his knees, and all is over. But the amphitheatre resounds with deafening plaudits ; men wave their hats, the ladies their handkerchiefs, and people converse till the next bull appears. Such is the description, perhaps too faithfully given, of a bull-fight."

Such is Morison's account, written on board his yacht, the "*Irene*," at sea off the Straits of Gibraltar on the 8th of April ; on the 9th they anchored before the Rock, went on shore, but they were so disgusted with "*Gib.*" that they only remained a few hours. They are pushing on to Athens. A jolly sort of life, is it not ? Morison seems to have been struck by the beauty of the Andalusian women—"Regular, fine features, the richest brown complexions, clear and strong, yet delicate as a camellia ; eyes and hair which

beggar description, and the daintiest little feet and hands." He also saw a religious procession, on Good Friday, of "monstrous gaudy dolls stuck on still gaudier tea-trays carried and wobbled about on men's shoulders."

The news from Yankeeland is again rather exciting. General Hooker has made a desperate attempt to invade the Confederate States, cross the Rappahannock, and seize Richmond. Stonewall Jackson and Lee have fallen upon him and utterly polished him off, so far as we know at present. We hope—I need not say what we hope.¹ If Hooker has been thoroughly well whipped, there is just a chance of the termination of hostilities, but I confess I do not anticipate peace in the Disunited States until President Lincoln retires from office. I am inclined to think that if McClellan had, when at the head of the army, seized the reins of government, ousted Lincoln and all his vile lot from Washington, and raised the standard of "military glory," as opposed to that of "army contracting jobs," he might have rallied the best men around him, and possibly saved the Union.

Last Thursday morning I was vaccinated for the third time in my life. The alarming increase of the smallpox has created quite a panic, and doctors are fully occupied in vaccinating everybody over again. In the few minutes devoted to the interesting operation, the conversation between our doctor, Mr. Engall, and myself turned unexpectedly and inexplicably on

¹ Hardman, like all Tories of the time, sympathised with the cause of the Southern States; the Liberals, as a matter of party politics, professed to support Lincoln and the Northern States.

Colenso. I rashly expressed my sympathy with the Bishop, saying that I had held similar views for many years. I had forgotten that my doctor was a "Firm Believer" (being one of the Irvingite Saints in Gordon Square¹) until a nervously vindictive extra prod or two of the vaccinating instrument reminded me that I was treading on dangerous ground. Mem. I must be cautious what I say in future when under surgical treatment, unless I am quite sure of the tenets of my surgeon. I regret to say that Mary Anne is suffering greatly from ear-ache, which we attribute to vaccination.

A cataclysm is imminent in Prussia, I think, and it is a subject for general wonder that the stolidity of the Germans has held so long peaceably against the encroachments of the King² and the insolence of his Ministers. Things have at last, however, come to what seems to be a deadlock, since Vice-President Bockum-Dollffo sent for his henceforth historical hat, and solemnly assuming it, adjourned the sitting! What's in a name? Strange that the family of Bockum should merge in that of "Dollffo," producing the weird combination above named, and that the owner of the double name should go down to posterity in conjunction with his hat! Centuries hence, German historians will have a sensational chapter headed "The Hat of Bockum-Dollffo."

The Saturday Review of May 9th has, most un-

¹ The church of this sect was built about 1850, and the name commemorated Edward Irving (1792-1834), the founder and "angel" of the "Catholic Apostolic Church." The services gave evidence of a pentecostal gift of tongues to the congregation.

² Later the German Emperor, William the First, and grandfather of the ex-Kaiser.

expectedly, honoured that book which gave me so much trouble by a long notice. I allude to Houdin's *Sharper Detected and Exposed*.¹ I read it somewhat nervously, for I feared the translator might have laid himself open to blame. Happily, they make no remark, thereby relieving my mind greatly. I was so harassed by the execrable translation which I had to revise that I feared I might, in spite of all my care, have fallen into some of the absurdities which crowded thick on every page.

Friday evening, May 22nd.—Temperature verging upon frost, a bright fire burning in the grate, and a general sensation as of a winter evening pervading my senses. Wind E. to N.E. As I have often said before, we have no climate here, and no seasons. We have only long and short days, and north-easterly or south-westerly winds.

May 26th, Whit Tuesday.—Fine weather and great holiday-making. No less than 30,374 persons visited the Zoological Gardens yesterday—a greater number than has ever before been admitted in a single day. This at sixpence a head, and allowing for children, must have produced £700 at least for *our* Society. The Derby Day last week was a regular soaker, torrents of rain nearly all day. On Sunday morning we started, with my sister Hannah and her husband, by 9.15 train to spend the day with Meredith.² And a glorious day it was! Our northern relatives are quite satisfied that the south is the place to live in, and

¹ *The Sharper Detected and Exposed*, by Robert Houdin, was published by Chapman and Hall, 1863.

² At Copsham Cottage, near Esher.

don't wonder that we prefer it to visiting Lancashire more than can possibly be helped. We returned in the evening. The only drawback to me was the "Colenso"¹ pustule on my left arm, the only one of the three vaccine punctures which has taken. Smallpox continues to excite great alarm, and I see a letter from the Surgeon-Major of the Royal Horse Guards Blue, in to-day's *Times*, recommending the use of the *Saracinea Purpurea* or pitcher plant as an invaluable remedy. It can be taken in an infusion, like tea, an ounce of the root being sliced and infused in a quart of water and allowed to simmer down to a pint, and given in two tablespoonful doses every four hours, while the patient is well nourished with beef-tea and arrowroot. He has had four *confluent* cases, which he has successfully treated by the aid of this new root. "The effects of this medicine, which I have carefully watched," says Mr. Logie, "seemed to arrest the development of the pustules, killing as it were the virus from within, thereby changing the character of the disease and doing away with the cause of pitting." These facts are decidedly worth making a note of. I have heard a vague rumour of some root used by the Indians as a specific in smallpox, but never clearly comprehended the matter before.

The death of Stonewall Jackson has filled England with sorrow. It is the great topic of to-day, descanted on in leading articles from *The Times* downwards.²

¹ See *ante*, p. 26.

² Stonewall Jackson was wounded on May 2nd, and died seven days later, at the age of thirty-nine. Lord Malmesbury states in his Journal that Jackson was shot in a wood, by mistake, by his own men, who adored him, during the Battle of Chancellorsville.

By the way, I am told *The Mirror* has expired prematurely.

What very odd people one meets with at the British Museum—I mean in the Reading Room. To-day I sat next to an elderly man, apparently of the small shopkeeper class, not by any means a literary or even a literate person. He was slowly and carefully going through *The Morning Herald* for 1848. I paid no attention to him until near closing time, when he suddenly turned to me and said, “I beg your pardon, sir, but can you tell me the meaning of this?”—pointing to a short paragraph copied from *The United Service Gazette*. It seemed the name puzzled him. I explained that it was a newspaper, which he could obtain by application. The paragraph related to the satisfactory conduct of Mr. J. K. Paul, captain of the steamer on board which Louis Philippe “Smith” escaped to Newhaven during the revolution of 1848. My politeness caused me to be bored by a strange recital, which in form somewhat resembled *The Engineer’s Story* so ably told by Albert Smith. So far as I could gather, the facts were as follows:—

The Stewardess of the steamer had attended the ex-King very carefully, “and Lord bless you, sir, his clothes were as wet as if he had been dragged through a horse-pond, and the sweat stood on his face in big drops.” This Stewardess was now the inmate of a lunatic asylum at Wandsworth, and her little girl was taken care of by my friend and his wife. He had applied to Queen Victoria, “but she wanted more particulars” before she extended her charity. I asked if the Queen of the French had been

applied to, and he gave some muddled account of a conversation with one of the Princes, whom he had apparently addressed as "Your Grace," and who had referred him to the *President*, an officer of the Claremont household¹ as I made out. This official had apparently been negligent, so my friend had set to work examining newspapers in the Reading Room to obtain the "more particulars" before referred to. He had spent a long time going through "a many papers," until he had come in due course to the one before him. He was much excited at his discovery, evidently thinking that an account of the *Captain* was bringing him near to the *Stewardess*. So far, so good : but now comes the peculiarly muddle-headed part of the story : "I have been told it all, sir, in a *Nativity* ; aye, sir, and far more clearly than any of the papers can tell me. The astronomer (*not astrologer*) told me I should find it all here in the Museum. And my twin brother, sir, he had a vision, fourteen days out at sea, and he saw the *Stewardess* and the cabin of the steamer, and the King—you know he called himself 'Mr. Smith,' sir,—and all of 'em being put to bed and taken such care of by the *Stewardess*, sir, and she now in a lunatic asylum at Wandsworth, sir, and me and my wife taking care of her little girl, sir, you understand, sir" (I didn't, but waited for an opportunity of escaping from this worthy representative of *The Ancient Mariner*).

¹ Queen Marie Amélie, widow of Louis Philippe, lived at this date at Claremont with her younger sons, the Duc de Nemours and the Prince de Joinville.



QUEEN VICTORIA AND PRINCE ALBERT WITH ALL THEIR
CHILDREN

(From a carte-de-visite size photograph)

JUNE, 1863

TRUSTY and Well-Beloved ! It is indeed a noteworthy fact that this is my Fiftieth Letter !! Proud am I to commence it, albeit I have to complain that the mail which has just been delivered brings no Carte-de-Visite portrait of the friend to whom my previous forty-nine letters have been indited. My Christian forgiveness is nearly exhausted.

The fashion for collecting these small carte-de-visite photographs was then just at its height. There were generally two albums placed on the round walnut or rosewood table in the drawing-room, one containing the "likenesses" of the owner's relatives and friends and the other reserved for royal and public personages, whose portraits could be purchased. Even large groups could be presented in these small photographs, as the picture of the Royal Family reproduced opposite will demonstrate. These old albums are now a joy to the archæologist, for they give infallible proof of the details of the costumes of the 'sixties and 'seventies—those ladies in voluminous crinolines, with pork-pie hats surmounting their chignons and hair-nets, and those gentlemen in broadcloth and spacious "Oxford" trousers standing stiffly by velvet-covered chairs or rustic tables, with a background of "mountainous scenery," as an old photographer of these early days of the art used to term his permanent backcloth, which was utilised alike for blushing brides, aged

grandparents, infants-in-arms, and warriors-at-arms in all the panoply of glory they had worn and won during the recent Crimean War. An old family photograph album should always be preserved carefully, and even from a material point of view it already has a financial value. I have seen specimens in a second-hand bookseller's catalogue priced at £1. 1s. 6d. and 17s. 6d.

My wife is away with her father, who is very ill again, and whose days are, so the doctors say, drawing to a close. I took Mary Anne down to Liverpool some ten days ago, and after remaining four days I returned, leaving her for an indefinite period. This separation of Mary Anne and myself, and the cause of it, combine to make me very dull; but I make the best of it, and will not bore you any more with my woes.

Hardman was always greatly depressed when separated from his wife, even for a few days; and his uxoriousness was a subject for chaff from his intimate friends. This same year, 1863 (February 1st), Meredith penned him the following lines :—

“ Write me no pretty note
Puling excuses.
Scorned by the Muses,
Who's tied to a petticoat?

“ No, he wouldn't leave his wife,
And he shouldn't leave his wife.
He didn't go to Copsham,
'Cause he couldn't leave his wife.

“ ROBIN LAURELPATE.”

Last Friday afternoon, June 19th, I attended a sitting of the House of Lords to hear the debate on Brazil. My next-door neighbour, Lionel Robinson, got the

tickets from his friend Lord Caithness, and as we were entering the House at 4.50, Lord C. was also going in, so we were, by his aid, passed into an inner chamber which gave us the start of the other occupants of the Strangers' Gallery. No one is admitted until about three minutes past five, when Prayers are over. We got front places with the privilege of looking at the backs of the reporters, who were right underneath us. The House was filling rapidly. In the episcopal seats were the new Archbishop of York, and some half-dozen bishops—Worcester, Ripon, Winchester, etc. The Duke of Cambridge was there. On the Opposition benches were Lords Derby, Chelmsford, Lyndhurst, Ellenborough, Bath, etc., and old Lord Brougham. On the Ministerial side were Russell, Granville, Argyll, Somerset, and a host of others.¹ Just as we took our seats, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe² rose to make some inquiries as to Poland and the atrocities committed by the Russians. He became wildly excited on the subject of knouting the women, hanging loyal deputations to the Emperor, and executing priests without form of law. Earl Russell replied with the usual tweedledums about the Russian Government denying all these charges. After he had finished, up got old Lord Brougham, and, in a few pithy sentences of declamation, gave us a flavour of what Henry Brougham used to be. Poor old boy,

¹ These were members of Lord Palmerston's second Administration. Lord Russell was Foreign Secretary.

² Stratford Canning (1786–1880). He was a notable British Ambassador at Constantinople, 1841–1858. Created Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe, 1852. He was a first cousin of George Canning, Prime Minister in 1827.

he is very feeble now, totters about somewhat unsteadily, and speaks with voice that has just a soupçon of the piping treble of second childhood. Natheless, he has all his wits about him, and denounced equally the Polish atrocities and the American War in earnest language.¹

So much for the Polish question. Now up got Lord Malmesbury² and commenced a speech of (as I think) about an hour and a half, setting forth all the facts of the Brazilian dispute, especially blaming the conduct of Mr. Christy, our Minister at Rio, and charging Earl Russell as follows. First, with making no allowance for the peculiar condition of the country of Brazil; secondly, with abdicating his own judgment and responsibility to his subordinates; thirdly, with addressing an ally of Her Majesty in so imperious a style; fourthly, with not having used his personal efforts to settle the question; and lastly,

¹ Henry Brougham (1778-1868) was at this date eighty-five years of age. He reached the height of his oratorical powers in his famous speech for the defence in the Trial of Queen Caroline, 1820. Created Baron Brougham and Vaux, 1830.

² The third Earl of Malmesbury (1807-1889) had been Foreign Secretary in the previous Ministry of Lord Derby, 1858-1859. In 1829, when he was a young man of twenty-two and still Lord FitzHarris, Lord Malmesbury was the successful lover of the Countess Guiccioli. He succeeded Byron and Henry Fox (the last Lord Holland). The latter relates in his Journal, June, 1829, meeting, in Naples, Lord FitzHarris: "He is an affected young man, very handsome, and extremely flattered by having obtained success with Teresa Guiccioli—a triumph he seems to suppose hitherto unheard of. He is not the least clever, and too occupied with his own looks and manners to be agreeable. . . . Lord FitzHarris does not improve on acquaintance. He is dull and affected. T. G. says his temper is very bad, and, notwithstanding all his exquisite refinement, I do not think his manners at all good."

with having acted illegally in executing reprisals. I should tell you, by the way, that in point of law, though not in act, we are at this moment at war with Brazil. The Embassies have retired to their own countries, at least our Minister has come home from Rio, but the Brazilian Minister (Mr. Moreira) has left with his Embassy for Paris. Lord Malmesbury's speech was admirable; he indulged in no exaggeration, neither did he give way to invective. His case was sufficiently strong without such assistance, and he stated it most ably. And what was Earl Russell's reply?—Balderdash and Bunkum! The constant recurrence of "commerce" and "commercial" disgusted me intensely; for above all things I object to that part of the policy of the Manchester school of politicians which would make all our dealings with other nations subservient to "commerce." He vouchsafed absolutely no reply to Lord Malmesbury's charges, but instead favoured the House with his views on the meaning of "*Civis Romanus sum*," and with laudations of Oliver Cromwell, who, I feel sure, would have gladly wrung his neck! Lord Chelmsford followed with a lucid statement of the law of the case, and after a few words from Lord Lyttelton, in defence of Mr. Christy, who is his personal friend, the debate terminated.¹ Lady Chelms-

¹ Lord Malmesbury himself notes in his Journal, June 19th, 1863: "I spoke on the Brazilian question and on the conduct of Mr. Christy. Lord Russell replied, but less well than usual, and the Government, seeing they were getting the worst of the debate after Lord Chelmsford's speech, and fearing that Lord Derby would get up, gave orders to their men not to answer Lord Chelmsford, and the debate was adjourned."

ford was in the Gallery to hear her husband.¹ During the debate, the Duke of Cambridge went to have a conversation with the Marquis of Hartington (Under-Secretary at War), who had come in from the Commons evidently with that object, and stood behind the brass railing in front of the throne. There also stood Layard, the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs.² Apropos of the Commons, I may mention that Mr. Berkeley brought forward the other night his annual motion about the Ballot, and was of course defeated by a majority of 122 to 102, amid a large amount of derisive laughter. I believe I am right in saying that this is the fifteenth time he has done so, the fourteenth echo of what he has done before. The British Constitution refuses to acknowledge his puny bantling as her child.

The House of Commons, with sorrow be it spoken, has consented to the purchase of the land on which the Exhibition building stands. Lord Palmerston having carried this, the first part of the vote, did not venture to proceed with the rest and propose the purchase of the *building*.³ However, the thin end

¹ Frederick Thesiger (1794-1878), Lord High Chancellor and created Baron Chelmsford, 1858. He was fully aware of his distinction, and was the hero of the delightful story which relates how some foolish man stopped him in St. James's Street and said, "Mr. Jones, I believe?" To which the Great Personage witheringly replied: "Well, the man who believes that can believe anything." Lord Chelmsford married Maria Tinling in 1822.

² Henry Austen Layard (1817-1894), M.P., the noted traveller who explored the sites of Nineveh and Ashur. Knighted 1878.

³ The Exhibition Building of 1862 stood on a site adjoining the lower end of Exhibition Road, where it joins Cromwell Road, and was in the shape of the letter L. The present Natural History Museum now covers part of the ground.

of the wedge has been inserted, and it is only a question of time when it shall be driven home. Court influence was very strong; for Prince Albert had speculated largely in land in the Brompton vicinity, and the Queen is very anxious that the Nation should make the Exhibition a permanent centre of attraction for builders.¹ As I think I told you in a former letter, the Prince left the Queen savings and accumulations to the amount of *one million* for her life, and to the younger children afterwards.

The private fortune left by Queen Victoria must have been immense, for, in addition to this bequest from her husband, she had inherited, in 1852, half a million from a semi-mad miser, John Camden Neild, of Chelsea. This person had poor relations for whom he made no provision.² Neither did the Queen: she merely gave the executors £1000, secured an annuity to an old servant of the testator's, and erected a memorial window to her eccentric benefactor in the church of North Moreton, Berkshire, where he was buried. Further, the Queen no doubt saved a great deal more than the million the Prince

¹ The building developments in the near vicinity of the Exhibition of 1862 bear witness by their names to their association with the Prince Consort—Prince's Gate, Prince's Gardens, Prince Consort Road. Queen's Gate was named originally Prince Albert's Road. Sir Charles Freaque, first Baronet, is believed to have acted for the Prince Consort in this business.

² In *The Letters of Queen Victoria*, where this bequest is mentioned, the editors state there were "no known relatives" of Neild. But Lady Bulwer-Lytton in a contemporary letter, dated September 25th, 1852, says: "Only think of a madman of the name of Neild dying and leaving all his poor relations starving, while he bequeaths half a million to notre ladre reine, qui sans doute n'aura pas la justice de le restituer à la famille de ce nigaud."

Consort was able to put by, for it is notorious she never expended a tithe of her Privy Purse allowance on the purposes for which it was provided, when granted by Parliament. Details of the wills of the Queen and Prince Consort have never been made public, and it is a curious anomaly that such fortunes should be free from death duties and all other taxation, apparently, whilst members of the public, whose contributions to taxation provided partly the means for these royal fortunes to be amassed, are subject to every form of taxation and exaction. These matters did not escape the notice of the satirists of the period following the Prince Consort's death. In the Prologue to *The Siliad* it is written :—

One blot must now and in this place be hit.
A secret Testament is all unfit
For England at this time of day. . . .
Once heard were Royal Wills, whilst trumpets blazed . . .
Now is the fashion changed, and secrecy
Seals Prince's deed and Monarch's legacy.

It is a grievous thing, and pitiful,
That with devoted House and city full
Of loyal subjects, ready all to bleed,
Our Guelphs should ask an Act for Silent Deed,
So that the property in land and house,
Gained by economies ungenerous,
Should pass from Sceptred Dead to Living Head,
Thereof nought known by leaders or the led
Throughout the land, altho' full ways and means
Were ne'er yet grudged to Consorts, Kings, or Queens.

What became of Queen Victoria's great fortune remains a mystery, for her younger children have not offered evidence of immense wealth. No doubt she assisted various impecunious members of her family—the children of her daughters who had married German princes; such were Charlotte, the Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen;

Victoria, Princess Adolf of Schaumburg-Lippe; Margaret, Princess Frederick Charles of Hesse—all sisters of the ex-Kaiser. Further, the Queen allocated vast sums of money for the erection of the various Memorials to the Prince Consort, in particular the Albert Memorial Chapel at Windsor and the Royal Mausoleum at Frogmore. The latter building alone, small as it is, cost £200,000, and in it, forty years later, the Queen herself was buried beside the husband she had loved so well. Much public dissatisfaction was expressed, and the satirists pilloried this reckless expenditure of money upon royal necrolatry. In *Edward VII*, "A Play of the Past and Present Times with a view to the Future," published in 1876 (a date when the Queen was very unpopular), there is a scene at Windsor Castle, where the Queen falls asleep during a conversation with the Prince of Wales. He picks up a book, which she had been studying :—

The Prince. This then's my mother's bank-book !

—By Jove ! a noble balance !

Six—seven figures as I live ! Yes, I'll

Be bold, and ask her for a biggish cheque. . . .

Ah ! as I thought. Prince Pagan¹ has a plum ;

And here again, the lucky chap, another !

What's this ? A Christmas-box for Archie,² eh ? . . .

But what's "A. M." ?

The initials constantly occur—"A. M."

Once, twice, thrice, four times in a single page. . . .

It might be "Albert's Maintenance," but then

I'm Albert, and it does not me maintain.

But stay, I have it. "Albert's Mausoleum !"

In sooth that's gravely guessed ; it *must* mean that.

Heaven knows I speak in no unfilial strain,

But I begrudge the sums that tomb has cost.

¹ Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, son-in-law of the Queen.

² The Marquis of Lorne, son-in-law of the Queen.

If that be how to show true grief, it follows
 Those cannot really grieve who have no wealth
 To lavish marbles and mosaics rich
 Upon the dead one's tomb.

The Prince takes up a ledger, which proves to
 be the Queen's "Income and Expenditure
 Accounts."

The Prince. No, no, this cannot be. I do refuse
 To accept my eyesight's evidence; no, no,
 'Tis some good joke the Keeper of the Purse
 Hath perpetrated. Yet the more I look,
 The more it seems no hoax. I know the will
 My father left was never proved. Why not,
 I never knew; for if, as none gainsay,
 He made his money fairly, why conceal
 The sum he made by happy speculation,
 And careful stewarding the land of tin?¹
 Was it a shame to him to leave so much?
 And much it must have been, if what I see
 Within this book be right: much do I say?
 Much is no word for it; I see arrays
 Of revenue that, capitalized, amount
 To well-nigh what the Navy costs each year.
 I figures see which mean the Sovereign draws
 An annual sum ten times as great as mine. . . .

Later the Queen awakes, and after reproaching
 her son for prying into her affairs, and informing
 him that the wealth he has glimpsed will never be
 his, proceeds to detail the great scheme on which
 the money will be expended:—

The Queen. Thou hadst a father,—do not interrupt—
 The best and greatest man that ever lived,
 The best and greatest man that ever will;
 And I his sorrowing widow do intend
 To keep his memory green: some trivial acts
 Of mine already witness my intent,
 The Mausoleum built in yonder park,
 Memorial and Hall in London,

¹ The Duchy of Cornwall.

The Cairn in Perthshire, and, more than this,
The Chapel that I lately have renamed :
Before, 'twas Wolsey's called, or some such name—
Some dead nonentity, no doubt—but now
I've christened it with a far worthier name,
'Tis Albert's Chapel now. . . .
But they are but the signs of what's to come.
The trivial portents of the great event—
I mean to raise a Mausoleum yet
By which San Angelo shall lose its fame,
The Taj Mahal seem puny and a toy,
At which the very Pyramids shall dwarf.
The Prince. But think, my mother, ere you thus expend
Fresh fortunes, have your living loves no claim
Upon your purse? Think, mother, have *I* none?
For years, since, stretching your prerogative,
You have removed yourself from public life,
Have I not in some measure ta'en your place,
And, aided by my darling wife, the pet
Of all the land, performed a regal part;
Held drawing-rooms and levées, given balls,
Gone here, there, everywhere throughout the shires,
Promoting loyalty by gathering crowds,
And giving them a show at which to gaze?
And is it nought that in your noble name
I've played the host to many kingly guests?
Been bored by ill-bred, savage visitors;
Amused a Sultan, put up with a Shah? . . .
The Queen. Come, come, enough of this . . . my plan
Is well matured; the site will be yon park :
And such th' elaborate details of my scheme,
That hours would not suffice to tell them all;
But, briefly : I propose a monster Temple
Which would this Castle comfortably hold;
Its architecture splendid as may be;
Marble its walls; its doors of massive brass . . .
On central throne, Albert, colossal, sits,
While round, the sorrowing world bends, worshipping.
No man, whose fame has lived until these days,
But, reproduced by sculptor's art, will kneel
Before the greatest man who ever lived :
Homer will bow before the Genius
Who put new words to Luther's hymn; Mozart
Will bend before a Maestro who composed
Gregorian chaunts; Marlborough and Wellington
Will kneel down at the feet of one who wished

In vain to command our Army; . . .
Titian and Raphael their faces hide
Before the hand which sketched our Highland home.

Hinchliff's book, *South American Sketches*, was given to the world a week ago. He has presented me with a copy. It is written in his usual flowing and amusing fashion, and is full of information. He has the knack of writing in a very easy and readable style. I, and the rest of his friends, lent him the letters he had sent us, to assist him in his undertaking. He is jolly as usual, in spite of his poor maimed hand.

Monday, June 22nd.—Truly this has been a very noteworthy night in a Geographical point of view. We have had an extra meeting of the Society to receive Captains Speke and Grant on their return from the successful discovery of the sources of the Nile. We never mustered in such force before. It was indeed a welcome worthy of the occasion. It is superfluous to say that I was hideously disappointed that Mary Anne could not be with me—Damn! But I must recollect the cause that keeps her away.¹ I have not been well in the early part of the day; anxiety of mind had brought on dyspepsia, and a sleepless night had resulted, leaving my nerves and stomach in a shattered condition this morning. Unable to settle to anything, I walked off at a smart pace to the pinnacle of Primrose Hill! There the cool breeze restored me, and I returned to lunch at the Club off a mutton chop *well* done, some dry bread, and a pint of stout. William was *almost* himself again. A light but sound dinner at six, with pale ale and a couple of glasses

¹ See *ante*, p. 32.

of the best and *driest* port in my cellar, completely set me on my feet. At 7.30 I took a Hansom down to Burlington House, and found myself one of a crowd round the outside gates, which were closed. At eight they were opened and I chivied across the courtyard and fortunately was one of the first in the room where the Royal Society and the Royal Geographical Society hold their meetings. Of course I secured a good place, and amused myself by watching the crush that followed. In ten minutes the room was crammed. Entering into conversation with my next neighbours, I found that the one on my right was a naval man who knew all about the outside of Africa; while the one on my left took the earliest opportunity to inform me that he was the *own* cousin of Captain Speke. The "own cousin" pointed out to me his aunt—the mother of the hero of the day—and also other relatives of both Speke and Grant, as well as one gentleman (also a relative) who had contributed £500 towards the expedition. At about twenty minutes to nine, the President, Sir Roderick Murchison, struggled through the dense crowd to his chair, accompanied by the two explorers, who were greeted with deafening cheers. Speke and Grant are spare lean men, who look as if they had been used to hardship and danger. Speke wears a long reddish beard, but Grant has only a moustache, and his hair is grizzled. Sedate and sober men, with no nonsense about them. The President in due form introduced the heroes of the day, and read a letter from the Marquis d'Azeglio accompanying a gold medal sent by the King of Italy to Captain Speke,

and promising another to Grant. The letter was in French, and here I may remark that Sir Roderick's accent was decidedly *English* ; but it was intelligible and contained a graceful allusion to the fact that the medal was presented by the country of Christopher Columbus.¹ Sir Roderick stated that he had had an interview with Her Majesty, and that she had graciously told him how proud she was that it should have been reserved to two Englishmen to settle a question that had for centuries occupied the attention of all the nations of Europe. Correcting a statement which he had made in his annual address, he told us that in an Arabian map of the year 830, the Nile is made to rise from two lakes near the equator, but not laid down with any certainty, and more as if this fact and the lakes had been fixed by report or tradition.

Speke² then read a paper of a dry geographical character giving the dry bones of his exploratory journey, and introduced to the meeting two little niggers, members of the friendly nation of Karagwe or Ugondo (Uganda), whom he praised as of high intelligence and strict fidelity. The little fellows looked as cool as cucumbers, and, albeit the scene must have been a novel one, behaved as calmly as if it had been their business to attend Geographical Meetings all their lives. They were very black (not as jet, but a warm black), and had high foreheads and long noses.

¹ Christopher Columbus was born at Genoa.

² An obelisk in memory of Speke, 1864, stands in Kensington Gardens between the Round Pond and the Serpentine.

JULY, 1863

My wife's father¹ was happily and peacefully released from a long and painful illness on the 23rd of last month. He passed away, as if in deep sleep, in his daughter's arms about seven o'clock in the evening. She begged me to let her be present at the funeral, and, knowing her calm self-possession, I consented willingly.² He was buried in the St. James's Cemetery, Liverpool. The funeral was very private, although upwards of a hundred gentlemen voluntarily attended as a mark of respect on their own account. Poor fellow, he was held in high esteem in Liverpool. My wife and her brother are his only children and I don't mind telling you, *entre nous*, that he has left Mary Anne a very handsome fortune.

After spending a mouldy fortnight at Liverpool, we left the children at his seaside residence, a glorious place for health, where they will remain for the summer, and came to London for a few days, preparatory to a start for Switzerland, for Mary Anne requires a change after her anxiety and sleepless nights.

¹ James Radley, of Liverpool.

² It was very unusual for ladies at this date to attend funerals: it was an emotional, sentimental period for women, and they were supposed to be liable to make "scenes" on occasions of this sort. As an old domestic in my family—a disciple of Mrs. Malaprop—used to say, when describing a funeral she had particularly enjoyed: "The *scenery* at the graveside was terrible."

My absence in the north has had at least one good result ; it has caused " Robin " ¹ to write me a series of the most original and laughter-provoking letters that ever were written. I would that you were nearer, that I might send them for your perusal. As it is, you will only be favoured with extracts. I should premise that Robin (who is about the same age as myself) goes into exaggerated raptures about *my mother*,² to her and our great amusement. He calls her " The Great Mother of the Pantagruelians," which has now been shortened into " The Great Mother." In one of the series of letters above-mentioned he says : " I turn to my Homer. Tuck ! Was The Great Mother born from the foam of the sea ? and did she come up the Mersey into Liverpool originally on a shell ? And also—I was going to ask—and also—you know, Homer says Laughter and Smiles distinguish that famous Lady of the Apple. It has struck me—I am indeed slain by the thought."

Of course I reply in a similar strain of chaff, and the next letter develops the idea which is born in the former. I am now addressed as " Cupid-Tuck " ! and Meredith proceeds thus : " I thought it all along ! I said : ' This my friar, whom I love, must be the Rosey Boy well plumped on British fare ! ' And now that The G.M. (oh ! dost thou mark a similarity of initials most wondrous ? Yea, is it not full of meaning ?) acknowledges that she came up the

¹ George Meredith (1828-1909), at this date a widower and engaged in writing *Sandra Belloni*.

² Formerly Sarah Heyes. After the death of her first husband, William Bridge Hardman (1803-1833), she married, in 1836, J. Knowles, and died in 1880, aged seventy-four years.

Mersey in a cockle-shell, Tuck cannot deny that he is Cupidon. And 'tis he who has twanged his bow and done his Robin this dreadful damage—alack ! No more of this. But seriously, I am filled with a flame that must be quenched. Find thou the tank. I am amazed at the thought of thee in thy natural costume, most rubicund ! The wings ! The—— ! We will talk as mortals, not forfeiting what we do know.”¹

Anon come snatches of absurd verse, as follows :—

“ The world is full of different fates,
Of good and evil luck :
Happy is he, who, at Love's gates
May cross the T of Tuck.

“ My friends in smiles of Fortune bask,
The flowers of Fortune pluck :
I envy not : I only ask
To cross the T of Tuck !

“ Survey man's race : the few in front
The many in the ruck. . . .

“ A fit of sneezing arrests the Muse. Chime the rhyme, great Friar ! Chime the rhyme, and cross the T.

“ Creyke told me that when Prins² was at Curragh he came to the Vice-Regal Lodge, and played cricket. Creyke warned all the opposition bowlers that Royal patronage of the manly game depended on Prins getting at least one run. Having missed, whilst fielding, two fine smack-into-the-hand catches, Wales

¹ It may be observed that the conclusion of this letter differs from that given in the published *Letters of George Meredith*, Vol. I. p. 108.

² The Prince of Wales (King Edward VII).

goes in, and faces an unnamed, steady, determined Briton of a bowler, round, ruddy—an inevitable creature, one clearly selected by the Gods to do this black business with the utmost satisfaction and comfort. Down went the wicket of your Prins at the first delivery of ball! To make matters worse, some wretches (not knowing that the wicket was a royal one, or not feeling that the knocking of it over was rank treason to the Throne and to cricket) applauded lustily. Your Prins marched out with his bat amid the thunders.

“At the first ball his wicket fell, and sins
No more has batted your illustrious Prins.”

The story is good, but scarcely true, for the Prince *has* shown interest, if not taken part, in the noble and manly sport since. A few days ago I amused myself by writing to this same Robin, who has gone down to Seaford, in Sussex, to stay with his friend, Maurice FitzGerald, and telling him *suddenly* of our Swiss plans, urging him at the same time to accompany us: but knowing that, as it is Arthur's holiday time, he is not likely to do so.¹ The following reply resulted.

Hardman proceeds to quote in full the letter from Seaford, dated July 10th, 1863, which can be read in *The Letters of George Meredith*, Vol. I. p. 109, where, however, the following sentence is lacking:—

“Up to three a.m. I loo, and even Cupid-Tuck will praise me for objecting to be lewd.

¹ Arthur Meredith was ten years of age at this date, and a pupil at Dr. Jessopp's school in the Close of Norwich.

Indeed, there is much petticoat here, but I have ceased to be of the order of the sniffing man (der snifferender) and cry for soul—till a woman with a fish-basket stops before me, remarking, ‘Werry fine ones to-day, sir, fresh!’—Not the vast sea can give me what I want.”

As a result of his unhappy matrimonial experiences, which had found poetical expression in *Modern Love* (1862), Meredith was still in a miserable, caustic state of mind regarding the other sex. As he wrote at this time to his friend, Bonaparte Wyse, so he believed, though it was but a passing phase in his temperamental development :—

“Women can occasionally be fine creatures, if they fall into good hands. Physically they neighbour the vegetable and morally the animal creation; and they are, therefore, chemically good for man. . . . I respect many. I dislike none. I trust not to love one. . . . Was there ever such a gambler’s stake as that we fling for a woman in giving ourselves for her whom we know not, and haply shall not know when twenty years have run? I do blame Nature for masking the bargain to us. The darlings ought all to be ticketed.”

OUR TOUR IN SWITZERLAND, JULY AND AUGUST, 1863

Thursday, July 16th.—Accompanied by wife, sister (Sarah), and cousin (Alice Skirving), I started at 7 a.m. by London, Chatham and Dover Railway. Reached Dover at 9.30; Calais at 12.10; and arrived in Brussels punctually at 6.55 p.m. Our companions had never been (as Mrs. Partington or Malaprop would say) *incontinent* before. My sister alone was sick in crossing.

Scene, Calais station. Train about to start for Brussels and very full. Mary Anne (acting under directions of French official, "Chef de la Gare," or something of that kind) enters a first-class compartment, wherein two elderly ladies have taken up their position and covered every unoccupied seat with some article or other. These old fools catch sight of me at the tail of my party of ladies, and proceed to address M. A. in French, such as it was. "Pardon, Madame, cette compartiment est réservée pour les dames." It was evident at a glance that these old idiots were English, but they *would not* see that we also were of their kith, and kept repeating the sentence above in a sort of duet. Time was precious, I could not understand the cause of the delay, until M. A. turned to me and said, "These ladies say this is a ladies' compartment." "Oui," said distant duet in

the interior, "cette compartiment est pour les dames seulement." "Bosch," I exclaim, with angry scorn, "get in; the Station Master has told us to do so." "Mais, je vous assure," said the younger of the two ladies, "qu'il y a un avis à la porte 'Pour Dames.'" This was too absurd. Mary Anne said quickly, "I cannot see the necessity for speaking French when we are all English"; and I said, "Oh! it's all damned nonsense; get in." So we got in, and I rapidly bundled all their articles, which they obstinately refused to move, in a heap, and we sat down. A cheerful beginning for a journey of some hours. Finding that I, the horrid bearded man who had intruded into a ladies' compartment, was not so terrible a person after all, they softened, and even endeavoured to make up for their selfish rudeness by studied civility. Eventually we parted the best of friends. The elder, and stouter of the two, was an old person hypochondriacally affected, travelling in search of mild air and health. She was the sole survivor of a large family, all of whom had died of consumption, and she was convinced the same fate was in store for her. Consequently she never left the house from October to June, and in the other months spent her time in avoiding "raw" air! Her natural stoutness was added to by the number of wraps which encircled her, and green spectacles shaded her eyes. The younger lady (about 45) was her companion, and they used the most endearing terms in their conversation with each other.

Brussels. Hôtel de Flandre.—Very comfortable. We were most agreeably surprised with the Belgic

metropolis. It is most picturesque. We had expected a flat place, but behold it is hilly, and some of the streets are quite steep. The Park on the hill in the centre of the town, encircled by houses, including the Royal Palace and the Parliament House, contains a mass of noble trees, and is beautifully laid out. In it is "Le Waux-Hall," where is music and gaiety in the evening. "Waux-Hall" is no exaggeration of mine, it is the veritable name given to it by its godfathers and godmothers. We listened to a Funeral Mass in St. Gudule (the Cathedral), we admired the ancient Hôtel de Ville with all its quaint surroundings, and—event never to be forgotten—we saw the "Manneken Pis." I presume you have seen Brussels, but not having the means of ascertaining, I shall explain myself. The "Manneken" is a celebrated fountain, much revered by the "Braves Belges." A small, and well-executed, bronze naked figure of a little boy pisses vigorously night and day a copious but not inordinate stream. Hiring a carriage for a cool after-dinner drive about the town, I said privately to the *coachee* that we desired to visit the well-known "Manneken Pis." He entered into the joke, and after circulating through various streets, as we were about to turn a corner, he gave me a knowing nod over his shoulder, and the great sight was before us! For a moment, open-mouthed, my companions stared! Then we all four burst into inextinguishable fits of laughter! Oh! such laughter! Truly the boy's figure and attitude are perfect—much more natural than the usual bronzes of little boys. . . . A man offered me the London *Times* of to-day as I got out

of the carriage. He asked 1s. 6d. for it ! but agreed to lend it to me for 6d. to read. I accepted.

The next morning, Saturday, July 18th, we found some photographs of the "Manneken," and invested therein immediately, I being deputed to purchase for the rest of the party. Then at noon we hastened to the station of the Great Luxembourg Railway, taking tickets to Strasbourg. By the bye, outside this station a boy tried hard (in spite of my being accompanied by ladies) to sell me some indecent books. My British ire was roused, for there is a time for everything, and this seemed very inappropriate. The young reprobate first attracted my notice by making one of the great indecent signs employed by Thaumast in his dispute with Panurge. Rabelais describes the sign in these words : " The Englishman . . . closed the three master fingers in his fist, and passing his thumb through his indicial and middle fingers, his auricular fingers remained extended and stretched out."

Arrived at Strasbourg 7.10 a.m. . . . After leaving Nancy at 2 a.m., dawn came rapidly with a lovely morning, and for a second time I enjoyed the early ride through the Vosges country. It was Sabbath morn. Again did we take up our quarters at the Hôtel de Paris at Strasbourg. Again did I, albeit unwillingly, ascend the tower of the Cathedral, but was repaid by the view. A drive to the Orangery, an inspection of Marshal Saxe's tomb in the German Protestant church, and military music in the " Place," were among the amusements of the day ; but *no* divine worship. At St. Thomas's (Protestant) Church

we also saw the embalmed bodies of the Count of Nassau and his daughter, the former in very good condition.

Monday, July 20th.—Left by train at 8 a.m. for Basle and Berne. Just as we were nearing Berne station, the whistle of the engine frightened a team of horses attached to a heavy cart. The leader was calm, but the wheeler was frantic. The driver held on to the head of the latter, but no use, he lost his footing, and the last sight we had of him was very grievous. Horses and cart were all in a heap, and he undermost, after having been dragged for some distance. We could not find out whether he was killed, but I cannot think that he escaped with his life. Shocked and sickened by this incident, we made our way to the Berner Hof, where we had “Hobson’s Choice,” every room being occupied save the suite of apartments vacated that afternoon by Duke Ernst of Saxe-Coburg (Prince Albert’s brother). These we had, and paid accordingly. That evening is memorable to me, inasmuch as I walked into a room where two ladies were undressing, in fact were undressed, and then “skedaddlement.”

Next morning (Tuesday) we did the Lions of Berne—or rather the Bears in their new and spacious den,—a circle divided across the middle. Truly, I could watch their quaint gambols for hours. It is quite delightful to see animals with such ample space for larking about, and they seem thoroughly happy. At eleven we left for Thun. Weather perfection. Dined at table d’hôte at 5, band in gardens of Belle Vue Hôtel, where we are staying. Up to St. Jacques to see the sun set.

Wednesday, July 22nd.—Oh! how lovely the morn! Up soon after 5. Steamer up Lake of Thun to Neuhaus, carriage to Grindelwald. Adler Hotel. Under the friendly shade of a tree, prone on my back I lay, and smoked a cigar. The Wetterhorn, Eiger, and Mittelhorn, snow-crowned, looked down upon me; the two glaciers were on either hand. Magnificent—a red-letter day. In the cool of the evening we trudged off to the upper glacier, to see the ice cave. At night the gardens of the hotel were illuminated with Chinese lanterns, and blue, red, and green lights were burned—a veritable fairyland! This was done by the landlord in honour of his pretty young wife's birthday: a charming matrimonial impromptu and surprise for Madame.

Thursday, 23rd.—Up at 4.15. A glorious day. Over the Wengern Alp to Lauterbrunnen. I and my sister walked, the other two had ponies. We were high enough to touch some patches of snow. Alpine rhododendron and deliciously scented orchis bloomed in profusion. With favourable weather, such as we had, I do not think the views on this route can be surpassed in Switzerland. Steep, indeed, is the descent into the Valley of Lauterbrunnen, and the roasting sun of midday was full upon us. Mary Anne nearly fainted. I had to apply cold water and fan her. Our carriage had been sent round from Grindelwald to meet us, and we drove back to Neuhaus. As we approached Interlaken a devil of a storm of thunder and rain, with a perfect hurricane, greeted us. Quite a sea running on the lake, with breakers and spray. Arrived at Thun by steamer

at 6.30. Letters from home awaited us : one from Meredith and Robinson, a joint epistle from Copsham and a most laughter-provoking production.

The next day I went to the Bazar Swisse, and bought views, and an onyx bracelet of Swiss manufacture for Mary Anne as a birthday present, although five days late. Hawker¹ and his wife, two sisters, and two nieces, arrived. Great were the greetings, and most insane our behaviour.

Saturday, July 25th : Thun.—Read the papers, and saw all about the accident to the Female Blondin No. 2 at Birmingham. In an advanced state of pregnancy (six months) she fell from a height of thirty feet, the rope breaking, and was killed instantly. Saw that Lord Clyde was not expected to live : he is dying of atrophy.²

Sunday was very wet and cold. The ladies went to church, but I, of course, distinctly refused. I enjoyed a quiet morning of reading and writing, and was much amused by their return in a state of cold and weariness ; the place had been like an ice-house, the sermon had been of the most stupid, only fit for an infants' school, everybody had been almost starved to death and bored beyond expression, yet they all seemed to think they had been doing God service. I suggested the insufficient care of Providence in making such a damp ungenial day. Hawker was

¹ The Rev. William Henry Hawker, vicar of Steepe, Horn-dean, Hants, son of Admiral Hawker and godson of Prince William Henry, Duke of Clarence (King William IV).

² Sir Colin Campbell (1792-1863), created Lord Clyde 1858. The famous soldier of the Peninsular War, and the War with China, 1840-1842.

dreadfully shocked at my remaining away. I was greeted as a heathen man and a publican; he professed the greatest horror at my bad behaviour, and was quite angry and bullied me awfully for staying away. I merely laughed immoderately, and did not shadow forth my theological views in the faintest degree.¹ *Mem.* Very little was said about this church-going business afterwards. Hawker caught a most horrible cold, which settled on his chest. Alice also caught cold, and there were more complaints than enough about "that wretched church."

On Tuesday (28th) we drove to Interlaken. Put up at the Hôtel des Alpes, and wandered over the well-known localities immortalised by Longfellow in his *Hyperion*. The next day the Hawkers came from Thun to join us. Hawker has his two nieces, 13 and 17 respectively, with him. They are native born Australians, daughters of his brother, the Hon. G. Hawker, Speaker of the Adelaide Assembly. They are sent to be educated in England, but pine for their native land, which nothing ever approaches in their estimation. They are apathetic girls, but I talked to them of "home," and they brightened up amazingly. I fancy their English relatives take little interest in South Australia, and they feel they are in a strange land. In the afternoon a storm arose very suddenly. The heavens were darkened by black clouds, a hurricane of dust swept through the valley, and rain descended in torrents and waterspouts, with an accompaniment of fearsome electricity. These Australian lasses quite

¹ Hardman sympathised with the biblical criticism of Bishop Colenso.

rejoiced in this war of the elements because "it was exactly like an Australian storm," and reminded them of home!¹ The next day but one the Hawkers started with all their live stock and baggage for Paris . . . but their luggage was so numerous and heavy (about twelve hundredweight) that the official in charge of the "Gepäcklocal" refused, with so short a time as ten minutes, to weigh and label it. Hawker vented forth the most fearsome objurgations, his language by no means choice. Of course he was in a horrible rage, and equally, of course, he forgot his clerical profession and *last Sunday*, and let out at the officials *some*. . . . However the Hawkers cleared off by the next train.

Saturday, August 1st, was chiefly spent in catching butterflies. I found this lepidopterous chase exhilarating.

Sunday, August 2nd.—We had engaged a carriage to take us through the Simmenthal to Vevey in two days. Before railways this was the old posting road, but latterly it has fallen into disuse. The landlord of the "Belle Vue," Thun, conceived a great admiration and respect for us when he found we were going *by carriage* on this route. Our first day was by Erlenbach to Château d'Oex. The road lies through some of the finest cultivated mountain scenery in Switzerland, including the Gruyères cheese district. Thou-

¹ In a letter, many years later (1874) to his daughter, Hardman described Holroyd's sons when the boys were on a visit to England. He said these young Australians behaved like kangaroos, were very unruly, and given to skylarking and standing on their heads—"no doubt because they came from the Antipodes."

sands of cattle people the valleys and mountain sides. We caught many butterflies, including two splendid swallow-tailed fellows. The Castle of Gruyères, with its surrounding village on a high hill, is most admirably situated. . . .

Monday, August 3rd.—Château d'Oex to Vevey. Sun's heat perfectly awful. We were considerably delayed by our axles becoming on fire and having to be quenched. How can I describe the charms of Vevey? They are only to be surpassed by its heat. Everybody bathes at Vevey. The entire population apparently spend a portion of their time in the lake. On one occasion we passed close to a lady who was disporting herself a quarter of a mile from land without a particle of clothing on. She swam all ends up, and her thighs were of the whitest and plumpest—a very painful sight! Sitting in a boat with awning, we were lazily ferried to Chillon. Chillon with its dark dungeons lighted by no *direct* light, only by the blue *reflection* from the blue lake, making life or death more ghastly.¹ Chillon with its judgment-hall, its oubliette, its condemned cell, and execution chamber. They show the aperture, now bricked up, through which the victim's corpse was shot into the waters of the lake, 180 feet deep at that spot. I sketched the castle from the usual point of view, and also made one of my most

¹ " In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,
There are seven columns, massy and grey,
Dim with a dull imprison'd ray,
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left;
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp."—BYRON.

successful pictures of the dank and reedy moat and drawbridge.

Friday, August 7th.—Vevey to Martigny by rail, thence over the Tête Noire to Chamounix. At Martigny three mules had been ordered by telegraph, one for the baggage and one each for Mary Anne and Alice. My sister decided to walk with me. She and I drank a bottle of beer between us, and started about 9.30 under a broiling sun. Prince Napoleon¹ and a small suite arrived just before we got under weigh. They had stayed all night at the inn half-way over the pass, and had come on at daybreak. Sarah and I toiled bravely up the steep ascent of three hours from Martigny to the summit of the Col de Forclaz. Before commencing the descent on the other side, Mary Anne and Alice got off their Rosinantes, and walked down. This route unfolds a succession of marvellous beauties. To the summit of the Col, you have constantly enlarging views of the Rhone valley : as zigzag after zigzag is passed you see the mountains of the distant Bernese Oberland rising peak after peak on the horizon. After passing the Col, a short descent leads to a thick forest, whose shade was most refreshing. In the course of an hour or so we obtained our first view of the Monarch of Mountains (Mont Blanc), enthroned among his Aiguilles, white and cloudless. At 6 o'clock we reached Argentière, a village about six miles higher up the valley than Chamounix, where the

¹ Son of Jerome Bonaparte, King of Westphalia, by his second wife; nephew of the Emperor Napoleon I (whom he much resembled in face); and first cousin of the Emperor Napoleon III. Known as "Plon-Plon." Born 1822. Died 1891.

road becomes practicable for a vehicle—if you can obtain such a convenience. One vehicle alone remained. The three ladies were put inside, all facing one way, a folded blanket was placed on the box seat for the dulcifying or delectation of my nether man, the luggage was strapped on behind, and the baggage mule harnessed in the shafts. (We had left our big portmanteaux and *crinolines* at Martigny with the jolly landlord of the “Grand Maison”: *crinolines* are not “the thing” at Chamounix, and ladies wander forth gracefully innocent of that absurdity.) The first hill we descended, the mule was lifted off his legs, and the shafts went up into the air. I assure you we cut a most ridiculous figure. However, all this was merged in the excitement of a fire which broke out at a small hamlet of fourteen houses just above Argentière. Looking back, I saw a column of smoke behind us (even as the Israelites) and, not knowing what was happening, was simply interested in the phenomenon of a cloud of vapour which developed itself in the mid-air at the summit of the smoke, the result, as I presumed, of the condensing power of the cold upper stratum of air. Soon were we made aware of what was going on, for we began to meet lots of people on horse and afoot, hurrying to the scene of action. Now comes the chief of the Gendarmes in a char, dressing as he hurries on. Then more Gendarmes. Then, with wild shrieks and shouts, at full speed, the *Pompe à incendie*. It was no easy matter for us to induce our mule to draw our unmanageable vehicle out of the way, to let the fire engine pass. As darkness set in we saw the fire burning brightly, even to a late hour. We learnt afterwards

that thirteen out of the fourteen houses had been completely destroyed. A subscription was got up at the hotel to assist the poor people, whose total losses were estimated at about 7000 francs.

The next day, which we took easily, was a day to have a "coup de soleil." I have felt greater and more oppressive *general* heat, but I never experienced so scathing a *sunshine* before ! In the bureau of the hotel we met a jolly, well-known, little guide, named Albrecht, who knew all sorts of friends of ours ; we struck up an acquaintance with him, which, during our stay at Chamounix, ripened into a sort of friendship. He is quite a character, was educated at a Jesuits' College, speaks English, French, German, Italian, and Latin, with more or less fluency. The language he knows least about is evidently French. He has been all over Switzerland, knows every nook and corner, has been frequently up Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, and all the chief mountains. The usual payment of a guide is 8 francs *per diem* and "trinkzett," but I prefer paying 10 francs to include everything—a liberal allowance, which, with a man like Albrecht, is the best plan, as it puts affairs on a satisfactory and gentlemanly basis. He is the roughest, most sunburnt, and generally *seediest*-looking little man you ever saw ; but his face beams with intelligence, and his conversation and information are interesting and valuable.

Sunday, August 9th, we went with Albrecht up the Flegère, and through a telescope saw a party returning from an unsuccessful attempt on Mont Blanc. The weather was perfect, but the party (*Yankees*, I think and *hope*) shut up completely ! They reached the corridor,

only half an hour from the top. On this blessed Sabbath day, not less than 160 persons sat down to table d'hôte at the Hôtel d'Angleterre.

August 12th.—A German doctor has returned from Mont Blanc. He had gone with four guides and three porters on Monday afternoon, stopped all night at the chalet, Tuesday night at the Grands Mulets, and we had seen him being lugged bodily up Mont Blanc this morning. A guide to each arm, one in front with a rope, and one behind pushing.

We remained at Chamounix until Saturday 15th. What did we do? We went twice to the Glacier de Bossons (once in search of relics of Dr. Hamel's party), we went to Montanvert and Mer de Glace; we loafed about, caught a host of splendid butterflies, and took some most satisfactory sketches. We were seriously upset by a letter from Robin,¹ announcing an accident of a most alarming character to his darling son. Our friend Wyndowe had put the little fellow on his horse, which, starting off, had thrown Arthur, leaving him suspended by one stirrup. Happily his boot came off, so that he was not dragged along the ground. The boy was insensible until next morning. His father's state of mind cannot easily be imagined. Happily, no permanent harm has resulted to the dear little fellow. Later I had a letter from George Meredith announcing the recovery. He says: "My darling boy is going on all right. His head, though bruised and blue behind the ear, is sound, and his little innocent rump, which

¹ George Meredith. The accident to his son, Arthur Meredith, then aged ten years, occurred on Copsham Common, near Esher. Mr. Wyndowe lived at Esher.

occasionally twitches him, is on the whole as well capable of taking what his conduct may earn him, as yours, Tuck, or mine."

I have mentioned the search after relics of Dr. Hamel's guides. This may require some explanation. Poor Albert Smith, when he came to that portion of his account of "Mont Blanc"¹ which dealt with the passing of the Grand Plateau, always told his audience that, in 1820, three guides accompanying Dr. Hamel, a Russian physician, were swept off the Plateau by an avalanche into a vast crevasse and lost. Years afterwards, Professor Forbes gave his opinion that according to the rate of progression of the glacier, in about forty-two years the remains would appear at the base of the Glacier de Bossons. Sure enough, last year some fragments came to light, and this year also. It is probable indeed that the occasional melting out of these curious relics may continue another season. Anyhow, Mary Anne, Albrecht, and I spent three hours

¹ After his ascent of Mont Blanc in 1851, Albert Smith devised an entertainment at the old Egyptian Hall, in Piccadilly, in which he combined a lecture with dioramic views of the scenery he was describing and a patter song entitled *Galignani's Messenger*. As Mr. Alfred S. West, who remembers this innocuous show, relates, it presented a panorama, a piano, a patter song, and Albert Smith with a pointer in hand. Smith also published an account of his conquest of Mont Blanc in *Blackwood's Magazine*, which was reprinted in a small volume, 1852, now very rare. In this he states he gave his "Mont Blanc" entertainment earlier at other places: "With my Alps in a box, I went round to various literary institutions. The inhabitants of Richmond, Brentford, Guildford, Staines, Southwark, Hammersmith, and other places, were respectively enlightened upon the theory of glaciers and the dangers of the Grand Plateau. I recall these first efforts of a showman—for such they really were—with great pleasure. I recollect how my brother and I used to drive our four-wheeled chaise across the country, with Mont Blanc on the back-seat."



ARTHUR MEREDITH AND ZILLAH (NIECE OF MISS GRANGE,
GEORGE MEREDITH'S HOUSEKEEPER)

(Photograph by William Hardman)

grubbing about among the chasms and old crevasses near the base, and our efforts were crowned with a success beyond our expectations. Fragments of bone, chiefly portions of skull, with strips of skin and hair attached, pieces of muscle, the bladder (as I conclude) of one of the party, cloth, linen, pieces of knapsack, straps, portions of a book, the ironwork of a lantern and cafetière (the handle of the lantern occupied me for half an hour to dig out of the ice, expecting to find something more at the end of it). Two corks, numerous pieces of broken green and white glass (very thick), lots of straw in which things had been packed, some bones of chicken or wild fowl of some kind which had been wrapped up in blue paper, and a little parcel of what had been cherries and raisins—the stones, pips, and stalks alone remaining. As we were leaving the glacier I met a party to whom I showed what I had got, when one of the ladies supposed that I intended to bury the bones, etc. “Oh, of course,” I replied with profoundest gravity. We agreed to say very little of our discoveries for fear we might have to give them up. I rejoice to say we have them all safe in 27, Gordon Street.¹

¹ Hardman's daughter, Mrs. Croome, says she remembers the gruesome collection was preserved in labelled pill-boxes. Two days before Hardman discovered his relics of Hamel's party, Oscar Browning had also come upon similar souvenirs of the tragedy of August, 1820. Browning relates in his *Memories of Sixty Years* that when he was at Chamounix in the summer of 1863, on Sunday, August 9th, “we were walking across the Glacier des Bossons when, in the centre of the glacier, I saw lying upon the surface the twisted iron of a lantern, a piece of a broken alpenstock, the fragment of a skin of a sheep, and a piece of newspaper still legible . . . It occurred to me at once that they were the remains of Dr. Hamel's party, which had been lost in the

On Saturday, August 15th, at 6.15 we started for Geneva. My hotel bill 385.25 francs, a return carriage to take us to Geneva 90 francs. Madame Tairraz,¹ landlady of the Hôtel d'Angleterre, gave us a cake for our luncheon on the way, and wished us "God speed." This drive from Chamounix to Geneva is one of the finest in the world. We stopped for déjeuner at Bonneville at 12.30, and were delivered at the door of the Metropole at Geneva at 4.40, just in time to dress for table d'hôte. Snobs innumerable. Oh! how hot a place is Geneva! In a muck sweat, sat in my shirt and tried to read, hung up my shirt on a nail and sat in a state of nudity. No use. Went to bed and tried to sleep; saturated the sheets with my profuse sweat. Awful! The next day was the Sabbath, and passed without incident and without going to church. We bought peaches and plums in the street and ate them on Rousseau's Isle, under the shade of that fearful humbug's statue. In the evening it became hideously hot—the very hottest day and evening I have ever experienced. On Monday morning we fled from the place, took steamer up the lake to Bouveret; railway to Martigny, dined there and picked up our large luggage. Then by rail to Vevey, where we stayed the night. On Tuesday 18th, to Neuchatel. Wednesday afternoon to Paris, travelling all night, and arriving at

ascent of Mont Blanc on Sunday, August 20th, 1820 . . . Other fragments were found later; they were identified by survivors, and are now in the rooms of the Alpine Club, with an inscription in Cowell's handwriting."

¹ A guide named Tairraz is mentioned in Albert Smith's account of the ascent of Mont Blanc.

5 a.m. On the previous Sunday the thermometer had been 104 fahrenheit in the shade in Paris ! *Mem.* Saw the entrance of the Rhone into the lake, and marked how the yellow muddy water drops suddenly to the bottom of the clear blue lake, leaving no sign of its entry. Train took up a prisoner from Chillon, who had fallen or thrown himself from some tower (to escape), and was carried on a stretcher to be taken to Lausanne, as I suppose. The line through the Jura Mountains is very pretty. At the station before Dijon a railway official disturbed us in our game of whist by asking us to move. He then removed certain parcels of tobacco and cigars which he had smuggled behind the seat across the frontier. He removed the light from the carriage at the critical moment. We were very indignant, but powerless to interfere.

I must not forget that we met some celebrities at the Belle Vue Hotel, Neuchatel. At table d'hôte opposite to us were George Grote,¹ the historian, and his wife, and on my right was J. G. Phillimore.² The conversation of these folk amused us not a little. Grote is a prosy, precise sort of old gentleman whom

¹ George Grote (1794-1871) had been M.P. for the City of London, 1832-1841. His famous *History of Greece* appeared during the years 1846-1856. After a long courtship, he married Harriet Lewin in 1820. Mrs. Grote (1792-1878) was a clever woman, author of *Memoirs of the Life of Ary Scheffer*, and, later on, *The Personal Life of George Grote* (1873). At the time Hardman writes, the Grotes were living, when at home, at "History Hut," near Burnham Beeches.

² John George Phillimore (1808-1865), M.P. for Leominster, 1852-1857. A learned barrister. Author of various books on Jurisprudence and *The History of England during the Reign of George III* (1863).

I should have supposed to be an effete country squire and member for his county, instead of the author of *the History of Greece*. Mrs. Grote is a most disagreeable woman both in manner and appearance. She seems unable to say an unqualified kind thing of anybody. Her under lip projects half an inch in advance of the upper, and she is *fond* of her glass of wine. They were talking of Buckle,¹ and Mrs. Grote said to Phillimore, with a pseudo-manly voice like the notes of a post-mortem bassoon, "I hope you loved him as we did." She said he was a great gourmand even to the extent of fearful gluttony, and that he drank large quantities of champagne and port wine to "repair the waste of mental fibre." She quoted Buckle as saying to her, "Ah! I wish I had *seen* more and read less!" Buckle himself thought he had injured his brain and constitution by excessive chess-playing; he would play several games at one time: he seems also to have injured his health by attention to his mother during a long illness; he scarcely ever was absent from the house. You may perhaps have wondered that Mrs. Grote found fault with the Buckle whom she "loved" so well. She blamed him so much for not making a will, that I greatly suspect she had rather anticipated a *legacy*! They also discussed others besides Buckle, such as Brougham, Macaulay, and Sir David Dundas, of whom Mrs. Grote spoke when

¹ Henry Thomas Buckle (1822-1862) published the first volume of *The History of Civilisation* in 1857, and the second in 1861. He is said to have worked ten hours a day for twenty years before he published a word of his great undertaking. His mother died in 1859, and Buckle succumbed to typhus fever three years later, at the age of thirty-nine.

she said to Phillimore, "Of course there is but *one* Dundas!"¹

Note.—We found afterwards that George Meredith had met Mrs. Grote. He said she was given to saying very indelicate things in company. I quite think she was capable of doing such a thing. Phillimore is the embodiment of Harold Skimpole in appearance, but not in fact.²

Friday, August 21st. Hôtel Choiseul, Paris.—Letter from George Meredith announcing his approach. He left Newhaven last night. He stopped at Rouen to see the *Joan of Arc*, and to call on an author who had submitted certain work to the Chapmans.³ He arrived about 2.30. Joyful greetings. We dined by Robin's request at Véfour's—a great mistake. Between Véfour's and the Trois Frères there is such a difference as between the University Club and the "London" (corner of Chancery Lane). *Dinner Note.* We had a large slice of *Cantaloup Melon after the soup*, while the fish was preparing. Not a bad idea, as I have learnt what is the exact nature of a *hors d'œuvre* by this means.

Robin and I strolled smoking along the Champs Elysées in the evening. Very pleasant and not offensive like our own beastly Haymarket.⁴ Robin brought me

¹ Presumably Sir David Dundas (1799–1877), Q.C., Judge Advocate-General, 1849–1852; he was an accomplished scholar, and had a fine library at 13, King's Bench Walk.

² It was Leigh Hunt, of course, from whom Dickens drew the character of Skimpole.

³ Meredith was Reader for Chapman and Hall from 1860 to 1895. He often gave personal interviews to authors who had sent in their manuscripts, among the number being Thomas Hardy, George Gissing, and Olive Schreiner.

⁴ See the first volume of this work, p. 115, for the aspect of the night life of the Haymarket in the 'sixties.

Once a Week, containing my article on *America : An Imaginary Tour*, published 15th August. The proofs were sent to Gordon Street, and not returned, of course, so the article was put in uncorrected. Robin also put Renan's *Life of Jesus* into his bag for me. We think him not looking well. Arthur's accident has naturally been a matter of great anxiety.

Paris, August 22nd.—The first thing we did this morning was to go to the Louvre. Contemplated the Venus of Milo for some time. A very hot day. We chartered two carriages and drove about. We were unsuccessful in obtaining admission to the Tomb of Napoleon, as we had been yesterday. This irritated me very considerably. Went to Pantheon and Hôtel Cluny, where I showed Robin the "Girdle of Chastity"—you know to what I allude. There we met old Hart, of all people in the world! He looked very grim, unshaven, and not quite sober. Strange man! I pointed out the "Girdle" to his Reverence! Dined at the Trois Frères, Robin and I going first to order the dinner. "Charles," the waiter, an admirable type of the aristocracy of waiters. We have nothing of the kind in England. The tender interest which he displayed in every dish; the manner with which he delicately urged Mary Anne to have a morsel of dishes which she would fain have let pass; the respectful way in which he offered advice and suggestions—all concurred in proving that we had before us the acme and pinnacle of waiters. Among the sweets we had a *Macedoine of fresh fruits*—delicious—simply being grapes, slices of peach, plum, nectarine, apricot, etc., embodied in a thin half-set jelly flavoured with Mara-

schino.¹ *Filets de bœuf à la soubise* for the first time. The soubise was served in a butter-boat separately and was perfection. A most delicious dinner. Walk up the Champs Elysées with all our party at night.

Sunday, August 23rd.—Paris to Versailles. Our carriage a first-rate vehicle. Being the Fête Day we had to pay a little more than usual. The regular price is 25 fr. and bonnemain 5 fr. But we had to pay 30 fr. and the usual bonnemain. A carriage good enough for anybody, and two handsome spirited horses. Quite aristocratic. We went by the Avenue de Passy, through Sèvres, and arrived safely at 11 o'clock. Could not get Robin along past the more modern French pictures of battles. Saw the "Grands Eaux." We had a delightful drive, through St. Cloud and the Bois de Boulogne. Expressions of admiration at the beauty of this drive were exhausted. Truly the Emperor is a wonderful Cædile! Dinner at the Choiseul. Robin departed at 6.15 for Grenoble to join "Poco" (Lionel Robinson).

On Monday the 24th we started for England via Dieppe and Newhaven. Sea peaceful, but nearly everyone sick, and one poor fellow, a Spaniard, was so ill that I really thought he would "bust" himself and die. Mary Anne and Alice Skirving parted with a little and got better. Sarah struggled through safely. At lunch amused by a man who ate frantically and drank beer, but before he could finish his dinner he

¹ Evidently the pioneer of the Fruit Salad now so common. The slice of melon served early at dinner, mentioned previously by Hardman, p. 69, was also a new culinary detail in 1863.

parted with all his cargo ! Of course I was all right as usual, but I had my hands full attending to everybody : one of the charms of being a good sailor ! On board the steamer I got into friendly converse with a man, an Australian settler, who had been in Victoria. He had gone out in 1852, and returned in 1858, having made a large fortune. Finding that digging did not pay, he opened a dry goods store at Ballarat, selling every conceivable article of male and female clothing. Beer, wine, and spirits were always ready for anyone who bought. His partner is now turning over £100,000 a year. I like the hearty manner of your Australian; he invariably insists upon your " taking something." This man made me free at once of his brandy flask and cigar case, and finding I was interested, told me all about his doings. He employed twenty-three young men in his store at one time. His books were curious, inasmuch as the customers had no fixed residences, and consequently were described by soubriquet or by appearance, manner, and place of temporary abode. He did not profess to give credit, for all his transactions were for cash, save in exceptional cases, but his bad debts were singularly few. His place was burnt down and all his books destroyed : yet although he had no proofs of debt, he was paid nearly everything. A customer would come in and say, " By the bye, I think I owe you so much." " Well, sir, we are very busy just now, and can't look the matter up, but I dare say you are right." So he would take the money offered and be satisfied. Thus they lost little. He used to buy gold from the miners, and explained to me the " draught "—just as in buying a pound of tea and sell-

ing it out in ounces, you could not make 16 ounces, so in buying gold in ounces you would have considerably over a pound from 16 ounces. Thus, in buying gold in small parcels from diggers and selling in one lump to banks, the *turning of the scale* was the profit mainly. The sweepings of his store were valuable, so that little children of seven years old would take this dirt, wash it and obtain twenty to thirty shillings' worth of gold from it, which they would bring to him in an hour or so to purchase, saying, "I say, Master, we have got this out of your sweepings." He also used to have large deposits of gold dust placed in his hands by miners for safety. There was no copper coinage in Australia, consequently when he came home he began by refusing copper change and leaving it on the counter. He had been travelling about as a gentleman since his return, and seemed pretty nearly tired of it. He was a man about our own age, or a little older. We parted excellent friends, but I did not catch his name, which was unfortunate.

We arrived at Newhaven at 8.30 p.m., passed the Custom House satisfactorily, and were safely delivered in Gordon Street shortly after midnight. A good plain dinner, or, if you prefer it, supper, awaited us, and we drank a bottle of champagne to the health of my mother and youngest sister—"The Twins" as we called them in joke—whose joint birthday it was (August 25th). Thus ended one of the jolliest of tours ever perpetrated.

On the 29th we left for Liverpool, and at 4 o'clock our darling children met us at the Crosby station, some half-dozen miles on the other side of Liverpool. Sun-

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burnt and jolly ! They were delighted to see us, and we *did* enjoy hearing all their prattle about their bathing, their young companions, their diggings in the sand, and such like. We returned to London on September 17th.

SEPTEMBER, 1863

OF political news, there is not any particularly noticeable point, except the departure of Mr. Mason, the Confederate Commissioner, who is justly offended at that infernal Johnnie Russell. But there is a host of small matters that in the aggregate promise war in every direction. Denmark will be embroiled with the German Confederation; France and Russia will quarrel, for the former, in addition to other causes of offence, is supporting Poland liberally with money; France will recognise the Confederacy; the Archduke Maximilian will accept the throne of Mexico; and, finally, as sure as eggs is eggs, the Yankees will invade Canada and wage war to the death with us.¹

On a side table in my room lie all the journals, sketches, and a prodigious map of routes of your great explorer, McDouall Stuart. I am to edit the same for Saunders and Otley, without delay; at least the terms will be settled on Tuesday. From the portrait of the great explorer, I should expect him to write just such dreary platitudes as he does when he passes beyond the region of fact and incident into that of opinion. I have all his journals from May, 1858, to January, 1863. I shall be allowed full latitude to add,

¹ Two of Hardman's forecasts came true the following year, 1864; war between Prussia and Denmark began, and Maximilian of Austria entered Mexico as Emperor in June.

curtail, or dish up as I may fancy best for Stuart and the public at large.¹

Note.—On September 21st Meredith and Hinchliff dined with us, and our continental tour having enlarged our culinary ideas, we determined to air our novelties at home. Dinner commenced with prawns and bread and butter, and, after the soup, a slice of melon. The vegetable separate,² and the Cabinet pudding iced. A centre of mixed fruits during dinner. Fish knives for the first time. We do not like choufleur au gratin, but in other respects the dinner was a great success.

Menu

Crevettes
Potage Vermicelli
Cantaloup Melon
Saumon, Sauce au Persil
Côtelettes de Mouton aux citrons
Choufleur au gratin
Canard : Salade
Cabinet Pudding Glacé
Stilton Cheese.

¹ The book duly appeared in 1864 and was entitled *Explorations in Australia, The Journals of John McDouall Stuart during the Years 1858-1862, when he fixed the centre of the Continent and successfully crossed it from sea to sea.* Edited by William Hardman, M.A., F.R.G.S.

² This is, apparently, one of the first records of vegetables being served as a separate course at an English family dinner; and it would seem fish knives were a novelty in 1863, fish having hitherto been eaten with a fork and the precarious aid of a piece of bread. It will be observed the slice of melon came third on the menu, instead of first as is the present fashion.

OCTOBER, 1863

I AM very busy with McDouall Stuart's journals, but don't know how the public will feel inclined to purchase them when published.

That nomadic old boy, Hinchliff (whom, as you are aware, we playfully style "The Hospodar of Wallachia"), is going in a few days to visit his principality on the Danube! It is quite a sudden determination, and was brought about in this wise. The post, two days running, brought him proposals from two totally different men to join them in excursions to the south-east of Europe. The first was a very good fellow, ex-captain of dragoons, who slew many Russians at Sebastopol and Balaclava, and who now wanted him to join in woodcock shooting in Albania. The second was that well-known medico, John Simon, the man who in some way or other seems to be responsible to Government for the general health of Britishers.¹ He has not been very well, and on the principle of "Physician, heal thyself," he has resolved to spend two months in Greece and Turkey, with a peep at Egypt thrown into the bargain. Hinchliff, seeing the finger of Providence in this singular coincidence, has made up his mind to go, and having to choose between the two seducers, he threw over the gallant Captain and the

¹ John Simon (1816-1904), knighted 1887. First Medical Officer of Health for the City of London, 1848, and Surgeon of St. Thomas's Hospital. An eminent sanitary reformer and pathologist.

Woodcocks, and cast in his lot with him whose trade is the preservation rather than the extinction of his species. Behold him, then, on the point of penetrating to the haunts abhorred by schoolboys and beloved by lordly poets in Albanian leggings. He is in the highest spirits at the prospect, and says that the first object of his ambition will be to consult the oracle of Delphi, by sitting over the hole and smoking what is known to his friends as "the sacred pipe of Paradise." This pipe is extravagantly mounted in gold, and was smoked by his brother, the Major, during the Persian War, on the supposed site of the Garden of Eden—whence its name. Thus prepared with wisdom and edification, he hopes to dine with the immortal Gods on the very summit of Olympus. Thenceforward we may expect to hear from him great utterances. Possibly he may return transformed into The Great God Pan, all over daisy-chains and ivy leaves, dancing wildly in Gordon Street, and playing upon that renowned instrument which is more like a row of tooth-picks sewn together than anything else in nature. Anyhow, I hope he may not be "stuck up" by any of the robber chieftains who abound in Greece, but may return a glorified and classical Hospodar, sound both in liver and purse. He dines with us on the 24th.

Apropos of dinner. I have adopted a novel, but most impressive, costume for full-dress use *at home* (not abroad). Picture thy Friar in a suit of black velvet, with knickerbockers, black silk stockings, and shoes with bright buckles!

* * * * *

(This line is left that thou mayest recover thy breath,

which I assume thou must necessarily lose upon reading such a startling announcement !) No ! No ! I am not mad. I will be photographed in this dress¹ for thy edification. Being happily possessed of a leg of which I have, at any rate, no cause to be ashamed, I am told that I look remarkably well. Mary Anne is enchanted with the dress. I hope that some, at least, of my friends will copy me. Meredith would fain do so, but has not the courage. I tell him he is ashamed of his legs, I hope to induce him to alter. But Master Robin is a *leetle* obstinate, and I don't feel sure of success.²

Meredith has sent the manuscript of his *Emilia in England*³ for criticism to Maxse, who objects to Emilia going with Gambier "because every girl is conscious that she should never trust herself alone with a man." Upon this Robin remarks : "So the sentimental worshipper will always make them animals—with the finger of a fixed thought from their birth upwards (and pressing more and more consciously) directed upon a certain spot. But we know, we libertines, coarse boys that we are." Robin is coming this evening to hold consultation with me upon the *price* to be asked of the publisher for the aforesaid *Emilia in England*.

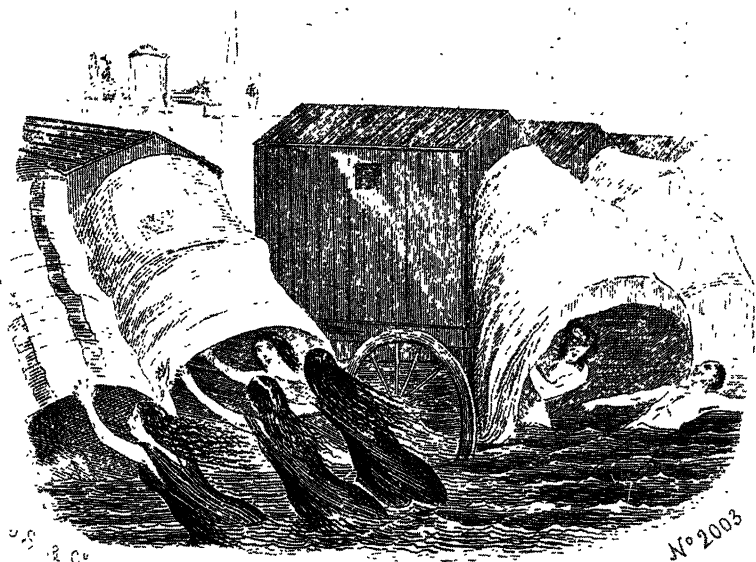
¹ He duly was "taken," and the photograph is reproduced as frontispiece in the first volume of this work.

² Although Meredith did not succumb to the proposal to appear in velvet knickerbockers for evening dress, he made visible his legs in knickerbockers and grey stockings for country wear at Esher and Copsham. And he did not forget to extol "a leg" in *The Egoist*. Some years later, Roden Noel, the poet, adopted a black velvet knickerbocker suit, similar to Hardman's but with the addition of an open Byronic collar.

³ Published under the title of *Sandra Belloni* in April, 1864, by Chapman and Hall, in three volumes.

The Bathing Question is one of those subjects that come under consideration every year in the season. This year Paterfamilias has been complaining loudly of the way in which shameless Britons expose their persons to curious Britonesses. Contemplative among the Nereids he parades his immodest harmlessness in absolute freedom. Paterfamilias in despair is asking for an Imperial decree, to be in force all round the shores of Britain. He would have us bathe in the French style. Turning his eyes to France, he has at last conceived some Arcadian bliss in the notion of full-dressed families bathing together all in a row, with spinsters looking on and not a blush in the horizon. They take hands, they dip, they laugh, and round about they go. I have seen them, and it must be confessed that they appear happy. But, after all, they are French. Paterfamilias has forgotten to make allowances for differences of race. Rather let the preposterous exhibition of our bather go on, than condemn the Briton rushing into his native sea to feel, instead of the vigorous hug of Neptune, a clammy clutch from shoulder to knee—as sickening to his sea-senses as a paternal government to his citizen ditto. The remedy is simple : let a pretty long magisterial line be put between the machines (*bathing*, of course) of each sex. But let us have none of your damp, unpleasant, clinging garments. Surely the naked Briton must be aware that the action of cold water produces an unsatisfactory effect, and leaves nothing worthy of a passing glance to the innocent but pruriently curious maiden.

The Bathing Question ever amused Hardman and his intimate friends. Seven years later,



THE BATHING.

"The Gentlemen's Machines are too close to the Ladies."

BATHING IN THE SIXTIES

"The bathing machines, whose ponderous wheels are over-washed by the feathery spray, and whose bathing-men and stepping-boards have lately received their numerous visitors, and are now restoring them all drenched and rosy to their expectant friends—the retiring parties being quickly replaced by other school-misses, who love to flounder under the closely-screened awning, but fear to swim and will not allow themselves to be dipped."

ROBERT WAKE.

George Meredith wrote to him from Eastbourne, in the summer of 1870 : " The bathing is delightful . . . you see half a dozen fat men at a time scampering out of the machines. . . . Then they dive, they rise, there is a glistening on the right cheek and the left—too distant to offend the most gingerly. I opine so, for I have beheld antique virgins spy-glass in hand towards the roguish spot."

Sabbath, October 25th.—Am I wrong in supposing that you have *The Saturday Review* regularly? In the number for yesterday is a review of " Mr. George Meredith's *Poems*." The said G. M. slept here the previous night, and only parted from me about 12 o'clock : yet had we not had the curiosity to look at *The Saturday Review*. The reviewer accords Robin great praise and great blame.¹ He says : " The names of English novelists and versifiers now living, who may be said to unite real originality of thought and aim with conspicuous cleverness in workmanship, are almost few enough to be counted on the fingers. Among these few Mr. George Meredith unquestionably holds a place." *The Old Chartist* is spoken of as " a capital piece of writing, with an obvious and simple design." His other " Roadside Poems " are also praised. The *Ode to the Spirit of Earth in Autumn* is called " a ranting rhapsody " (Alas ! me, my favourite !) The chief poem of the volume, *Modern Love*, is characterised as " a loathsome series of phenomena," and later is contrasted with the " great literary error " *Don Juan* as

¹ This was rather a belated review, as Meredith's *Modern Love and Poems of the English Roadside* appeared eighteen months earlier, April, 1862.

a "sickly little peccadillo"! It is amusing that *Guinevere* is held up as the model, since *we* discussed the two poems in similar relationship.¹

In answer to the reviewer's remarks on *Modern Love*, I am prepared to admit that the title is ill-chosen. That point admitted, the other objections vanish. Meredith was wrong in taking the particular position depicted as the type of *Modern Love*. But I insist that he had a perfect right to select the subject as *one* phase of married life, if he chose. The subject is *not* exhausted in *Don Juan*: Meredith's poem is totally distinct in every way from *Don Juan*. *Don Juan* treats "de omnibus rebus, et quibusdam aliis"—*especially the latter!* Meredith sticks to his subject. The reviewer is obliged to admit that "the mere composition is sometimes very graceful, and always exceedingly ingenious."

The papers will tell you of Nadar's Balloon—"The Great." It is a house in air. You go into it and find it stocked for an expedition of several weeks. Amid a charming society you sit through the evening; and, when disposed, you go to your chamber with a farewell look down upon your handful of smoke-shrouded earth, before surrendering your senses to slumber. It is a flying Riffel Hotel! In a rarefied atmosphere the spirits are intoxicated, and grief sits light. But—yes, *but*—there is one objection to Nadar's Balloon. It will not go up high, and it will not come down sensibly. It is undecided. It is a great French idea, very honourable to Nadar, but as it would demand a gas manufactory to maintain it aloft, and as it can never

¹ See the first volume of this work, page 182.

decide to land its guests comfortably, it must be pronounced incomplete. The account of their recent descent in Hanover is ludicrously terrible when written by a Frenchman. Poor Nadar has dislocated both his thighs, his wife is seriously hurt, and their companions have all suffered more or less. The car was dragged over the ground for several hours by the force of the gale which was blowing. Walls, hedges, trees, and everything that came in their way, were smashed.¹ I doubt if people ought to be allowed to attempt these foolhardy ascents in *giant* balloons.

Of course you are aware that your brother has resigned the secretaryship of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, and also that he has amassed a very large fortune; report puts it at a very high figure! I am heartily rejoiced at this. He is a 'cute fellow, and would know how to speculate surely and successfully.

The forthcoming Prussian elections are creating a germane excitement among Germans—which is not much. Yet can I fancy how they may be sufficiently provoked to remove the pipe momentarily from the mouth, and drink their beer solemnly! Anyhow, Prussia is passing through the greatest crisis of her history. Already the election of Delegates has taken place, and the return is of so liberal a complexion that the members those Delegates will elect may be expected to give the Opposition a formidable character. The idiotic old King dismissed the last Chamber for being *too* liberal: the new one is expected to be even *more* liberal.

¹ This was the second ascent of A. Nadar's "Le Géant." There were nine passengers, and after seventeen hours aloft the balloon came down near Nienburg, in Hanover. It was exhibited at the Crystal Palace, 1863-4.

That Presidential Ape and Yankee idiotic buffoon, Mr. Abe Lincoln, has actually fixed on a day to be set apart (in November) for a General Thanksgiving to the Almighty for the victories vouchsafed to the Federal arms! What a profane joke! As regards the South, it seems probable that from Chattanooga, Charleston, and perhaps Virginia, blows will be struck at the Federals, on or near the Day of Thanksgiving, that may give a singular comment on the proceeding. But what if these blows, far from dispiriting, send the Federals into ecstasies of gratitude? Manifestly, under such circumstances, the South must yield—its foe will prove invulnerable. It must despair of striking only to produce caperings of satisfaction. Meredith related to me a Tyrolese legend apropos of this.¹

Monday, October 26th.—This morning's *Times* gives us the news by the "Europa" from America up to the 17th. Glorious to relate, the Federals are being worsted: in fact, their position never was more critical than at present.² Another, the third, battle on the old field of Bull Run was imminent. It can have but one issue. The military skill of Confederate Generals

¹ Although, later on, a Radical and therefore, according to the political sentiment of the time, sympathetic to Lincoln and the cause of the North in the American Civil War, Meredith, in his journalistic capacity, supported the South and the Slave Owners. Thus in one of the contributions, believed to be from his pen, in the Tory *Ipswich Journal*, he wrote of Lincoln: "Alas! with a President who cannot write grammar, and generals who lie to the public and snarl among themselves, and who all turn tail to the foe, what can the North do but be abject and ask for a master?"

² Unfortunately, Hardman's hopes that the North would be defeated were not realised. As Lincoln foresaw, November witnessed the decline of the fighting power of the Southern armies, who capitulated the following year and surrendered their arms.

Lee and Bragg, in co-operating 400 miles apart by means of railways, is one of the most brilliant and curious facts in modern warfare. A whole corps was taken from one and added to the other, and again brought back when it had served its purpose with as great ease as if they had been within a few hours march of one another. Gold in New York seems to have touched 157, but had gone back to 151 $\frac{3}{8}$. Mr. Secretary Chase cannot operate on the market with constant success, so as to keep up the values of Greenbacks.¹

One of the chief features of the past month has been a veritable earthquake ! It occurred somewhere about 3.20 in the morning, but was not felt by us Londoners. It shook chiefly the west side of England from Tenby to Liverpool. London, resting, as it does, in a great clay basin, is not easily shaken. Letters poured into the papers, giving a host of curious facts about the sleeping arrangements of scattered Britons in various directions. We learn that four-post beds are by no means extinct. Charles Dickens felt it, and had his letter put in leader type in *The Times*—a sensible epistle without exaggeration and conveying a simple statement of facts. The weather has been very unsettled, and is, at present, most unseasonably warm. Hinchliff has told me an interesting account of the experiences of his friend Weston, who lives near Guildford. On the eventful night, Weston awoke suddenly with a sensation of voices, as it seemed, in the garden. He listened with that fixed and sharpened hearing peculiar to a nervous awakening during the small hours. He lay *very* wide awake, and shortly

¹ Currency notes for small amounts of money.

after heard the clock strike three. About twenty minutes later came the earthquake, which he describes as resembling the effect that might be produced by a score of elephants tumbling violently against the end of the house. This was followed by a most palpable lifting of the bed, as if he had been in a boat under which a wave had passed. All subsided, but he slept no more for a couple of hours. Mrs. Weston slept soundly through the disturbance.

Hardman was mistaken in saying that the earthquake shock was not felt by Londoners. Mrs. E. M. Ward, who was then living in Lansdowne Road, Notting Hill, thus describes her experiences :—

“ It was when we were living at Kent Villa that, on retiring to rest one night, I found I could not sleep—which with me was a most unusual occurrence. As I lay awake, I gradually became impressed by the intense stillness. The house was wrapt in such silence that I could hear nothing, not a creak of the boards, not a murmur of the wind, not even the usual tapping of the ivy leaves against the window. Struck with this phenomenon—for phenomenon it undoubtedly was—I racked my brain in endeavours to discover some feasible explanation of it, and was seemingly on the very verge of success when I fell asleep. How long I remained unconscious I cannot say, but I was unceremoniously awakened from a deep sleep by the violent rocking of the bed—the whole room swayed, whilst door-handles and crockery rattled violently. After a little while the disturbances ceased, the last being immediately followed by a rumbling sound that resembled distant thunder. Later on in the day, to our

surprise, we learned that the disturbances were solely due to an earthquake shock. The following morning the papers were full of it, and Charles Dickens wrote us a very interesting account of his experience. As far as I recollect, his statement was very much like this :—

“ ‘ I did not go to bed till an unusually late hour, and I was then very much impressed with the extraordinary stillness. It seemed as if all Nature had suddenly ceased breathing, and that I was the sole survivor. Not merely was the house absolutely silent, but when I opened the windows, the whole landscape appeared to me bound in the most profound hush. Once or twice I fancied I heard the rumble of approaching wheels and the faint throb of distant locomotion, but on diagnosing the sounds I found they proceeded from nothing more or less than my own heart. The air, close and sultry, was full of uncanny presentiment, and I got into bed feeling strangely depressed. I was rudely awakened out of a sound slumber by the most violent shaking, and I gradually realised that the whole house was swaying on its foundations. However, although I was now fully aware of the fact that we were in the throes of an earthquake shock, I was no little astonished to find myself suddenly hurled into space and brought into violent contact with the floor, which, as if in expectation of the event, seemed suddenly to rise at my approach. Both circumstance and floor struck me as rather hard ! ’ ”

It is noteworthy that all those who experienced the earthquake speak of the curious tension or feeling of presentiment that preceded the shock—as if Nature had sent out a silent danger signal of warning during that extraordinary stillness

before the upheaval and rumbling. Dickens, of course, experienced the earthquake shock at Gadshill in Kent, and he wrote further on the matter, to Miss Hogarth, on October 7th, 1863 :—

“ You will see by to-day’s *Times* that it was an earthquake that shook me, and that my watch showed exactly the same time as the man’s who writes from Blackheath, so near us,—twenty minutes past three. . . . I am strongly inclined to think that there is a peculiar susceptibility in iron—at all events in our part of the county—to the shock, as though there were something magnetic in it. For, whereas my long iron bedstead was so violently shaken, I certainly heard nothing rattle in the room.”

My friend James Virtue has just called with a present of game from Norway—a magnificent capercaillie and two blackcocks in splendid condition.

That abomination of mine, Earl Russell, is covering the British name with disgrace. The Frankfort Diet has declined to entertain his recent dispatch offering mediation in the Schleswig-Holstein question. “Federal Execution,” they say, “in Holstein is a matter of German Home Policy, and will admit of no interference.” Truly an arrogant tone ! Damn Earl Russell !

“The Press” asserts with an authoritative air that “unless a great change takes place in the relative positions of the American belligerents before the commencement of the new year, the Southern Confederacy will be recognised by England at, or even before, the meeting of Parliament.” This report is supported by Lord Palmerston’s organ, *The Morning Post*, which, in a leader on Thursday last, recommends the European

Powers to acknowledge the South at the commencement of the year, if positions remain unchanged.

The Ladies of England are all in a twitter of excitement this morning. The Leading Journal is enabled to state upon the best authority that H.R.H. the Princess of Wales will probably be confined in or about the last week in March next. Now, I would ask you as a married man, who is the *best* authority? Clearly the Princess herself. It would seem therefore that Delane¹ has been told by H.R.H. ! . . . This authoritative announcement must be based on the quickening, as it appears at this time. I suppose the Royal Gamp has received a handsome *douceur* from *The Times*, and is "the best authority" referred to.

¹ Editor of *The Times*.

NOVEMBER, 1863

“ VIA Marseilles ” I receive *The Argus* (September 25th) with a violent attack on our proposed return to Transportation to the Australias. I heartily agree with the article, as you know, and remark the Sydney telegraphic dispatches proving the increasing prevalence of Bushranging.

During the past month this island and its surrounding seas have been visited by the most terrible succession of storms, which for length and persistency surpass anything of the kind in my recollection. The disasters have been proportionate, although Admiral Fitzroy has done good service with his drums and cones.¹

Thinking that the Admiral had set his house in order and reduced his unruly servants to due submission, I agreed to go, with Morison and James Virtue, on a duck-shooting excursion in my old friend the yacht “ Irene ”—the crew will persist in calling it “ Irēn,” by the bye. Our destination was the Island of Walcheren at the mouth of the Scheldt. On Thursday the 5th I went down by 3 o’clock train to Southampton. Among the passengers was Lord Palmerston, and I was much interested in seeing the sprightly fashion in which that old legislator took his

¹ Admiral Robert Fitzroy (1805–1865), appointed Chief of the Meteorological Department of the Board of Trade in 1854. He invented the Fitzroy Barometer, and a system of storm warnings which was the pioneer of the weather forecast.

ticket like any other mortal. . . . An additional interest centred round the Great Pam from the fact of his being, just now, the talk of the nation as co-respondent in a divorce suit, "*O'Kane v. O'Kane and Palmerston.*" The "Great Scandal," as it is termed, about Mrs. *O'Kane* and Lord *Able* (Ha! Ha!) promises much food for idle gossip. Everybody chuckles at the joke, although the best-informed regard the whole affair as a "plant." I have sent you papers which give all particulars so far as they have yet been made public. The respondent, Mrs. *O'Kane*, is stated to be a jolly, short, and stout Irishwoman with fine black eyes and darkly pencilled eyebrows. She appears to have had some post in Lord Palmerston's household—a sort of housekeeper, I should suppose. As an educated person, her manners and accomplishments seem to have obtained for her a certain amount of consideration from her employer since she left his establishment. Hence the sprightly Viscount's position as co-respondent. Mrs. *O'Kane* is said to have engaged Mr. Digby Seymour, Q.C., as her counsel. The noble co-respondent, while denying the charge in toto, will call upon the appellant to prove his marriage. This he will be unable to do, and so will end the case.

Palmerston, born in 1784, was seventy-nine at this date and Prime Minister, since 1859, for the second time. The result of the divorce case mentioned by Hardman will be found on page 135 of this book. At first, public opinion was reluctant to believe the charges against Palmerston could be proved. In an article in *The Ipswich Journal*, which is now attributed to George Meredith, it was asserted: "Rumour is a wicked old woman.

Cannot something be done to stop her tongue? Surely one who is an octogenarian might be spared? We are a moral people, and it does not become us to have our Premier, agile though he be, bandied about derisively like a feathered shuttlecock on the reckless battledore of scandal. . . . We are indeed warned that nothing less than an injured husband has threatened and does really intend to lay an axe to the root of our Premier's extraordinary success in a certain awful court. We trust that rumour again lies; but that she is allowed to speak at all, and that men believe her and largely propagate her breathings, is a terrible comment on the sublime art of toasting the ladies as prosecuted by aged juveniles in office. It is a retribution worthy of Greek tragedy. We are determined to believe nothing before it is proved. It is better to belong to the laughed-at minority who decline to admit that the virtue has gone out of our Premier than to confirm a shameful scandal, the flourishing existence of which is sufficient for our moral."

Palmerston was possessed of a pleasant sense of humour, as witness his reception of a deputation from the town of Rugeley who desired to change its name owing to the notoriety which had accrued to the place by the activities of Palmer the poisoner. Said Lord Palmerston: "Well, gentlemen, if you want to change the name of your town, do me the honour of calling it after me. 'Palmerston' will be so very apt and appropriate."

However, this is a digression. We (Morison, James Virtue,¹ and self) had an excellent dinner on board,

¹ James Virtue was the brother-in-law of Cotter Morison, owner of the yacht "Irene."

Virtue and I being introduced to a new dish called "Pain Perdu." We had a piano on board, and I had the forethought to take down a volume of songs, so we had pleasant music. James Virtue has a good voice and sings with great taste.

The next day (November 6th) was spent in making preparations. James Virtue rushed into great extravagances, purchasing a duck punt of the received shape (price £14) and a fearful weapon in the shape of a duck gun (price £40) calculated to kill 30 or 40 birds at one shot and send the sportsman neck and heels into the middle of next week, having previously *en passant* irretrievably injured his tympanum. These, with gigantic cartridges, and boots adapted for the sewers of London or the fens of Holland, completed the necessary outfit. Tobacco and general "provant" we had galore.

On Saturday morning at 11 o'clock we were ready, and up came our anchor. A brisk breeze carried us down into the Solent, and, after calling at Ryde to enable the Captain (Barnes) and others of the crew to get some clean things, we made for the Channel about 4 o'clock. We were soon slipping along with a strong sou'-westerly breeze right aft, and found ourselves at daybreak off Folkestone. Our sunset the previous evening had been gorgeous, but decidedly stormy. However, so long as the wind kept in the S.W. we were all right, and, hoisting a square sail, we soon left the cliffs of Dover behind us, and were off for the Dutch coast. The horizon became cloudy, and it was impossible to make out the coast, which lies mainly below the sea level. Hailing a fisherman, we asked

how much one of the crew would charge for piloting us into Flushing. They had the conscience to demand £4 and then £5. We offered £2. Our offer was refused, so we said good-bye, and went slowly on. It soon became evident that the failing light and the dull horizon would prevent our making the mouth of the Scheldt that sabbath night, so we decided to "lay to" until morning. Our next adventure was to narrowly escape being run into by a heavily-laden brig. This naturally produced a good deal of bad language.

As night set in the breeze freshened, and our life was one of ups and downs. Morison was shot clean off one of the cabin sofas with all his tobacco on to the floor. Our chairs were lashed fast to the table, and we soon had to extinguish our lamp, for our swing table ceased to be of any service in preserving equilibrium. A little before ten o'clock we all went to bed, where *I* for one failed signally in obtaining any sleep. Suddenly, about eleven o'clock, the wind chopped right round and blew a tremendous gale from the N.E. Our soundings rapidly lessened—16, 15, 9, and finally 8 fathoms. In such a sea the yacht, which draws about 11 feet of water, would ground in 4 fathoms! Our position was most critical; in that shoal-water the sea broke in waves as high as the mainsail. At midnight Barnes decided to run, so putting her before the wind, away we went. We shipped tremendous seas. I counted *six* which flooded our decks; I could hear them wash backwards and forwards over the skylight several times before they could get out by the lee-scuppers. I heard afterwards that you might have swam on deck, and that one sea carried away the

helmsman and washed him underneath the boat to starboard ! The crew, and especially the mate, were thoroughly alarmed and lost their heads. Barnes alone preserved his equanimity, and rose with the emergency. It was, indeed, a long, dreary, and terrible night. Not a wink of sleep did I get, but lay tossed and weary from ten o'clock until daybreak about 7 a.m. When I went on deck, I was just in time to be drenched by a wave over the bows, and saw a vessel go ashore off Dungeness. From what I have seen in the papers since, this ship lost all hands. We were shooting along before the gale at a glorious pace, the sun shone brightly ; there were lots of ships tossing about, some endeavouring to ride out the gale, others, with bulwarks stove in and with loss of anchors, were working about under a stay-sail.

Suffice it to say, we anchored safely off Stokes Bay, near Portsmouth, about seven o'clock in the evening, having run from Flushing to the Nab Light (at the entrance of the Solent) in seventeen hours—from midnight to 5 p.m. So ended our duck shooting ! Our second Walcheren Expedition was as unsuccessful as the first one celebrated in history. Virtue and Morison are going again in a week or ten days, but I have not time to spare—besides I have had enough of the Dutch coast in November !

On Tuesday (November 10th) we went up towards Southampton, but the wind becoming dead in our teeth, we anchored in the Solent, and the gig put James V. and self on board an Isle of Wight steamer, so that I returned that day to my anxious wife in time for dinner. All's well that ends well !

Wednesday, November 18th.—This morning has been rendered notable by a long call from an old friend and very distant relative of Mary Anne's late father. "A person named Middleton wishes to speak with you, sir," says our housemaid. Pondering for a moment, I said, "I know him not, yet will I speak with him." In the hall stood a *very* short and stout and *very* ancient Quaker! Knee breeches clothed his *very* dumpy legs, and a *very* broad-brimmed hat crowned his grey head. Of course he did not remove this last article, but calmly awaited my approach. "My name is Samuel Middleton." Instantly a light flashed across my mind: I had heard of this eccentric old person, and was delighted to have the pleasure of making his acquaintance. "My dear Sir, pray walk up into the Drawing-room" (you will remark, by the way, that our servant, not quite knowing what to do with this strange person, had left him standing on the doormat!). Upstairs came my new friend, and walked solemnly into the Drawing-room, with his hat still firmly fixed on his head. I offered him an easy, well-stuffed chair, but he preferred a cane-bottomed one and (hat on head) seated himself. When Mary Anne came in he paid her, what we afterwards found was, a tremendous compliment by removing this same head-piece, and allowing it to roll on the edges of its brim and crown on the floor, casually. He had lately dined with the Mayor of Birmingham (a Quaker also), and had kept his hat on during the whole of dinner! He invariably spoke of himself as "Samuel" or "plain Samuel Middleton," and in the quaintest fashion, his speech being interlarded with old saws and proverbial

expressions. He was born in 1784 and was consequently in his 80th year, hale, active (nay, nimble), a great walker, an early riser, very temperate in his habits (drinking chiefly beer), all his faculties about him. In fact, he was a perfect study. He talked, and talked, and talked; and Mary Anne, what between crying when he recalled scenes with her father, and laughing when he told comical things about himself, was more than half-way to a fit of hysterics. I only know that I was in roars of laughter over and over again during the hour and more that he spent with us. Speaking of his father, he quoted him as saying, "Samuel Middleton, never thee go to law: in the end thou wilt be *nearly* as forward as those who do!" One of his most killing propensities was a fancy for quoting Watts's hymns (with which he was very familiar) on every available opportunity. After having made Mary Anne sob violently by some reminiscence of her father, he brought her round and at the same time nearly slaughtered her with laughter by quoting an apposite verse from his favourite. Lord Lonsdale,¹ who had just returned from the Continent, where he had been on a fruitless search after health, asked him how it was that *he* was so well. "Friend," he replied, "thou hast too much regard to the furnishing of thy house (pointing to his Lordship's stomach) and neglected the plain bricks and mortar." Our Quaker friend was apparently so charmed by the heartiness of our reception that he promised to send us his Carte-de-visite (in his hat!), and also promised that we should have a goose at Christmas.

¹ The second Earl of Lonsdale (1787-1872), grand-uncle of the present and fifth Earl.

At parting he, with the manners of an old beau, solemnly and respectfully kissed Mary Anne's hand.

Mary Anne has written a short gossip this evening to Annie, giving her some results of a scandal-palaver with Mrs. Charles Dickens, on whom she called this afternoon.

It is midnight, and I am expecting Meredith to come every moment: he has been dining with Captain Maxse at the Garrick, and is to sleep here, in order to have a fight with me about my criticisms and suggestions anent his second volume of *Emilia*, the proofs of which have just passed through my hands. These criticisms mainly relate to an absorbing tendency which possesses him for indecent *double-entendre*. I am determined he shall not offend the public taste, if I can help it. In other respects, the novel is interesting and decidedly original in conception.¹

Thursday morning, November 19th.—Meredith did not come until close upon 1 o'clock, full of fun and spirits. I told him of my Quaker and his sayings and his hat! My library resounded with shrieks of laughter. Good Heavens! if you were here on such an occasion the result would be too terrible to be thought of. Three of the most potent laughers in creation meeting together, with a choice selection of good stories and interchange, would indeed be an event. George Meredith accepts my criticisms, and will expunge the objectionable passages in *Emilia*. He heard a story

¹ This book gave Meredith a lot of trouble, for he was dissatisfied with his work. It was begun as early as 1861, but was not published until April, 1864, when the title was changed to *Sandra Belloni*. See later, page 232.

of Thackeray at the Garrick. The great humorist said the other day : " I see the Queen has been erecting another xxxxxxxxmonial to the Prince ! " Thackeray's conversation, I should tell you, is decidedly loose. He was to have dined with Meredith and Maxse last night, but he was confined to bed with stricture, from which he suffers fearfully.

By the bye, I see that we are likely to have a *fortnightly* mail to Australia. I should think you will all be heartily glad of such a change.

I was amused to see, from *The Argus*, that your Jewish Mayor of Melbourne had presided at a meeting convened to hear a Roman Catholic priest detail his Chinese experiences, and tell of the advantages to be anticipated from the introduction of the Christian religion among the Celestials. At Liverpool, last Sunday, an equally curious incident happened. The new Mayor (also a Jew) went, according to custom, on the first Sunday of his mayoralty to be " churched," as they call it, at St. Peter's Church, where the annual sermon on behalf of the Blue Coat Hospital is preached. The Israelite Mayor was attended by a large number of his friends of the Hebrew persuasion, as well as by a host of other folk. The clergyman had the good taste to avoid such an otherwise favourable opportunity for attempting the " Conversion of the Jews," and selected his text from the Old Testament (*Proverbs* xiv. 34), " Righteousness exalteth a nation." His hearers were not insulted by too much, if any, dwelling upon Christianity, and the collection amounted to £202. 12s., the largest amount, with one exception, that was ever obtained on similar previous occasions. Apropos of

these two examples, Folkestone is represented by a *Jew* in Parliament, by a *Roman Catholic* as Churchwarden, and has a *Frenchman* for its Mayor! Truly these facts would be fit subjects for an article, but I lack the time to do it.

And now a story. The other day an exhibition of figures in wax-work was opened in an American town. Among these figures was one of Judas Iscariot, which when a certain Yankee saw he immediately smashed with a thick stick. Upon being remonstrated with, he said: "Wal, I calculate I would not allow such a tarnation villain as J. Iscariot to show his face in this clearing without whipping him into a cocked hat!" I may remark that in telling the story you must, to give effect, use the initial "J."

There is a rumour to-day that Lord Russell is going to resign the seals of the Foreign Office¹ in favour of Lord Clarendon. There seem to have been grievous quarrels in the Ministry with Lord Russell's method of conducting our foreign policy. I have no doubt that the resignation is a prelude to the recognition of the Southern Confederacy, and I suspect it will take place before Parliament meets. For a host of reasons, we have need of a clever head in our Foreign Office just now—never more so, in fact. For all over the Continent there are clearer rumours of war every day. The death of the King of Denmark has given a fearful impetus to the Schleswig-Holstein quarrel, and the new King² has not dropped into an easy-chair in taking

¹ Lord Russell remained at the Foreign Office until 1865, when he became First Lord of the Treasury.

² Christian the Ninth, father of Queen Alexandra.

the crown. The pitch is getting hot, and the Devil will be paid in due course.

I shall record certain facts to show the strange way in which acquaintances are intermingled and how small the world is from *one point* of view. Many years ago, when I lived on the Richmond line of railway, I knew, as a mere travelling acquaintance, a solicitor of the name of Williams. Years passed away; I married, and a very dear friend of my wife's came to visit us (a Miss Edwards). I found that she was very intimate with the Williams family, and she went on many occasions from our house to theirs and vice versa. One day this Mr. Williams, a solicitor, came to grief commercially, in fact he had been misappropriating monies entrusted to his care to a large amount, or rather people had blindly deposited money in his hands at high rates of interest for him to invest as seemed to him good. He failed for £70,000: I should say he was defaulter to that amount, for he was never made a bankrupt. The London firm of Goodwin, Williams and Co. was connected with a country firm at Lyme Regis. This latter firm made themselves bankrupt to avoid responsibilities. It then turned out that this country firm (Partridge and Edwards) had for its chief partner Mr. Partridge, uncle to our friend, Mrs. W. Dundas. So far, so good. Well, the other day I called on Goodwin¹ (one of the writers in *Essays and Reviews*) and, while we were chatting, there came a large legal envelope

¹ C. W. Goodwin, editor of *The Parthenon*, and author of *On the Mosaic Cosmogony* in *Essays and Reviews* (1860), the book which caused such a sensation by reason of its "higher criticisms" of biblical theology.

enclosing a Bill in Chancery. Goodwin looked at it, and hoped *I* was not implicated in a Chancery suit. I said I was happy to say I was not. "Ah," he said, "unfortunately I am, and in one that involves the whole of my property." He then proceeded to explain that his father (deceased) had never finally wound up his connexion with a certain solicitor's firm, in fact with Goodwin, Williams and Co., although he had for years ceased to derive any benefit from it. That through Williams's rascality his estate had become liable for the debts of the firm, and being the only solvent person, every shilling of his money was now being abstracted from the pockets of the survivor. Goodwin has dined with me to-day (November 24th) and has had a long chat with Mary Anne and self about the Williams people. Is it not strange? Although personally unacquainted with these Williams folk (except so far as my just knowing W. by sight and to speak to in a railway carriage), we still come upon them from so many points of view. By the way, just before the smash, Williams, influenced by Miss Edwards I presume, sent me some business, for which, of course, I have never been paid. So narrow is the circle in which we move.

DECEMBER, 1863

AT the Zoological Gardens (our accustomed place of resort on Sunday afternoon) we met to-day, December 13th, Shirley Brooks¹ and his wife, and of course had much talk. Friend Shirley generally has somewhat new and interesting to communicate. He told me that a conundrum had recently been sent to *Punch* which, though decidedly good and effective, was not quite so free from "double entendre" as to warrant its insertion in that scrupulously moral periodical. The conundrum is devised in this fashion: "Why may crinoline be justly regarded as a *social* invention?"—"Because it enables us to see more of our friends than we used to." What think you of it?

Shirley also said he had heard from more than one source that an action for Breach of Promise was shortly to be brought against the *Lord Chancellor*!² It seems that about four months after Lady Westbury's death, the Lord Chancellor was yachting in the Mediterranean, and met at Malta (I think) a very charming young lady known to her intimates as Tessy. The

¹ Shirley Brooks (1816-1874) was at this date prominently associated with *Punch*, though he did not become editor until 1870.

² The Rt. Hon. Sir Richard Bethell (1800-1873), formerly Attorney-General, was created Baron Westbury in 1861, at the time he became Lord Chancellor. He resigned office in 1865. His first wife, Ellinor Mary Abraham, died in March, 1863. Lord Westbury married secondly, in January, 1873, Eleanor Margaret Tennant, of Cadoxton, Glamorgan, and he died six months later,

veteran lawyer was very much *épris* and indited certain amorous epistles full of hearts and darts, loves and doves, cupids and—stupids, or any other bosch you may prefer. On returning to his own country, he seems to have recollected his age, position, and the fact that he is a grandfather ; so he wished to break the affair off, treating it as a jest. In fact we may say in rhyme that Lord Chancellor *Westbury* wished he could his *jest bury* ! Not so his fair Tessy. She considers she has been damaged to the tune of £20,000, and is bringing an action for that amount.¹ Mary Anne says that the Prime Minister and the Lord Chancellor having got into such scrapes as they have, nothing remains now but for the Queen to elope with the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Whilst I think of it, I want you to take the trouble to use a variety of Postage Stamps for your letters to me, so that I may be able to put a specimen of each of your Victorian stamps in an album I am about to give to my daughter Nellie. I think the mania for collecting stamps a very absurd one, excepting in so far as it tends to teach the juvenile mind a knowledge of geography. Nellie shows a strong predilection for geography and history, and is happily blessed with a very tenacious memory.

We have had a strange autumn this year : such

¹ In February, 1864, Hardman adds on this matter : “ Shirley Brooks told me that the Breach of Promise against the Lord Chancellor was an undoubted fact, but that it would not hold water in consequence of the promise having been made by the lascivious Westbury during the late Lady Westbury’s lifetime. The case has been abandoned for the present, in hope of finding some additional evidence.”

storms, and in such uninterrupted succession, I never recollect. The weather, too, has been comparatively mild ; in fact, while I write, I am, on this 13th December, much bothered by a healthy and most vigorous fly.

Next year we are to have a revival of the Railway Mania which will surpass in intensity the celebrated season of 1846. London is to be burrowed through and through like a rabbit-warren, and its main thoroughfares and river bridged over in every direction. One of these infernal railways proposes to come through Gordon Street ! It wishes to pass in a curve somewhere about the church opposite to us (underground), all buildings pulled down to be rebuilt. This is cheerful, but it will not pass through Parliament, I am convinced. Another scheme, maddest of all, actually has the coolness to propose to cross the Strand on the level of the roadway ! Solicitors will make a good thing out of these projects, and shareholders will spend their money, but the rush of railways is so vast that public feeling has been very strongly aroused. If London is to be cut up in such style, London will have to move elsewhere.¹

The squabble between Mr. Cobden and *The Times* newspaper has been the great subject of discussion during the past fortnight. The substance of the quarrel is this : Cobden and Bright made speeches at

¹ Nothing much resulted from these underground railway schemes. As related in the first volume of this work, the Metropolitan Railway, from Bishop's Road to Farringdon Street, had been opened on January 10th, 1863 : it was only extended to Bishopsgate in 1875. It was not until about twenty years later, 1895, that the tube railways of London began to burrow under the west end of the town.

Rochdale which were duly reported and commented upon in *The Times*. If words mean anything, Bright distinctly enunciated his opinion that the land ought to be divided among the labouring classes, and not allowed to accumulate and become unproductive in the hands of a few great landowners. To these comments Mr. Cobden made no remark, for, as it turns out, he will not allow *The Times* to enter his house, and never sees the paper except by chance. Some days later these levelling views of Bright were referred to in a single sentence, incidentally, in an article on another subject. Some friend called Cobden's attention to this passage, and the result was a letter in which, to a small reply to the incidental remark, was added a large amount of most tremendous abuse. It was like Falstaff's tavern scores : a most intolerable amount of sack to a morsel of bread.

Mr. Cobden's attack on *The Times* was virtually a kick of impatience at the Press generally. He simply attacks it because it is the chief and loudest expression of Public Opinion against him. *The Times* first promised to insert this virulent letter, but afterwards declined, the Editor writing a letter of explanation to Mr. Cobden, who then tried all the other principal London papers. These also declining, he was obliged to be content with the columns of *The Morning Star* and *Daily News*. His next attack was on the Editor of *The Times* by name. In fact, as a revenge for his sufferings and those of his friend, he has laid violent hold of "the Editor of *The Times*," and exhibited him to the world as "Mr. Delane." Those who did not know before who directed the thunder-bolts of the mighty Journal,

may know it now. This was in a letter to *The Rochdale Observer* addressed to "J. T. Delane, Esq." The challenge of the second letter, calling upon him by name, Mr. Delane accepted, and his reply was most masterly. Mr. Cobden never made a worse calculation than when, in stripping the mask from the Editor's face, he presumed that he would lessen him. Mr. Cobden, hankering after the glories of the French Press under Imperial rule, would fain abolish anonymous Journalism! Poor fool! These cantankerous ravings are partly, if not in a great measure, to be attributed to the defective state of his stomach and digestive apparatus. Haply there is another reason. Just as the retirement of a beauty to a place among the turbans is usually preceded by a despairing struggle, by an exaggeration of her old arts of conquest, and by such a display of her peculiar graces as is, in the autumn of life, sadly ludicrous, so, in political life an agitator finds it as hard to be shelved.¹ He refuses to go to the wall, if he can possibly help it. If he has formerly succeeded as an agitator, he cannot understand why the same profession should fail him now, and he becomes a querulous being, constitutionally opposed to existing institutions, and doing the insanest things to attract notice. He exhibits an incapacity to give up the business of revolution, and to cease to be personally prominent before the public.

If you look in the last *Saturday Review* (December

¹ Hardman's conceit of Mr. Cobden as a matron of 1863, wearing a large turban (such as can be seen in Thackeray's illustrations to his *Christmas Books*), would have furnished an admirable subject for a political cartoon in *Punch*.

19th) you will see an account of a paper read before the Antiquarian Society by Charles Goodwin¹ on the subject of certain very ancient Egyptian papyri, which he has been some time engaged in deciphering. . . . I was talking to Goodwin the other day about the propriety of getting up some testimonial, no matter the value, to encourage Bishop Colenso in his work.² I am sure he thoroughly deserves it. The matter must be set moving as soon as Christmas is over. I see that Colenso has (in his absence) been arraigned before the Bishop of Cape Town, and his trial was proceeding when the mail left. Colenso denies the right of the Cape Town Bishop to be his Metropolitan, and has put a formal protest before the Court. The appeal against what is certain to be an adverse decision will at any rate bring the case before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. The appointment of Dr. Stanley to the Deanery of Westminster has elicited a strong protest from Canon Wordsworth:³ whether anything will result remains to be seen. The great question of Religious Tolerance has recently been placed before me in a new light by the redoubtable Thomas Paine, whose Political and Miscellaneous

¹ See *ante*, page 101, and later, page 112.

² As related in the first volume of this work, Dr. J. W. Colenso (1814-1883), Bishop of Natal, published in 1862 his work on the Pentateuch, wherein he sought to prove the unauthenticity of *Numbers*, *Leviticus*, and *Chronicles*. For these "heretical" opinions, Colenso was deposed from his see by his Metropolitan, Gray, Bishop of Cape Town, in December, 1863. But, on appeal, these pontifical acts by Gray were pronounced null and void.

³ Christopher Wordsworth (1807-1885), Headmaster of Harrow, was appointed Canon of Westminster in 1844. He was Bishop of Lincoln, 1868-1885. A strong anti-Romanist.

Works I have just purchased. The passage is worth quotation, so here goes.¹

A story to relieve the mind. A young lady not wanting in self-possession is told that a certain gentleman, whom she is going to meet for the first time, although a barrister, is very bashful and retiring—in other words, a good subject for chaff. She begins: “I beg your pardon, Mr. ——. I didn’t quite catch your name when you were introduced.” “Kettle is my name.” “Very funny name; are you married?” “Yes, I have that happiness.” “That is funnier still, that any lady should consent to take such a name. Pray, have you any little Kettles?” “We have four.” “Indeed! Boys or girls?” “Well, madam, as you seem to feel such great interest in my family, I may tell you that two of my little Kettles have spouts and two have not.” Chaffy lady is utterly extinguished.

Colenso’s fourth part has appeared, and I have just bought it. Luard of Trinity (Registrar of the University in old Romilly’s place) wrote to *The Times* to point out an error in the book. The Bishop of Natal says that subscription of the Thirty-Nine Articles is required of every candidate for M.A. degree (with vote) at Cambridge. Luard says the Bishop ought to have verified this statement before promulgating it, for it is notorious that the candidate is simply asked, “Are you *bona fide* a member of the Church of England?” Of course, Luard casts ridicule on the Bishop’s accuracy on all sorts of matters on the strength of this error. *The Times* of the next day but one contains a calm letter from Colenso doubling Luard up, by simply

¹ Omitted here.

pointing out that from Mr. Luard's own admissions it is evident that the subscription of the Thirty-Nine Articles is not requisite to a man who claims to be *bona fide* a member of the Church of England. Colenso's letter is followed by another from Abdy, Regina Professor of Laws, in which Luard, having been previously straightened out, is again most effectively doubled up ! Poor Luard ! I feel quite sorry for him.

Another story. Knight Bruce¹ hearing a case about a mortgage of a ship. He asks to have the documents handed to him. You know his way—eye-glass in hand he looks coolly at the deed. "I don't think, Mr. —, that we can admit this in evidence : I do not see that it is stamped." "I beg your pardon, my Lord, but you must permit me to remind you that the law does not require a stamp to the mortgage of a ship." To this Knight Bruce, still poring over the document, with equal calmness replies, "That only shows me, Mr. —, how often we, who sit here in judgment, are ignorant of the first rudiments of the law." Shuts up his eye-glass, and returns deed to counsel.

"Christmas comes but once a year——" happily. This year, as you are of course fully aware, it comes on a Friday, which makes Saturday a holiday, and then comes Sunday. The result of all this is that, to my great disgust, I live for three days in an atmosphere of Sabbath, and feel heartily glad when it is all over. Yesterday was Xmas Day, and we had a great jollifica-

¹ Sir James Lewis Knight Bruce (1791-1866), Chief Judge in Bankruptcy, 1842. Lord Justice of Appeal, 1851. M.P. for Bishop's Castle, 1831.

tion of children. As for ourselves, we two dined alone¹ off a rump-steak and cold rhubarb tart ; but, although we horrify our cook by not having a plum pudding, we object not to jollities of young folk. So we had two little girls (daughters of a widowed cousin of mine) from the Clergy Orphan School in St. John's Wood to spend their holidays with us, and yesterday, as Shirley Brooks and his wife were dining with Edmund Yates (to meet Mr. and Mrs. Fechter) and were not going to take their children with them, we asked the two young gentlemen to spend their Christmas Day with us. Reginald Brooks (the elder boy) is the very handsomest child I ever saw.² He will probably not grow up so good-looking. I prepared and set fire to a mighty Snap Dragon, which filled the youthful souls of the party with wild visions of delight, far beyond what could possibly be realised by the results. I was kissed under mistletoe ; I played " Old Maid " and other such games ; and I think we succeeded in our object, viz., to please the youngsters.³

¹ George Meredith had dined with them on December 23rd, when no doubt there was adult jollification.

² Reginald Brooks was nine years old at this date. Later on he was a well-known contributor, under the name of " Peter Blobbs," to *The Sporting Times*. Little is known of his last years, as he drifted away from the friends of his youth, and both his parents were dead when he was still a young man.

³ As a souvenir of the party, the Hardmans gave the Brooks boys some cameos to take back to their parents. The next day Shirley Brooks wrote this letter :

" December 26th, 1863.

" MY DEAR MRS. HARDMAN,

" To be donated with one medal is considered a piece of good fortune even by a deserving man : how ought one undeserving man to feel when he is presented with a whole mint ? Seriously, let me thank you and Hardman most heartily for such

In the afternoon I met Goodwin.¹ He told me that if he and *The Cornhill Magazine* can come to terms, the Egyptian story which he has just deciphered from the papyrus will be published in its pages. He says that this papyrus, which is at least 1500 years older than Homer, is remarkable from being entirely void of the supernatural or mystic element. It is a simple narrative of fact, which might have occurred in Egypt or its surroundings last week.

I am much pleased with the Preface to Colenso's Fourth Part, and I am amused to find that he alludes to that best of jokes, related by me to you at least two years ago, about the difficulty of furnishing a proper article to Dr. Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible* on "Deluge."² What pleases me so much in Bishop Colenso is his calm imperturbability, the cool way in which he gibbets the great ecclesiastics who have vilified him, and extracts admissions from the works of

a charming present, welcome for its great interest to me, doubly welcome for the kindness which prompted my friends to send it. I mark this Christmas with a white stone, which is the more appropriate, as it notes my receiving the cameos, and whereas I have been reviling the Domestic Institution of Christmas Boxes, I now see that it is one of the wisest of arrangements. It will be a long time before Reginald and Cecil will be careful enough to be allowed even to think of the medallions, but at whatever time they look at them, those intelligent youths will be reminded of what they declare to have been the pleasantest evening they ever had. For myself, I will only say that I admired the collection, at your house, as one admires the stars and with the same amount of idea that one shall ever have them; and now, as Mr. W. Shakspeare remarks, 'the stars have shot into my lap.' . . .

"Believe me, yours and your husband's most gratefully,
"SHIRLEY BROOKS."

¹ See *ante*, page 108 and note.

² See the first volume of this work, pages 42-43.



J. W. Colenso

BISHOP COLENZO

(From a photograph sent by his son, Dr. Robert J. Colenso)

his opponents.¹ Bishop Waldegrave ² (of Carlisle) is handed down to posterity as one who thought it necessary to tell certain Sunday School children that

¹ Apropos of the consternation Colenso caused among his episcopal brethen, the following imaginary correspondence between the Archbishop of Canterbury and the wayward Bishop of Natal is supposed to have been written by Tom Taylor :—

" MY DEAR COLENSO,

" With regret

We Hierarchs, here in conclave met,

Beg you, you most disturbing writer,

To set down your colonial mitre

(This course we press upon you strongly).

" Believe me, Yours most truly,

" LONGLEY."

" MY DEAR ARCHBISHOP,

" To resign

This Zulu diocese of mine,

And own myself a heathen dark

Because I've doubts on Noah's Ark,

I think it right to tell all men so

Is *not* the course for Yours,

" COLENSO."

There were many contemporary limericks on Colenso. One, attributed to Bishop Wilberforce, was as follows :—

There once was a Bishop of Natal,

Whose doubts on the Deluge were fatal;

Said the infidel Zulu,

" Do you believe this—you fool, you? "

" No, I don't," said the Bishop of Natal.

On this being repeated to Thackeray, he is said to have capped it immediately with :—

This is the bold Bishop Colenso,

Whose heresies seem to offend so.

Quoth Sam of the soap,

" Bring faggot and rope,

For we know he ain't got no friends O."

² Samuel Waldegrave (1817–1869), second son of the eighth Earl Waldegrave. Canon of Salisbury, 1857. Appointed Bishop of Carlisle, 1860.

"such a miserable man as Bishop Colenso was doing actively the Devil's work." Bishop Lee¹ (of Manchester), at a meeting of the Bible Society, spoke of Colenso "as assailing the five books of Moses by misrepresentation the most unpardonable, by distortion of the truth the most monstrous, and with a savage glee and exultation which would rather become a successful fiend in an attempt on what was good than a minister of a Christian Congregation." I think you will have seen from the papers that we are to have an authoritative series of answers, and Episcopal commentary on the Bible, so soon as they all have agreed sufficiently as to what is to be said. From this all true (un)believers anticipate great larks!

We shall turn out Stuart's Journals in first-rate style. I met Angas,² who has just returned from Adelaide, at the Zoological Meeting the other night, and he has undertaken to draw the sketches on wood, supplementing their deficiencies from the drawings of vegetation or scenery accumulated by himself during many years' residence in the Colony. I hope Stuart may recognise his journals after they leave my hands, pared and trimmed as they will be to a fearful extent.³

Christmas Eve this year has been rendered painfully memorable by the death of poor old Thackeray. It was only in my last letter that I was telling you some of

¹ James Prince Lee (1804-1869), Headmaster of King Edward's School, Birmingham, 1838-1847. Appointed Bishop of Manchester, 1847.

² George French Angas (1822-1886), Director of the Government Museum, Sydney, artist and zoologist. Published accounts and sketches of his travels in Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa.

³ See *ante*, page 75.

his jokes, and I stated that he was a fearful sufferer from stricture, and I might have added disease of the kidneys. You will see that his death was caused by effusion on the brain and not by the malady which has for years rendered his existence a burden.

Thackeray died in the early hours of December 24th, 1863. Although looking much older, he was only fifty-two years of age. Apparently he had some premonition of his coming death, because one day, not long before, his daughter Anne relates : " I came into the dining-room and he was sitting looking at the fire. I do not remember ever to have seen him looking like that before, and he said, ' I have been thinking, in fact, that it will be a very dismal life for you when I am gone.' " To a friend, Mr. Synge, who was leaving England for some years, he said, " I want to tell you that I shall never see you again. I feel that I am doomed." And when he was still under fifty Thackeray wrote that strange prophetic letter to an old Charterhouse friend : " Now we are half a century old . . . and the carriage is going down hill, isn't it? Mine is, after having had some pleasant travelling, after being well-nigh upset, after being patched up again, after being robbed by foot-pads, etc., etc. The terminus can't be far off—a few years more or less. I wouldn't care to travel over the ground again, though I have had some pleasant days and dear companions." Sad, indeed, that after a life of such brilliant achievement, the great writer had no desire to tread—were it possible—its paths again.

The shock which made London quiver at the rumour of Thackeray's death is well illustrated by the strange verses written by Sir William

Fraser. He related : " I was riding past Stafford House when I met Swinton, the painter. He told me of Thackeray's death. On entering Hyde Park I saw Alfred Wigan, the actor, and told him the news. We went together at once to Thackeray's house in Kensington ; I have narrated in these words what occurred :—

" The fog is dank in Rotten Row ;
The sun a disc of dingy red :
' How are you ? ' ' How d'ye do ? ' ' No news,
Is there ? ' ' Yes, Thackeray is dead ! '
A breathless gallop to his door :
The footman for a moment pales,
' They're searching for the cause of death
Upstairs : I've taken up the Scales.' ¹

" Ironic Fate ! fell Humour thine !
The brain that yesterday but glowed
And glittered in the air of wit
Has left its fifty years' abode :
A World his penstrokes watched yestreen ;
Last night a film of tissue fails :
' How many ounces weighs his brain ? '
And then : ' I've taken up the Scales.' "

Thackeray's premature death came as all the greater shock to his friends because he had been out and about a good deal during the last days of his life. On December 12th he had attended Founder's Day at his old school, Charterhouse ; on the 17th he dined with Dr. Merriman to meet Miss Ingelow. Carlyle and Anthony Trollope met him out on the 20th ; on the 21st he attended the funeral of Lady Rodd, and later went to the Garrick Club ; and on the 22nd he was seen out several times.

Fortunately, just a week before the end, Thackeray and Dickens met on the steps of the

¹ At *post mortems* in cases of supposed apoplexy the brain is weighed, and sometimes the heart and other internal organs.

Athenæum Club. They had been estranged for some years since the affair of Edmund Yates. But meeting thus, at the season of good-will, they abandoned the foolish feud. Thackeray made the first advance, and they shook hands warmly. A few days later, Dickens attended the funeral, at Kensal Green, of the friend he had regained but for a brief time; and he offered a fine tribute to Thackeray in *The Cornhill Magazine*, wherein he said :—

“No one can be surer than I of the greatness and goodness of his heart. . . . The last words he corrected in print were ‘And my heart throbbed with an exquisite bliss’ (*Denis Duval*). God grant that on that Christmas Eve when he laid his head back on his pillow . . . some consciousness of duty done, and of Christian hope throughout life humbly cherished, may have caused his own heart so to throb, when he passed away to his Redeemer’s rest.”¹

Many literary men, including Matthew Arnold and Edmund Yates, have recorded how shocked they were by their great contemporary’s sudden end. George Meredith wrote: “Thackeray’s death startled and grieved me. And I, who think I should be capable of eyeing the pitch-black king if he knocked for me in the night.” Shirley Brooks wrote to the Hardmans :—

“You can hardly imagine the shock and grief to me from the death of my friend Thackeray. I

¹ Apparently Dickens did not write this tribute spontaneously, judging by what he told Wilkie Collins, January 24th, 1864 :—

“You will have read about poor Thackeray’s death—sudden and yet not sudden, for he had long been alarmingly ill. At the solicitation of Mr. Smith and some of his friends, I have done what I would most gladly have excused myself from doing, if I felt I could—written a couple of pages about him in what was his own magazine.”

had sat by him at dinner on the Wednesday week, and had a good laugh about the Shakspeare Committee and the pettiness that had excluded him from the Vice-Presidency.¹ But he had dined at the Garrick Club as late as the Tuesday. The blow to his daughters will be simply awful—the three seemed to live for one another. Mr. Leech saw Minny,² who was bearing up with some courage; but Annie (the authoress, the vile and spiteful review of whose tale by *The Athenæum*³ incensed W. M. T. more than anything that ever happened to himself) is utterly prostrated. I have no idea how they are provided for, but the house could easily be let for £600 a year—he has refused that rent for it, he told me.⁴ The event runs like a black thread through all the Christmas merriment, and ‘crops up’ every now and then. I do not know whether the Abbey is thought of, but much inferior men have been laid there.

¹ See later, pages 129 and 177.

² The younger daughter. She married Leslie Stephen in 1867, and died in 1875.

³ The review of Miss Thackeray's book in *The Athenæum* of April 25th, 1863, if severe, was written with an intention for the author's improvement in the following style: "*The Story of Elizabeth* is told in a mocking sarcastic spirit which is very unpleasant. . . . There is an absence of all genuine pity or sympathy in the book. . . . *The Story of Elizabeth* is undeniably clever; but it is the cleverness caught by living in a society where smart compendious trenchant judgments are summarily passed on men and things, with scant charity and small discrimination. The work does not indicate a rich or fertile nature . . . it remains to be seen whether the cleverness and facility of style will mature into a deeper and gentler habit of thought and expression. We heartily hope that it will; for there is talent enough in the author to make us wish to see it come to perfection."

⁴ No. 2, Palace Green, Kensington, was sold eventually at a profit of £2,000 over the sums Thackeray had expended upon its purchase and renovation.

Had his satire been in verse, instead of the best prose English in the world, no one would have questioned his right to such a place, but 'a mere Novelist' ! For *him* to take the liberty of being buried among Indian Generals and Members of Parliament ! Well, the first writer of the age is gone, lay him where they will."

JANUARY, 1864

AND now for all the gossip about poor old Thackeray. The papers say that it was a spasm of the *heart* which brought on vomiting and burst a blood-vessel on the brain. Now I have it on good authority that of late years Thackeray had been what may be called a "boozer," that is, he never went to bed in a strictly sober condition.¹ He was subject to spasm of the *stomach* in consequence, accompanied by vomiting. The papers say he died peaceably and his corpse was calm. Poor fellow! I regret to contradict this on the authority of Leech (the *Punch* artist), who, living near, was the first person sent for by the family. The features were much distorted and discoloured by the bursting of the blood-vessel, of course. Moreover, both arms were bent, the hands clutching at the collar of his night-shirt, and were so rigidly fixed that he was buried in that position.

The tribute to him in *Punch* was written by our friend, Shirley Brooks; but, as you will see, it was unfortunately placed immediately under the heading of the new volume wherein Mr. Punch is represented,

¹ George Hodder relates in his *Memoirs* he asked Thackeray if he had had the best medical advice. "Yes, certainly," he replied, "but what is the use of advice if you don't follow it? They tell me not to drink, and I *do* drink. They tell me not to smoke, and I *do* smoke. They tell me not to eat, and I *do* eat. In short, I do everything I am desired not to do, and, therefore, what am I to expect?"

in the jolliest of conditions, flying through the clouds seated in the angle of the volume. It looks as if it were intended for W. M. Thackeray's apotheosis—being carried to Abraham's bosom in a volume of the London Charivari.

This ninth day of January is one to be marked with white chalk! On my breakfast-table this morning the dull brown light of a London winter at 8.45 a.m. revealed to me your November letter and accompanying packet of slips. Such a thing was never known before! The mail is not *due* until the 18th via Southampton, nor even until the 12th via Marseilles, yet here are your letters! I am utterly puzzled. Seizing *The Times* to see if there were any explanation, the first thing that met my eye was the equally unexpected accouchement of the Princess of Wales, at least a month before the calculations of the experts and select Gamps! I don't know which surprised me most, the delivery of your menstrual epistle or the accouchement. The Princess was on the ice at Frogmore yesterday at 4 o'clock: at 8.58 the young Prince¹ inhaled his first breath of fresh air! There were no great officers of state in the adjoining apartment to listen to the Princess's groans, and Dr. Farre, who had been specially engaged as accoucheur, was far indeed, and not near. The matrons of England are at this moment devoured by curiosity to know all the little details of this most interesting affair. As to

¹ The late Prince Albert Victor, Duke of Clarence and Avondale. He died on January 14th, 1892, soon after his twenty-eighth birthday. He was betrothed to Princess Victoria Mary of Teck, who in the following year, 1893, married his younger brother, the Duke of York, now King George the Fifth.

your letter, the papers contain no Australian news, and so far as I can learn no mail has arrived, yet here, as if by magic, is your letter at least nine days before its time. It must have left Melbourne on November 26th, and as it was delivered to me on January 9th, it has come in 43 or 44 days.

Sunday, January 10th.—I am still puzzling about your letter. I have decided it must have come by Marseilles, yet doth the postage perplex me. It weighs under 2 oz., but over $1\frac{3}{4}$ oz. For such a letter, postage by Marseilles would be 3s. 4d., and by Southampton 2s. You, however, have prepaid it with neither of these sums, but with 3s.

I have learnt to-day a little more about the Princess of Wales. She was to have gone from Frogmore to Marlborough House about the end of this month to be in readiness for her confinement in March. Dr. Browne, of Windsor, has been in attendance and, some days back, from certain symptoms prognosticated an earlier delivery than was anticipated. Soon after the Princess's return from the ice, she began to feel very funny and had a spurious pain or two. At seven o'clock Dr. Browne arrived, and the Prince telegraphed the state of things to his Mamma. There was no monthly nurse in readiness, but the parturient experiences of the Countess of Macclesfield came in usefully. Neither were there any little clothes for young Hopeful, so the Countess and the other ladies in attendance had to extemporise something as best they could. Some of the papers say that Earl Granville was the only Cabinet Minister in attendance, as he happened, by good luck, to be dining with the Prince that day.



ALEXANDRA, PRINCESS OF WALES

The Court Circular, however, states that he dined with the Queen that day at Osborne. At noon the next day (Saturday) the Queen arrived at Frogmore by special train, and visited the Princess, who is going on most favourably. From all I can gather, the child is a seven months' product, and there has been no miscalculation, as I at first supposed. I am sure that Wales is just the man to be pleased at having sold the ceremony folk.

There are few things so wildly comic as those ballads printed on the thinnest of paper and sometimes called "Catnach."¹ Any public event calls them forth. I recollect sending you an essay upon those which appeared after the great fight between Sayers and Heenan in my Letter No. 13, May, 1860. The recent birth at Frogmore is immortalised by Catnach in a song called *The Prince of Wales's Baby*. I saw it in the window of the dirtiest of shops, into which I dared not enter. So far as my memory serves, one verse was as follows :—

"The Prince of Wales danced round and round
To think he'd been so clever,
He bought it a fine new pork-pie hat
And a great big peacock's feather.
It's Grandmother, filled with delight,
Cried 'Things are well and soon done,'
She danced all round the Isle of Wight
As if she had been undone."

Gracious goodness ! what a picture of the Royal Family. Yet I don't think any disrespect is meant. Another verse of the song deals with the taxation of

¹ The name came from James Catnach (1792-1841), printer, of Seven Dials, the original publisher of these leaflet ballads and broadsides.

the nation to support the infant, and old women are frightened by an imaginary prospect of so terrible a thing as an increase of a halfpenny in the price of a quatern of gin ! After reading this strange ditty in the shop window, I went on my way, but becoming conscious that those whom I met looked hard at me, I recollected that my face was distended by a broad grin, and my body inwardly shaken. I wanted somebody to laugh with. I think I shall get Roberts, the Stationer, to obtain me some more of these ballads about the Royal Birth. Truly, I think there is fun to be extracted from them.

Sunday, January 17th.—My ballad emissary reports that no ditty of The Seven Months' Birth has reached the railings of Euston Square up to yesterday. *Nil desperandum.*

The French are still strangely ill-informed on English matters. In proof of this I cite the *Opinion Nationale*, which, in giving a list of illustrious dead during the past year, devotes a section to England. There you will find the following names : " Maurice Lansdowne, President of Ministers " ; " Sir Georhe Cornwall-Levis " ; " the poet and composer, Ch. Glow " [who the deuce is he ? I know him not] ; " Ulysses de Burg, General of the Upper House " ; " W. Williams, President of the House of Commons " ; and " Count Elgin, Peer and Governor of Jamaica and Canada." Sola ! Sola ! The pens that supply our lively neighbours with information must be wielded by damned fools !

I have favoured the Conservatives of the Eastern Counties with an article on " The Australian Protest "

in their old and widely circulated journal.¹ Economy of space rendered it necessary for me to do little more than string the host of facts furnished by your slips together, and leave them to work by themselves, without much comment. Consequently the article is somewhat concentrated, and rather like one of your "nobbles." Anyhow, you need have no fear of Transportation being recurred to; but the thing that irritates me is the beastly, sneering, contemptuous, nay insulting, tone of the leading papers, and the very bad grace with which they have given way before the tide of colonial opinion.

The Bishop of Natal has addressed a letter to the newspapers protesting against the proceedings instituted against him at Cape Town by the Bishop of that province, who claims to be his Metropolitan, assisted by certain Suffragan Bishops of his Diocese who are not so by Letters Patent. The oleaginous one of Oxford, Sammy the oily,² is of opinion that these proceedings will utterly quench Colenso! That there will be no appeal from the Cape Town decision. Dr. Gray (the Bishop of Cape Town) actually is vile enough to produce in his pseudo-court portions of letters (detached from the context) written to him by Bishop Colenso in friendly correspondence. It is contrary, however, to all common sense and English justice, that the greatest question of the day should be for ever put under a bushel in a remote corner of Africa.

¹ *The Ipswich Journal*, founded in 1720.

² Bishop Wilberforce. See the first volume of this work, pages 3-5.

Liverpool has been the victim of a tremendous explosion, which has done great damage to property, but not to life. A vessel called the "Lottie Sleigh" bound for the coast of Africa, and having, *inter alia*, 240 quarter kegs of gunpowder, each weighing 15 pounds—or about $11\frac{1}{2}$ tons in all, was lying in that portion of the Mersey called "the Sloyne." Some paraffin oil was spilt and took fire about 5 o'clock. The flames spread, the crew fled, or rather were taken off by one of the Rock Ferry steamers. No attempt was made to scuttle the ship, there does not appear to have been any arrangement for flooding the magazine, in fact the powder was stored in the "lazarette," and not amidship in the usual place. Of course no one durst go near the burning vessel, and nothing remained but to await results. At 22 minutes past 7, "pop" went "the weasel"—I mean "the wessel." It must have been a wondrous sight, for the masts and yards were carried undisturbed into the air, and were seen at the top of a vast sheet of flame. So far as I can gather, every window in Liverpool was broken, people were knocked flat in the streets, and nine-tenths of the gas-lights were instantly extinguished. In the Southern Hospital, the patients crept out of their beds and groped their way in the darkness down to the street. The pavements of the principal streets were strewn with fragments of shattered plate-glass, for the havoc among the large shop-windows was terrible. The noise, the concussion, the smashing of windows, and, above all, the darkness, combined to make people think the *last day* had come! In addition to all these terrors, falling fragments of the ship

smashed through roofs of houses, and fell in the streets.

Liverpool has been unfortunate lately (in everything except cotton speculation). Petroleum has nearly asphyxiated the people with foul odour. Storm and shipwreck have ravaged their river and the coast at its mouth. The other day there was a fog of unheard-of denseness, so much so that one of the ferry-boats going across to the Birkenhead side had to anchor mid-way and remain with all its passengers till morning. That is rather as if an omnibus from Temple Bar to the Bank had been obliged by fog to spend the night in St. Paul's Churchyard.

I have had the first seven sheets of "Robin's" new novel, *Emilia*,¹ Vol. 3. I have returned them to him with my warmest approbation. I have no alterations to suggest, in fact to my mind this opening of the third volume is perfect. The first and second volumes were very cleverly contrived and written, but, as I think, want some point or points on which the mind can rest. I don't know if I express my feeling intelligibly. I like the book extremely, the two first volumes are not wanting in scenes of great interest, the characters act naturally and in accordance with their sympathies and peculiarities, they are not forced to work in a groove to suit a preconceived plot of their author's. To him they are evidently living beings, in fact, I know he has felt them as such for the past twelve months. The book will be out now in a few weeks, and I will send you a copy by post as soon as it makes its appearance.

¹ The Meredith book now known as *Sandra Belloni*.

There has been a Ball at Esher, and Meredith has shared in the festivity, to his own discomfort but to the amusement of his friends, for his descriptions are inimitable. The night was frosty and he caught a severe cold besides getting his stomach deranged. This brings down on him the remarks of old Miss Grange (with whom he lodges¹). He calls her "Old Parsimony," for he must nickname everybody with whom he comes in contact. Old Parsimony says: "You changed thick breeches for thin, thick socks and boots for them capering patents, and out in that ther frost, and then wonders you feels pains in your bones, and calls it Indigestion." He writes to me:—

"The Ball? I try to remove the mists of jaundice, for I can't get a view of it without some yellow. It was frightful to me. The young women (with one or two exceptions) were hideous; the old ones talked of the weather, and shivered, as I do now at the recollection of my suffering. If you want a sight of the room, open your piano's lid, strike the notes, and see the little bobbing heads in the interior. They bob to some purpose: but oh! this sight. . . . At 12 midnight, supper. Champagne Cup (small beer, sweetened, with a fizz) to wash down blocks of incarnate dyspepsia in a room half frost, half fire. The women who had danced would sit in the draughts, and those who hadn't chattered they knew not what with imbecile chins."

This was on the Friday; on the Sunday following he dined with Izod, the doctor of the village, who appears to have had evil designs on his guests' stomachs.

¹ At Copsham Cottage, a few miles from Esher.

Listen to Meredith's account of what he had to eat :
" Soup with the meat floating in shreds, telling of many boilings ; woolly cod ; sausage cutlets ; spare rib of pork ; mince-pies baked for the twentieth time ! Enough ! "

A story ! An Irishman " in articulo mortis " is attended by a zealous parson who works hard to impress upon the dying man a " sense of sin." After having laboured away at the " sin " part of the business for some time, he turned his discourse towards the " pardon " department, and asked his dying companion : " Now can you tell me why Jesus Christ came into the world ? " To this, Moriturus, in a tone of mild remonstrance, replied : " Arrah ! Mr. —, and is it a conundrum you're asking me at such a time as this ? " Sola ! Sola !

I say, you don't care about The Shakspeare Memorial, do you ? for I don't care a damn, and am consequently much rejoiced to see that Shirley Brooks has retired from the committee with Tom Taylor and all the men of any consequence.¹ I have a strong constitutional objection to anniversaries, especially when they become centenary, bi-centenary, or as in this case ter-centenary.² You are all doing something in Melbourne with the same object, and I wish you luck. If it is proposed to erect a monument to the poet, to rival the Scott monument at Edinburgh, my guinea is at the service of the committee. But when a committee agitates for it knows not what, starts a movement for a public holiday on the 23rd of

¹ See *ante*, page 118, and later, page 173.

² Shakspeare was born April 23rd, 1564.

April, and seems to have no definite idea except that thirty thousand pounds is the correct sum to raise for an indefinite purpose, and that every Shakspearean on said 23rd April shall wear a bunch of ribbons in his coat to encourage the Coventry weavers!—under such circumstances I say damn the committee, I will have none of it.

A few days ago a manuscript was placed in my hands for opinion. It is the production of a rabid Southerner and dealt freely with Northern outrages, warfare, successes, defeats, and general conduct, in what the writer *supposed* to be poetry. He was very particular about the terms of publication, although he would allow his publisher some privileges. The Epic (for such it was) so amused me that I made a hasty note of two passages for my E.D.H.'s special gratification. For example :—

“ And o’er the sea a ringing shot
Glanced so light, it seemed to float,
Like a schoolboy’s jumping ball
It bounded graceful in its fall
From wave to wave, and softly struck
The plastic sea like caoutchouc.”

These lines occur in the commencement of a grand sea fight. The following lines are from an account of Butler’s doings at New Orleans, the General appearing under a different name :—

“ The land was chained in martial law—
That is a fierce, unequal war
Was ruthless, waged on maids and women,
Chickens, pigs, and all things human.”

Perhaps it is superfluous for me to say that the aspiring poet was crushed and rejected amidst peals

of laughter. I wish I could have extracted more, for there were lots of splendid passages (some "non sine obscenitate"), but I had not time.

I have been woefully seedy for some weeks, but am now restored to health almost entirely. I believe *now* that I have had a very narrow escape of typhoid fever. My digestion has been very shaky for months past, and at last the lining membrane of the stomach became utterly deranged, and of course liver and kidneys chimed in. I was damned bad and no mistake. I have since been living a very careful life, rigid dieting, and have taken sulphuric acid twice a day, by direction of my friend, Dr. Liveing.¹ This diluted sulphuric acid has had an effect little short of magical on my whole system. I am a changed man. Work is now a rich enjoyment, instead of an infernal bore.

Monday, January 23rd, 11.20 p.m.—Mary Anne and I have just returned from our fortnightly meeting of the Geographical Society. A Paper by Mr. Lefroy on an exploratory tour in Western Australia, from Perth to York and inland directly eastward towards Mount Kennedy, was very interesting. Mr. Lefroy particularly remarked the almost entire absence of animal life. Two or three kangaroos and the same number of emus were about all he saw. The lakes were void of wild fowl. Not one native was seen: a fresh track and a recent fire being the nearest approach

¹ Dr. Robert Liveing, of 11, Manchester Square, who succeeded to the practice of Sir W. J. Erasmus Wilson. He was, I think, a brother of Dr. George Downing Liveing, President of St. John's College, Cambridge, who died in 1924 at the great age of ninety-seven.

to human beings. After the reading of the paper, Mr. Lefroy's brother (Colonel Lefroy¹) addressed us. He called attention to what he believed was a fact, and a most extraordinary fact, viz., that, in that particular portion of Australia under consideration, there was to be seen the *primeval granite* of this earth—the original molten matter that rolled down when this globe ceased to be a globe of fire: not to be confused with the *eruptive granite* of infinitely more recent times. Sir Roderick Murchison bore him out in this view. Two papers on New Zealand followed, one being Dr. Hector's² story of his journey across the Middle Island, with an account of the glaciers of Mount Aspiring.

Tuesday, January 26th.—Every eye is turned towards Schleswig-Holstein: any moment a telegram may announce that hostilities have commenced. Austria and Prussia have refused the request of Denmark that they should suspend the entry of their troops into Schleswig until the Rigsraad has been called together to consider the withdrawal of the November constitution. The two *great* members of the Bund have squashed their *smaller* colleagues, and taken the whole thing into their hands, regardless of the Frankfort vote. I fear I talk uninteresting matter

¹ Presumably (Sir) John Henry Lefroy (1817–1890), Royal Artillery, who was engaged in a magnetical survey of the extreme north of America, 1843–1844. Governor of Tasmania, 1880–1882.

² Sir James Hector (1834–1907), M.D., surgeon and geologist to Captain John Palliser's exploring expedition to west North America, 1857–1860; discovered Hector's Pass; director of geological survey of New Zealand, 1865; and author of *Outlines of New Zealand Geology*, 1886.

to you, and unintelligible as Double Dutch spoken backwards. Anyhow, expect by the next mail news that we are all deep in a European War. A "Deus ex machinâ" alone can avert it, if present appearances go for anything. Germany, with Austria and Prussia at her head, is wrong, hopelessly wrong, in thus precipitating hostilities : and the sympathies of this country and Sweden unmistakably, and I think those of France and Russia, are with the Danes.

Schleswig had long been an independent State under the benevolent supervision of Denmark, but declared incapable of incorporation with that country by the European Conference held in London in 1852. However, in 1863, King Frederick VII had proclaimed the incorporation of Schleswig with Denmark, and this action was ratified by his successor, King Christian IX (the father of Queen Alexandra). Bismarck made this action an excuse for taking part in the matter, for Prussia had long desired to extend her sea coast by the acquisition of Schleswig and Holstein. Having secured the approval and help of Austria in the projected enterprise, Prussia issued an ultimatum to the King of Denmark on January 16th, 1864, ordering him to resign Schleswig within forty-eight hours. King Christian refused, and Prussian and Austrian troops at once invaded the disputed territory. It was, of course, a hopeless conflict for Denmark, and after very severe losses and reverses, particularly by the taking of the fortress of Dybbøl, peace was eventually proclaimed in the summer of 1864, whereby Schleswig and Holstein passed to the victorious Powers of Prussia and Austria. Public opinion in England naturally sympathised with

the little State of Denmark, which had been vanquished by two powerful confederates, and British intervention was urged upon Lord Palmerston's Government. But the Prime Minister's hands were tied by Queen Victoria's pro-German sympathies. She declared the Prince Consort had disapproved of Denmark's claims to Schleswig, and *he* ever desired the friendship and co-operation of Prussia. On the other hand, as Hardman will note in due course, the Prince of Wales warmly supported the cause of Denmark by reason of sympathy for the home country of his beautiful young wife. Consequently, there was much strain and division in the Royal Family of England at this date.

THE great case of *O'Kane v. O'Kane* and Palmerston is terminated at last with a victory on the part of the co-respondent. The new Divorce Judge (Sir J. P. Wilde¹), who is one of Pam's recent appointments, was pleased to announce that a name, which no Englishman mentioned without a feeling of pride, was expunged from the list of the Court without a shadow of a stain! A Victory indeed!—but such a Victory! Can a genuine victory be obtained by mere technicalities in such a case as this? I think not. The matter ought to have been probed to the very bottom, and the whole accusation proved to be without the slightest foundation. The facts, which are not generally known, are these: The noble Viscount made the acquaintance of Mrs. O'Kane some six or seven years ago, when she was a nursery governess in the family of Lady Jocelyn, Lady Palmerston's daughter (nominally) by her first husband, Lord Cowper, but really begotten by Pam himself during Lord C.'s lifetime.²

¹ James Plaisted Wilde (1816–1899), created Baron Penzance, 1869. Originally a Baron of Exchequer, he was transferred to the new Divorce Court in 1863. He exercised other and later judicial duties until the age of eighty-three.

² The fifth Earl Cowper (1778–1837) married, in 1805, Amelia ("Emily") Lamb (1787–1869), daughter of the first Lord Melbourne, by his wife Elizabeth Milbanke, the confidante of Byron and aunt of Lady Byron. After the death of Lord Cowper, his widow married Lord Palmerston in 1839. The daughter in question, Lady Frances Cowper (1819–1880), married, in 1841, Viscount Jocelyn, son of the third Earl of Roden and uncle of Roden Noel, the poet. The beautiful Lady Jocelyn was a Lady in Waiting to Queen Victoria.

The potent septuagenarian nobleman proved irresistible to the easy-virtued nursery governess. Hence a connexion which resulted in various letters, sundry banknotes, and equivalent copulation. The injured husband, who was in very low water, remarked that his wife dressed in a style much at variance with her ostensible means. His suspicions were aroused; he watched; obtained entry to some secret repository of his wife's, and there found a packet of Lord P.'s letters with one or two £5 notes. Substituting a packet of similar size and appearance, he abstracted the genuine documents, and placed the case in the hands of a low advertising solicitor, by name Wells. In this he acted foolishly; he would have done better by applying privately to the Premier, who would doubtless have done the thing handsomely. As it was, the case was taken at once into the Court. Instead of repudiating the charge with all the energy of an innocent woman, Mrs. O'Kane pleaded that she was not legally married to O'Kane, in consequence, as I understand, of their being Roman Catholic and Protestant joined in Ireland by a Catholic priest. The Public was judiciously and judicially mystified. Lord Pam gave O'Kane a colonial appointment worth £350 per annum, and Wells had his costs paid by *somebody*—by whom does not appear: but it could not have been by O'Kane, who had not the means. Instead of courting enquiry, Lord Palmerston studiously quashed it. So ends the case.¹ I asked Shirley

¹ The Prime Minister did not long survive the scandals of his co-correspondency, for he died the following year, October, 1865, at the age of eighty-one.

Brooks about the Palmerston Case, and he said he had not a shadow of a doubt that the matter had been compromised, and added "I have no doubt Brand, the Secretary to the Treasury, could tell you a good deal about it."

In the matter of *Essays and Reviews*, and the prosecutions of Dr. Rowland Williams and Mr. Wilson resulting therefrom,¹ the Privy Council has finally disposed of the questions at issue, which, from much filtration, were so small that I can compare them to nothing but the microscopic particles of gold obtained, after much washing, from a bucket of dust out of one of those valueless holes which the German portion of your diggers have christened a "shicer" (the German word of which this is a corruption need not be further indicated). Anyhow the Privy Council has dismissed the appeal with *costs*, so that Williams and Wilson will be indemnified to *some extent* for the expenses they have incurred. Furthermore it may now be taken as definitely settled that the Bible is *not* plenarily inspired, and the eternity of punishment has received a blow from which it will scarcely recover.

Essays and Reviews naturally leads me to Colenso, and I may mention that the Bishop was a contemporary of my uncle Henry at St. John's. Seeing the

¹ Dr. Rowland Williams (1817-1870), Vicar of Broad Chalke, Wiltshire, and the Rev. H. B. Wilson, D.D., Vicar of Great Staughton, Hunts, had been charged with heterodoxy for their views expressed in the articles entitled respectively *Bunsen's Biblical Researches* and *The National Church*, which appeared in *Essays and Reviews*, 1860. Dr. Williams was sentenced to a year's suspension and costs, but he was finally successful upon appeal in 1864, as noted by Hardman. Dr. Wilson had won a similar victory in 1863 by the verdict of the Privy Council.

Bishop's photograph in my book the other day, my uncle told me that when an undergraduate Colenso was much given to pet *snakes*, and you never could move a chair in his room without seeing one or two skeddaddling away out of sight. A curious trait.

I heard, on good authority, that the Prince of Wales got so drunk the other day at a dinner given by the Blues, who are quartered at Windsor, that he could not go home, but remained until six in the morning, when he had some breakfast and was quickly shipped off. I wonder what the Princess thought about it! I don't think any worse of him for such an escapade: young men will be young men—and you and I, Master Nedward, have had our “drunks” in days gone by. My digestive arrangements have long been so liable to disarrangement, that I have, from necessity, been kept from any over-indulgence in that particular.

Apropos of the Royal Folk, the Queen is *not* going to hold levees or drawing-rooms this season; in fact, I don't suppose she will ever take any part in public life again: she prefers to moulder away and leave the young ones to do the entertaining part of the business. The public is fearfully disappointed.

On Thursday last (February 4th) Meredith and I got orders from Lord Caithness and went to the Gallery of the House of Lords. It was the opening night, and the crowd of strangers was considerable, so that we had to stand at the back of the gallery. The Peers mustered in goodly numbers, and the Bishops were “conspicuous by their *presence*.” I counted twenty-two, and I believe one or two more came in, from which I conclude that very few were

absent : there are about thirty Spiritual Peers. Such a mass of lawn sleeves and black silk, all gathered in one portion of the ministerial benches, was very remarkable. The Prince of Wales took his seat on the cross benches, below the gangway, and the Duke of Cambridge did the same. The galleries at the sides and end opposite to us were filled with ladies. We had had to wait outside for twenty minutes, and, now that we were fairly inside, we had no seat to rest our weary legs. I have before had occasion to remark that this sort of thing has a tendency to develope, even in the well-ordered minds of two Conservatives, like Meredith and myself, decidedly *radical* principles.¹ Depend upon it, it is very demoralising. If the votes of the strangers in the galleries of either house could be taken, they would show a majority in favour of universal "sufferings," abolition of primogeniture, and a general "go-in" for the upper classes. Westbury,² finical in voice and altogether damnable, read Her Majesty's "Message" (as some of the papers *well* call it), and his rising to do so was the signal for the removal of all the hats of all the assembled Lords. This had a curious effect : it was so simultaneous. I thought of Trinity College Chapel

¹ This is the first time that George Meredith has been described as a Conservative. It has hitherto been believed that he was a life-long Radical of advanced views, but if Hardman's statement is correct, it explains the anomaly of how Meredith was able to write strong Tory articles for such Conservative papers as *The Ipswich Journal* and *The Morning Post* during the early 'sixties, attacking Gladstone and Lincoln, and supporting the cause of the South and the Slave Owners during the American Civil War. But by 1870 Meredith was undoubtedly a Radical.

² The Lord Chancellor.

as seen from the organ loft, when all the surplices turn round to kneel down. The "Speech" over, up got the Marquis of Sligo¹ to move the address, and it seemed to me that several hours elapsed before he sat down again. He really spoke about forty minutes. It was a very "Sly-go" on his part, having an opportunity, for once in his life, of addressing the most august assembly in the world, and knowing they would quietly listen to him, to talk "words, words, words" de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis (especially the latter) until we in the Gallery, who could not make out so much as half a sentence, groaned among ourselves with terrible lamentation. At that period, Robin and I would have cheerfully given in our adhesion to a republic with John Bright as President! An old clergyman near me said to me, "This is a terrible fellow, who is he?" The Episcopal Bench was restless, its occupants were constantly going out and returning in a few minutes. I said to Robin, "There goes another Bishop to pump-ship." Meredith replied in a speculative tone, "I wonder if they sit down." This notion convulsed me, and others who were within earshot. The Bishops looked, in their robes, so like a parcel of old women. The Marquis sat down at last, and Lord Abercromby (the seconder) said only a few words, yet, strange to say, *The Times* of next day so compressed the Marquis's oration that it was not much longer than his seconder's in type.

¹ The third Marquis of Sligo (1820-1896). He was first cousin of the late and eccentric Marquis of Clanricarde, who died in 1916, and heir to the earldom of Clanricarde, a title now held by the present Marquis of Sligo.

Up got Lord Derby,¹ with all the vigour of a man in the enjoyment of robust health and of a system free, for the nonce, from gout. He turned his back on the Chancellor, and spoke to the reporters and ourselves. He lashed Lord Russell unmercifully, and, with infinite humour, compared him to Bottom and Snug when they wished to "play the Lion." The House was in convulsions of laughter. I have seen Johnny Russell sit calm and immovable under the lash of Disraeli, whose passion somehow always lacks reality. But the Stanley thong cut him to the bone at every stroke, and he shifted about uneasily, lifting one leg over the other alternately, while the Duke of Argyll (who owes Lord Derby a grudge), sitting at his left hand, exchanged hurried sentences with his chief at intervals, and took pencil notes of the great Conservative leader's speech. Lord Derby chaffed the Foreign Secretary about his expression "Let us rest and be thankful," and he charged his policy with

¹ The fourteenth Earl of Derby (1799-1869), Prime Minister in 1852, 1858-1859, 1866-1868:—

"The brilliant chief, irregularly great,
Frank, haughty, rash—The Rupert of Debate.
Nor gout, nor toil, his freshness can destroy,
And Time still leaves all Eton in the boy,"

as Bulwer-Lytton wrote in *The New Timon*, 1845, wherein Lord John Russell also figures:—

"Next cool, and all unconscious of reproach,
Comes the calm 'Johnny who upset the coach.'
How formed to lead, if not too proud to please,
His fame would fire you, but his manners freeze."

Lord John had become Earl Russell and was seventy-two years of age at the time Hardman writes. He succeeded Palmerston as Prime Minister in 1865.

being one of "meddle and muddle"—a happy phrase, which all the papers produce in inverted commas and will continue to do during the session. We remained to hear a portion only of Lord Russell's reply, for his voice is so damnable that he is almost inaudible in the gallery, especially at the back, where we were.

"Railway Aggression," as it has been named, is a subject which engrosses a great deal of attention just now. We in this district, who own houses, are wild with rage at a scheme for occupying Euston Square on *both* sides. A powerful opposition has been organised, and we have agreed to pay 5% on our rentals in order to find funds for contesting the bills before the House if necessary. I will endeavour to give you an idea of this damnable scheme.

Hardman here draws a plan of the projected railways, one line proposing the demolition of two blocks of houses north of Gower Place, and passing through the south side of Euston Square (since 1879 called Endsleigh Gardens owing to the unsavoury associations attaching to the murder of Miss Hacker at a house, then No. 4, in the Square) was to join, somewhere near St. Pancras Church, a railway running from Charing Cross to Hampstead. The Hampstead Tube, of fifty years later, follows a more westerly route along Tottenham Court Road, and Warren Street is its nearest point to the south side of Euston Square and Hardman's former home in Gordon Street. It is interesting to note that Hardman calls the Euston Road the "New" Road—the name it bore from its original projection over a hundred years earlier. Writing in 1756, Horace Walpole notes, "A new road through Paddington (to the

City) has been projected, to avoid the stones." It was still called the "New Road" in 1821 at the time Queen Caroline's funeral passed along it after the fracas between the troops and the mob at Hyde Park, when several persons were shot in the endeavour to force the cortège to go by way of Oxford Street. In a map of 1868, the thoroughfare is called Euston Road, so the change in nomenclature must have taken place soon after Hardman's letter of 1864.

Is not the scheme a terrible business for me? The making of the line of underground railway¹ along the New Road has kept the neighbourhood in a state of block and turmoil for three years, and this new scheme, if carried out, would take about three years more before it was finally at rest. The London and North-Western Railway is on our side, and will aid us in our opposition. Of course, while we feel certain of success, it is best to prepare for defeat. Mary Anne and I have followed Napoleon's maxim, that a good general should make every preparation for a defeat, and leave a victory to take care of itself. So we have decided what to do. We shall put our cook and housemaid on board wages, and taking children, nurse, and governess with us, shall reside on the Continent for a year or two. Summer at Thun, autumn at Lugano or Como, and winter at Rome and Naples will not be without pleasure, and the children will become versed in foreign languages. This scheme takes my fancy so much that we propose carrying it out under any

¹ As related in the first volume of this work, the section of the Underground railway from Bishop's Road via Gower Street to Farringdon Street was opened on January 10th, 1863.

circumstances: the making of the railway would merely precipitate matters.

I have become the fortunate possessor of a copy of the first number of *The Boy's Sixpenny Magazine* for January. It is the production of some youths at a large school or college at Brighton, and is edited by Frank Philips (Hawker's brother-in-law), a boy of fourteen. I anxiously await a second number, but doubt if it will appear. How fresh and jolly these boys are! Truly, my dear old friend, we do not grow old so long as we can enter into their hearty likes and dislikes, their utter greenness as to the ways of the world, their fondness of a jolly game and fair play. How I could enjoy a game at football again! Let us see what the boys have to say on the subject:—

“The noble science of football has been played for many years in all parts of England. In olden times, on almost every holiday, rich and poor alike would flock to join in the game. In our own enlightened age, various codes of rules have been made relative to it. Among the chief are the Rugby rules, which have been brought to a very high point of proficiency.”

Ha! ha! let us rub our hands and chuckle! This is good, but there is better anon:—

“To be able to dribble well, is one of the greatest essentials to a player of light weight; but a strong lusty fellow should never keep himself out of a scrimmage or a charge on pretence of looking after the ball.”

Good! very good! Here is a piece of advice worthy of any of the great generals of history:—

“ Before closing this chapter, I will give you all a piece of advice which you will do well to follow : Never funk a scrimmage or a charge. Never mind being floored, but up and at it again. If you are hurt, you have at least the pleasure of knowing that you have done your duty.”

There speaks the spirit of old England ! The Magazine contains an article on Stamp Collecting (which is one of the features of the age) and a number of receipts for simple chemical experiments. Conundrums also, with “ To be answered in our next,” have a place in its pages. There is also the first part of a romantic story, entitled *The Pilgrim Knight : A Tale of English Chivalry*, which savours strongly of G. P. R. James. It opens in the following style :—

“ The sun was pouring its scorching rays on the sunny plains of Ascalon, as two knights, distinguished only by the red cross emblazoned on their shoulders, which marked them as crusaders, were slowly wending their way towards Acre.¹ . . . Richard was struck to his knees, and blood was flowing from several wounds, when suddenly ”——

“ (*To be continued*)”

This is indeed a masterpiece of sensational writing. I cry out for more, and long for the next number. May it be published ! *We* have been taught to believe that the Crusades were miserable fiascos, and that their gallant chargers were “ wretched screws ” :

¹ The quotation is too long for repetition here.

but with these boys all is still fresh and glorious. Alack ! alack !

I have no patience to write of the Danish difficulty.¹ I am disgusted with my country, despise my Government, detest Germans, love Danes, and *don't* think Lord Derby could do any good by coming into Office. Oh ! for an Oliver Cromwell to manage our affairs (subject *of course* to our well-beloved Queen) and make the name of England respected ! We want a *man*, in the true sense, to lead us. When Buckle,² absorbed by his pre-conceived theories, laid down the principle that all conditions were the result of one of two things—either of Nature acting upon Man, or of Man acting upon Nature—he overlooked the infinitely powerful influence of Man upon Man. Think of the time when the genius of one man made the little, poverty-stricken Kingdom of Sweden into a first-rate power in Europe. I don't mean Gustavus Adolphus, but Charles XII. He made himself for years the arbiter of the politics of the Continent. How much more should rich and populous England (I do not call her powerful, for she has ceased to be that) wield, not the destinies of Europe only, but of the world ! Oh ! for a man, a man ! We are ridden by Russell-abortions, by amorous octogenarians, by the effete scions of a few noble families. Oh ! for some power to unhorse them. In all my ravings, understand clearly, that I “*do not despair* of the Republic.”

¹ See *ante*, page 133.

² Henry Thomas Buckle (1822–1862), author of *The History of Civilisation*, published in 1857 and 1861.

This day it is St. Valentine's Day, and the Sabbath, which we have spent as usual : Mary Anne has been to Bellew's church¹ this morning, and we have spent the afternoon together at the *Theological Gardens*. *The Saturday Review* of yesterday (6th February) has an article on Shakspeare and Stratford, in which Bellew is mightily chaffed ; we read the article aloud before Divine Service, and roared.² Congreve, the great supporter of Comte's Philosophy and an acquaintance of mine, as you are aware, also comes in for his share.

Here is a legal squib going the round of the Courts, anent the recent decision of the Privy Council (in *re Essays and Reviews*) which was pronounced by Lord Westbury. It is a feigned epitaph on the noble and learned lord. Brooks could only recollect the latter part of it, wherein the latest act of his life is thus recorded :—" He *dismissed Hell with costs*, thus depriving the Clergy of their last hope of eternal damnation."

Poor Mrs. Charles Dickens is in great grief at the loss of her second son, Walter Landor Dickens, who has died with his regiment in India of "aneurism of the heart"—the English of which is, I understand,

¹ Bedford Chapel, at the east part of New Oxford Street.

² Apropos of the Shakspeare Celebration Dinner at Stratford and the fact that Samuel Phelps had refused to play in the performances because Fechter had been cast for Hamlet, the writer of the article observed of Bellew, "already he does a stage manager's work and casts the characters in Bedford Chapel, New Oxford Street. . . . He has played and is playing many parts. . . . Cardinal Wolsey might suit the gravity of a clerical tragedian." Fechter, as a result of Phelps's attitude to him, refused in turn to appear ; and Helen Faucit declined to play because a Miss Stella Colas had been assigned the rôle of Juliet. Such were the theatrical jealousies of the time.

brandy pawnee and tobacco.¹ We must leave our cards upon her next week. Her grief is much enhanced by the fact that her husband has not taken any notice of the event to her, either by letter or otherwise. If anything were wanting to sink Charles Dickens to the lowest depth of my esteem, *this* fills up the measure of his iniquity. As a writer, I admire him ; as a man, I despise him.

I am very busy with *Stuart's Journals* just now. Weller (the celebrated Map Engraver) has executed a beautiful reduced map of the route across the Continent, as well as of his expedition in 1858 to the N.W. and down South to Denial Bay. It is an exact reproduction of the tracing of Stuart's map, now in my hands, and of which the Royal Geographical Society has also a finished and coloured copy. We are also having a small map of the whole continent to show the position of Stuart's route in relation to others and to the whole country. This is very necessary, as I find considerable confusion exists in the English mind as to Stuart and Burke and Wills, the former not getting the full credit for the *central* position of his explorations as compared with those of the latter unfortunate men.² Mr. Angas³ has made beautiful

¹ Walter Landor Dickens, a lieutenant in the 26th Native Indian Infantry, but doing duty with the 42nd Royal Highlanders, died suddenly at Calcutta on December 31st, 1863, aged twenty-two. He was on his way home on sick-leave from an up-country station, and was talking of his journey to England when a rush of blood from the mouth occurred, and he was dead.

² Robert O'Hara Burke, formerly of the Irish Constabulary and a captain in the Austrian Army, was the leader of the expedition to cross Australia from south to north in 1860. He reached the estuary of Flinders river in 1861, but was starved to death at Cooper's Creek, at the age of forty-one.

³ See *ante*, page 114.

drawings from Stuart's very feeble sketches. He has also made a most striking picture of Chambers's Pillar. His intimate acquaintance with the scenery and vegetation of Australia has enabled him to make good the explorer's deficiencies. I have seen and approved a specimen page of the work, which will be in good readable type; in fact, it will be a credit to the publisher, and honourable to the explorer and his fellow-colonists. Of my own work I will say nothing, but promise you a copy of the book as soon as it is out. I have cut out a good deal in his *earlier* explorations, and have remodelled multitudes of passages everywhere, for the Journal in its untouched form is frequently little better than a collection of *rough jottings*, without the slightest regard to literary composition. Stuart seems to be *almost* an illiterate person, and is assuredly the *driest stick* it was ever my ill fortune to meet with.

February 18th.—Your Christmas Day letter arrived this morning. By Jingo! you must have had a devil of a flooding and no mistake! But you do nothing by halves in Australia. If you have a hot day, it is a devil of a hot day. Hawker's brother George, writing from Adelaide in February, 1860, says, "The thermometer last month stood in the shade from 117° to 123° , and 158° in the sun. At Bunyarra on Sunday, January 22nd, it stood at 11 o'clock in the morning 118° under a thick thatched verandah facing the S.E. The heat was so intense that hundreds of birds were falling dead in every direction, and others flying into the houses for shelter. Crows, magpies, parrots—all kinds of birds—were lying gasping round the

well and troughs of Bunyarra." So if you have a flood, it is a very Beelzebub of a flood—the Yarra rises 40 feet, etc., etc., and when I came to that part of your letter which informs me that the "Great Britain" arrived during the storm, I fully expected that the next sentence would state that the large ship had anchored in Collins Street and become an extempore Noah's Ark for the floating colonists.

I am much interested in your account of your Swedish gymnast, and will do what I can to forward his interests in this metropolis. Being a dyspeptic myself, I shall certainly try his system. I have been very seedy this winter, and have had a sharp tussle with my digestive organs. I *exhibited* sulphuric acid in a diluted form, and thereby brought the enemy to terms. I have, however, definitely given up beer, and very considerably diminished my farinaceous food. The result is I am much thinner; I have lost nine pounds in weight, and am $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches less in girth. I am now barely 14 stone (as I am not quite a scarecrow) and the circumference of my tum-tum is reduced from $41\frac{1}{2}$ to 39 inches. My tailor has had to take a fresh measure, and to take *in* the waistband of my breeches. I enclose you a portrait of myself in knickerbockers, my black velvet suit.¹

I also send the first number of a new weekly journal called *The Realm*, which is supported by certain of the Conservative party, but is nevertheless a miserable production, except in the matter of type and paper. It has an article on Pam's co-correspondency, in which the compromise which I have detailed to you is very

¹ See *ante*, page 79.

broadly hinted at.¹ The article, in my opinion, is a disgrace to the paper.

February 19th.—Sir George Grey's Bill, introduced last night, puts an end to Australian Transportation, Hurrah !

¹ See *ante*, page 135. In the article in *The Realm* it was said O'Kane "permits Lord Palmerston to escape; but he considers him the guiltiest and most unworthy of octogenarians." *The Realm* only existed, apparently, from February to July, 1864.

MARCH, 1864.

I HAVE posted a special *Standard* for your wife, with the best account of the Royal Christening.¹ For some reason (which cannot possibly be satisfactory) the reporters of the public papers were excluded from the Chapel at Buckingham Palace. The official report of *The Court Circular*, cut and dried in due form, satisfied most journals, but Hamber² seems to have bagged a Gentleman-at-Arms, or an under-nurse, or the Exon of the Yeomen of the Guard (I have not a notion what an "Exon"³ may be—probably the positive degree of "Exor," the superlative being "Exhaust"!), or some other party who was present, and has thus obtained his facts. Anyhow, he tells us how the Queen embraced the Princess, kissed the Prince, and strove in vain to pacify "Albert Victor Christian Edward," who, like some scriptural young woman weeping for her children, would not be comforted, but howled in utter disregard of the most distinguished presence of his Grandam and great-grand uncle Leopold.

A few days back I received a most laughable epistle from our friend Alexander Albrecht, our Swiss guide

¹ That of the late Duke of Clarence.

² Captain Thomas Hamber, Editor of *The Standard*.

³ The origin of this word is obscure. Dr. Murray suggested it was intended to express the pronunciation of the French word "exempt" (an officer commanding in the absence of the captain).

of last year. I shall transcribe the whole of it for your amusement.

“ *VISP. March the 5, 1864.*

“ MY DEAR SIR !

“ The reason why I come again before your house with a littel letter and knock at the door is I, I am fearing that the long time I was never more in your kindly presence might me make to be forgotten by you ! But I don't hope it. II, I will relate you what misfortune is happened to Jo. Benen, guide from Firsch, Valais du Rhone, one of my friend. Benen left Sion, February the 29, with Devaseus from Martigny and two Russian gentlemen, meaning to make an excursion over the Dinhlereets. By crossing a steep place an avalanche fellet down killet Benen and Devaseus. It is not positive if not one of the Russian has lost his live. Loud dépêche télégraphique to Benen's relations, the burial will have place in Sion or in Ardon, Saturday March the fifth. III, I give you an explication from the winter. We have had a very cold winter this year. Indeed, nobody remembers such high and continually frosts since many years ago, but snow very littel. In the beginning of January we had 15° cold before the windows, and in the open field rather more than 25°. On the Hospice of the Simplon at once 27°. Now we have fine and warm weather, so that I hope the spring would be there directly ; and so I have passed the long and dreadful winter in good health. I bought and sold game like I never did. Before I shut my letter I wish you all a good health so that I can have the pleasure to see you very good-lucking into mountains next summer. I hope to have a letter from you before summer comes. Withe kind regards from me, ever believe me your sincere friend,

“ ALEX. ALBRECHT.

"I desire also my kind remembrances to Miss Hardman. Did not take care upon the quantity of mistakes, for I confess that I want once more English lessons."

Note.—The accident to poor Benen is indeed sad. He was well known to us of the Alpine Club as one of the boldest and most trustworthy of guides. His death has given us a severe shock. Hinchliff especially was much grieved when I told him, and so was Professor Tyndall. It is so mortifying to think that he should lose his life in a winter ascent of a mountain which in summer is almost free from snow. I believe the whole body of snow over which the party were going slipped with them, so that they literally made themselves into the avalanche which overwhelmed them. The word "Loud" is obscure, but I imagine it is used in the sense of sudden, startling, and that the verb is omitted. "Good-lucking" is not, as I conceive, intended for "good-looking," but is a new verb "to good luck"—to be fortunate or successful.

I shall send you a newspaper with a full account of the appalling catastrophe at Sheffield early on Saturday morning last, March 12th. It is certainly the most fearsome thing I ever heard of. A large reservoir burst and has absolutely *obliterated* at least one village, leaving only a sheet of mud such as is left by a receding tide in an estuary. It surpasses the celebrated Holmfirth catastrophe. The loss of life is unknown as yet. *The Times* has nearly extinguished me with howling laughter by a passage in its account of the great Sheffield Catastrophe. The writer was describing how a bed, in which were two small boys, was

floated up towards the ceiling of the room : one of the boys, by keeping his hand against the ceiling, prevented himself from being suffocated, but the other, says the writer, " jumped out of bed, and was drowned in the chamber ! " Poor little fellow—that I should have to laugh at his death ! I fully sympathise with the hideous terrors of that fearful night, but—*The Times* should not admit a sentence so capable of *double entendre*.

I have already remarked that these are troublous times ; I say so again, but with increased seriousness. So far as I can judge, we are surely drifting into a great European war. The end of it is difficult to foresee. A year ago, I recollect saying to Mary Anne that happily there was not the smallest prospect of any division between the Prince of Wales and his mother—of the creation of that old bugbear, a " Prince's Party." *Now*, it is well known that the Prince warmly espouses the Danish Cause,¹ openly curses the Germans in no measured terms, and, I suspect, would gladly give material support to his father-in-law. The Queen takes the German view, acting upon a memorandum left by the Prince Consort, and is at issue with her Ministers and with the feelings of the nation. I should not be in the least surprised if she were to abdicate if we have to go to war with Germany. Such a war would necessitate a closer alliance with Napoleon, and would strengthen the position of his dynasty on the throne of France. Victoria's strong friendship for the Orleans family causes her to loathe such an alliance. There seems to be little doubt that Russia, Austria,

¹ See *ante*, page 133.

and Prussia have again revived the Holy Alliance, and are determined to extinguish constitutional government in Europe, if that be possible. It cannot be possible, yet the existence of these despotisms depends on its extinction. Italy has an army of 300,000 men, which cannot be kept in idleness without making the country bankrupt. I expect every day to hear that she has "gone in for" Austria. Many residents at Rome have received strange warnings that they had better leave that city if they have any regard for their lives and property. An insurrection has broken out in the Austrian province of Gallicia. The Polish cause is looking up. Sweden is evidently prepared to join with her Scandinavian brethren in Denmark. France alone is quiet—but her very quiet is ominous. Whenever you hear, as we did the other day, that the Emperor has granted increased leave to large numbers of his soldiers, you may be quite sure that he means mischief, and that the leave, which can be recalled in a moment, is only a blind. There is a rumour that the Emperor Napoleon has been hostile lately in his attitude towards Prussia, while his dealings with the Austrian Cabinet have been conducted in a very conciliatory tone, which seems as if he wished to bring about a rupture between the two great German powers. The Emperor of Austria's brother, the Archduke Maximilian, has just been to Paris, to arrange with Napoleon about his Mexican throne, and report says that the cordiality is complete.¹ A strange rumour from Copenhagen tells

¹ The Crown of Mexico had been vacant since the execution in 1824 of Augustin Iturbide, the first and self-appointed Emperor. The Archduke Maximilian accepted Napoleon's plan,

us of a gigantic conspiracy which has just been "blown upon," whose object is the annexation of Denmark, Jutland, and the Duchies to Sweden, and the formation of a great Scandinavian Kingdom, like the new Italian Kingdom, with the prospective conquest of Pomerania ! It is not impossible there may be some truth in this, as the conduct of Sweden has been peculiar and lukewarm towards Denmark : I mean the conduct of the Swedish Government—not of the people, who have shown strong Danish sympathies.

I am in the thick of proof sheets of *Stuart's Journals*. A few weeks more, and we shall be before the public—"Edited, with an introductory notice, by William Hardman, M.A., F.R.G.S."—that is the sort of thing I fancy. . . . When Stuart is out, I shall probably edit a series of letters from Queensland, if, on perusal, they seem to me to be worth printing. I am told they are not very favourable, giving a somewhat dark picture of difficulty and discomfort in the new colony. I have lost so much time from illness, that I am greatly pressed just now, and am as busy as I well can be. I like to be fully occupied, and know no pleasure comparable to the feeling that there is lots to do. Idleness takes all zest away from a holiday. I write to you with additional impetus, when I am conscious that there is work waiting to be completed.

The members of our House of Commons have

and arrived at Vera Cruz, as the new Emperor of Mexico, in May, 1864. He was executed—or, rather, murdered—three years later. His widow, Charlotte, daughter of King Leopold the First of Belgium, and first cousin of Queen Victoria, is still living in an asylum in Belgium, for her mental health gave way as the result of her terrible experiences in Mexico.

been revelling in personal questions for the last fortnight, firstly over this Government Annuities Bill, the object of which is to exterminate those pernicious "Friendly Societies," "Foresters," and all those pretences to provide funds for the old age or incapacity of the poor man which are in reality mere excuses to drink, eat, and smoke. I know a case of one poor old fellow (since dead) who subscribed regularly to his "Club" for forty years, and, when he wanted assistance in old age, could not obtain a sixpence. This by the way : to proceed. By bringing in this Bill, Mr. Gladstone has (as I believe, intentionally) cast a slur on Mr. H. B. Sheridan, the member for Dudley, who is largely connected with Bubble Insurance Offices. Hence a shindy. I think that Sheridan has rather the best of it with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, whereof am I sorry ; but it could not be helped ; so many members reside in glass houses that they are strongly opposed to throwing stones as a principle. I like not Gladstone, but in this case he has my cordial approval. The tactics of the Conservative Party under Dizzy have simply been contemptible in this matter. As to Sheridan, he was originally a lawyer's clerk of an ambitious turn of mind, who, having the talent for getting up Insurance Companies by means not the most honourable, has reaped large pecuniary benefit. Watching his opportunity, a contested election at Dudley gave him the chance of stepping in and conciliating the electors, and he was returned triumphantly to the utter amazement of everyone. I know privately that he sent a volume of his poems to the Hon. Mrs. Norton, remarking that

she would see that the poetic talent ran in the family. The lady returned the volume uncut.¹

The other, and more important, personal question has been that of Stansfeld, Junior Lord of the Admiralty, and his connection with Mazzini. In the Greco conspiracy,² recently discovered at Paris, a letter from Mazzini was found among Greco's papers, in which Mazzini's address was given as "Mr. Flower, 35, Thurloe Square, Brompton." The Procureur-Impérial looked at a London Directory and discovered that 35, Thurloe Square was the abode of Mr. Stansfeld, M.P., a member of our Government ! You will agree that this was devilish awkward and required explanation. Mr. Stansfeld treated the matter most cavalierly, and in his speech, on February 29th, said : " As to letters addressed to Mr. Flower, my Hon. Friend wishes to know if I have any knowledge of them. I have *no knowledge* of them. . . . I have not, and never had, the slightest knowledge of proceedings of this character, and I have not been the medium which some honourable gentlemen seem to imagine." In his speech on Thursday last, March 17th, he contradicts this first statement flatly, as follows :—

" Mr. Mazzini's letters, as the House will easily understand, have not for many years been able to reach him through the foreign post if addressed in his own name. He has therefore very naturally asked his various English friends —of whom I am one—to allow

¹ Mrs. Norton, the poetess, was a daughter of Tom Sheridan and granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

² A plot against the life of the Emperor Napoleon the Third.

letters to be addressed to their houses. Letters for him have in that way been addressed to my house among others. Those letters to him have not been addressed to my house under the name which has been mentioned here. They have been addressed to my house under the name, among others, of 'Signor Fiore' . . . The name 'Flower' is, as the House of course understands, the translation of the word 'Fiore'; but I do not believe that any letters were ever addressed to my house for Mr. Mazzini in the name of 'Flower.' "

There is evidently contradiction and paltry quibbling in this latter speech; so of course nobody believes the Junior Lord of the Admiralty except certain enthusiasts like George Meredith. He and I have had serious arguments, and I never saw him so angry as he was the other night. During the day or so before I had been poking him up with, "Well, Meredith, what do you think of Mazzini now?" and such-like chaffy queries. He has often endeavoured to induce me to believe in Mazzini, but I have always resisted, telling him that I attributed all the good in Italy to Cavour's genius and Garibaldi's lion pluck, and that I despised Mazzini as a mere conspirator who took good care to keep himself out of harm's way. As to his complicity in the Greco affair, I see no reason to doubt it. Of course no one suspects Stansfeld of any knowledge of the conspiracy against the Emperor's life; but, after taking office under Lord Pam, he ought to have stopped the sending of letters to his house. As to the name Fiore or Flower, in street Italian "mazza di fiore" means a bunch of flowers, and is shortened into

“mazza,” while “mazzini” means a little bunch or bunches—hence the origin of the name. However, the affair has been patched up, and Stansfeld, whose services in the financial reform of the Admiralty are really valuable, remains in the Ministry.

Hardman's final statement proved to be incorrect. Sir James Stansfeld (1820–1898)—he was knighted in 1895—did resign his office later in 1864, owing to the suspicion that he was in correspondence with the conspirators against the life of the Emperor Napoleon the Third, though Lord Palmerston had accepted his explanation as satisfactory. However, Stansfeld's eclipse was only temporary, as he became Under-Secretary for India in 1866; a Privy Councillor in 1869, and Financial Secretary to the Treasury. Later on he was President of the Local Government Board. He was Liberal M.P. for Halifax 1859–1895. His friendship with Mazzini came about entirely through his wife, for Mrs. Stansfeld and her sister, Madame Emilie Venturi (daughters of Mr. Ashurst), were Mazzini's most devoted friends. Mazzini described Caroline Stansfeld as “my dearest friend in London, and one of the best women I know.” Apparently it was not publicly known at the time that Mazzini, whenever he was in London during the years 1862–1871, lived at No. 2, Onslow Terrace (now called 18, Fulham Road). This house was close to 35, Thurloe Square, and it was doubtless convenient for his more secret letters to be delivered near by under another name. At 18, Fulham Road his letters were addressed to Signor T. Ernesti, but his real identity was of course known to his landlady, Mrs. France, to his many English friends, and probably to police agents and spies. It seems

evident that the Italian Government considered it unwise to arrest Mazzini, for he constantly went abroad without interference. An account of Mazzini at 18, Fulham Road will be found in Mrs. Hamilton King's *Recollections of Mazzini*, wherein she pictures the slender, ascetic figure of the patriot of the wonderful eyes in the small front room, littered with books and papers, over which fluttered and flew his tame canaries. Some years ago, Miss M. F. Frith, the present occupier of 18, Fulham Road, was approached by Mr. C. E. Maurice, a friend of the Stansfelds and other English admirers of Mazzini, to obtain permission to erect a memorial plaque on the house recording its association with the great Italian, but the project was not carried out by the promoter.

Hardman's account of Meredith's angry defence of Mazzini is interesting, for just at this date, the spring of 1864, Meredith was commencing his great romance of the Italian revolt, *Vittoria*, which contains that wonderful picture of Mazzini, when, at the outset of the story, the patriot is seen standing on the heights amid "the hanging forests; the pointed crags; the gleam of the distant rose-shadowed snows. . . . He was a man of middle stature, thin, and even frail, as he stood defined against the sky; with the complexion of the student and the student's aspect. . . . The eyes were dark as the forest's border is dark; not as a night is dark. . . . The side-view of his face was an expression of classic beauty rarely now to be beheld. . . . It was severe; the tender serenity of the full bow of the eyes relieved it. . . . The chin was firm; on it, and on the upper lip, there was a clipped growth of black hair. . . . His smile was quite unclouded, and came softly as a curve in water . . ."

Meredith read a good deal of *Vittoria* in manuscript to Madame Venturi (Mrs. Stansfeld's sister), who pronounced the Italian colouring to be correct.

Even more enthusiastic than Meredith for Mazzini and the cause of Italy's freedom was Swinburne. When at Balliol he had a portrait of Mazzini hanging in his room, and before this picture he would declaim eulogistic verses with gestures of adoration. At this period he wrote an *Ode to Mazzini*, 1857; his *Song of Italy* appeared in 1867. The *Ode to Mazzini* commences:—

“ A voice comes from the far unsleeping years
An echo from the rayless verge of time . . .
And hearts made hard and blind with endless pain,
And eyes too dim to fear
The light of the free air . . .
And valiant lives worn out . . .
All these cry out to thee
As thou to Liberty,
All looking up to thee, take heart and life again.”

The manuscript of the *Ode* was discovered at “The Pines” after Swinburne's death, and it was first printed, privately, in 1909. The original manuscript is now in the collection of Mr. T. J. Wise, and with it is a letter from Swinburne describing how he met Mazzini at 2, Winchester Road, Adelaide Road, N.W., the house of Mr. Karl Blind, who “conferred on me the very highest obligation I can ever owe to any man, by presenting me to Mazzini.”

The University Boat Race came off on Saturday and resulted in a tremendous licking for Cambridge: they were beaten by twelve boat lengths!! The day was splendid, and nothing was to be desired except a better crew for our old Alma Mater. My friend Dodson (M.P.) is vigorously endeavouring to pass a

Bill for Abolition of Tests at Oxford through the House. If he succeeds, it will only place Oxford on the same footing as Cambridge, which is but fair. I attribute our recent defeats on the Thames to the admixture of Little Bethel—to the admission of Dissenters. The Physique of the University is thereby lowered, for who could reasonably expect that Salem, Ebenezer, or Bethseda, could possibly produce anything worthy of being put in a University Eight? ¹ Besides, the Eight, which has just been so grievously walloped, actually included *the Pembroke* man!—which proves how hard up they must have been on the Cam this year.² Unbeliever as I am, I hate Dissenters!

¹ This is one of Hardman's most characteristic Tory *obiter dictum*. He could not conceive, of course, the modern cult of athletics followed by youths of the working-classes. "Muscular Christianity" only began, so to speak, with *Tom Brown's School Days*, 1857, and its author, Thomas Hughes, was one of the first University men to promote the bodily and spiritual welfare of the workers.

² It is remarkable evidence of how much behaviour and manners have changed in sixty years to note an unpleasant incident related in W. B. Woodgate's *Reminiscences of an Old Sportsman*. On the eve of the University Boat Race of 1862, the author and the other members of the rival crews assembled in a room at the Star and Garter Hotel, Richmond, in order to see a cat killed by a dog. For this curious conception of a "sporting" contest Oxford provided the cat and the dog, and Cambridge paid for the room. The body of the cat, after the "sportsmen" had enjoyed the pleasure of hearing its vertebræ snap in the jaws of the dog, was flung into the river, and they duly saw it again next day when it floated by on the tide just as the crews were launching their boats for the race. It may or may not be proof that cruelty is incompatible with greatness, but the fact remains that the members of the two crews in question did not attain to any distinction in after life—distinction, that is, of the kind which wins a record in *The Dictionary of National Biography*: apparently only one finds a place there, and that merely as an athlete and writer on sport.

The last mail brought me a letter from J. McDouall Stuart dated Cobdogla Station, wherever that may be. He is undoubtedly an illiterate person, for he speaks of his "atchiefments." Ho ! Ho ! he has a notion that they have been moderated : at any rate they have been misspelt !

The Saturday Review has an able article on the Horticultural Gardens, which are in a failing condition. The Committee are going to inaugurate clubs for *croquet* and *bowls* !—and the reviewer foresees a *fashionable Cremorne* as the result of the mistaken scheme for planning *Horticultural* Gardens within the region of London smoke. The article concludes as follows : " Of course, if ladies and gentlemen are to be found ready and willing to spend their money on grounds close to Rotten Row, where they can exhibit Spring bonnets, polished boots, and their skill at croquet, with its connected pursuits of flirtation and every other 'ation, the £60,000 Gardens at Brompton are a very good site for these noble purposes." Sola ! it seems to me that the reviewer in this instance has half an eye on Priapus !

The Horticultural Gardens occupied the major portion of the site now bounded by the Albert Hall and Cromwell Road to north and south, and Exhibition Road and Queen's Gate to east and west. The northern portion of the Gardens were originally those of Gore House, where the Countess of Blessington and Count D'Orsay lived until their departure for Paris in 1849. The Albert Hall has replaced the pleasant salons of Gore House, where met such diversified personalities as Dickens, Thackeray, Prince Louis

Napoleon (later the Emperor), Captain Marryat, Wellington, Disraeli, Walter Savage Landor, and the Countess Guiccioli. The southern part of the Gardens adjoined the Exhibition Buildings of 1862, and the central portion was still unbuilt upon twenty years later when it formed the pleasure grounds of the Exhibitions of 1883-1886, known as "The Fisheries," "The Healtheries," "The Inventories," and "The Colinderies" (Colonial and Indian). The Imperial Institute and other educational buildings now stand on the site of these former horticultural and pleasure resorts. The present Victoria and Albert Museum is built upon the grounds of a large mansion known as Brompton Park, the entrance gates of which were opposite to Thurloe Square. One of the last occupants of Brompton Park, in 1851, was the third Earl Talbot (who became Earl of Shrewsbury in 1856).

Good Friday.—We are in the agonies of removal, or rather we are not *removing* but *furnishing* our new abode at Thames Cottage, Hampton—our new country villa on the banks of the Thames. I am the happy owner of a punt, into which I can get from landing-stairs at the bottom of my own garden! I have a summer-house overhanging the river, and look forward to many pipes, and much catching of gudgeon and dace. Again comes the old refrain: "I would that my E. D. H. could be with me there."

We came up to town yesterday afternoon to go to the Theatrical Fund dinner, presided over most ably by Shirley Brooks. I say *we*, for Mary Anne accompanied Mrs. Brooks to the Ladies' compartment. We had a most amusing evening. I was introduced to Buck-

stone, Mark Lemon,¹ Sothern ("Lord Dundreary")² Bateman³ (the father of the celebrated actress Miss Bateman), Flower (the Mayor of Stratford-upon-Avon, not Mazzini's *Flower*). We are going down again to-day to Hampton.⁴ Time presses. I must away. Farewell.

¹ Then Editor of *Punch*.

² See page 236 of the first volume of this work.

³ Hezekiah Linthicum Bateman (1812-1875), actor, born in America. During his management of the Lyceum Theatre, 1870-1875, Henry Irving first attained fame in *The Bells*.

⁴ To Thames Cottage. The house is now called The Hermitage.

APRIL, 1864

I WRITE this sixtieth letter—I am delighted that my letters interest you so much, for I sometimes fear that they are but sorry productions—from our villa on the banks of the Thames,¹ where we are located, children, governess, and all, for a few weeks until our house in town has got some attics manufactured in its roof. This country air makes quite another man of me : I go early to bed, I rise betimes at seven o'clock and breakfast at eight with the youngsters ; at half-past I am in my boat, which rides quietly moored to the iron railings at the bottom of the garden. I row down to the lock (Molesey) in order to get *The Times*, etc., at the railway station. It arrives at 8.30. In the conservatory (rather a grand name for so small a glass-house) under the, at present, imperfect shade of my own vine, I correct proofs which have come in by the morning's or previous evening's post, and go in for indexing, for we are in the very throes and agonies of publishing at the present time. The bright sunlight and the delicious repose cast a halo even around proof sheets. My labours are varied by the destruction of a wasp or the expulsion of a stray bumble bee of portentous dimensions, whose boisterous buzzing disturbs me. This evening Mary Anne received her

¹ Hardman evidently rented Thames Cottage, Hampton, from, or on the recommendation of, his friend, the Rev. J. M. Bellew, who was living at the Cottage in the early spring of 1863.

first lesson in sculling, and most execrably did she acquit herself. If we could only have boiled the crabs she caught, we should have had food for many days ; as it is, they only afford food for reflection, and I hope she will lay them to heart (where I pray they may not sit heavily) and so be induced to improve. I cannot get her to “ lay her back well into it,” and she will persist in “ pulling herself up to her oar.”¹

April 19th.—We have had a day to be marked with white chalk. From sunrise to sunset no cloud has obscured the sky, not even one so large as a man’s hand. We were tempted to go for a long row, so, at about 12.45, we embarked at our own stairs, and floated down with the stream, which was largely increased by the heavy rains of Saturday, past Hampton Court and Kingston to Teddington Lock, where we left our boat in charge of the lock-keeper, and walked on to Richmond to call on our friends the Newmans, who live in the well-known Tower House close by Richmond Bridge.² After lunch there (at 3 o’clock) we started back, taking boat again at the lock at 4 o’clock. The lock-keeper lent me a tow-rope and I hauled away, while Mary Anne sat and steered. I varied my occupation by pulling now and then, but the stream was so strong I did as little of that as I

¹ The gallant Mrs. Hardman will have the sympathy of every reader in her efforts to scull when the feminine dress of the period is remembered—voluminous skirts over a crinoline, a heavy shawl or tight jacket, and a high bonnet ; though perhaps a pork-pie hat was donned for these aquatic sports.

² The Tower House still stands by Richmond Bridge, though its occupants and visitors on that pleasant, sunny day of April, over sixty-one years ago, have passed on long since and will never see it more.

could. As it was, we were two and a half hours in reaching Molesey Lock, and it was 7 o'clock when we disembarked at our cottage. I feel as tired as if I had done a very good day's work, and shall shortly retire to bed with that wholesome sense of fatigue which is satisfactorily conducive to sound sleep. We have most thoroughly enjoyed one of those days which our English spring *sometimes* produces, but which is almost inevitably sure to be followed by colder weather. The evening's post brings proofs, but I am not in a proofy frame of mind. A letter from Adelaide by the last mail announces the death of Mr. Finke, who, as you know, with Mr. James Chambers, was Stuart's great assister in the matter of funds and other support.

Shakspeare and Garibaldi struggle with each other for supremacy at the present time, and I suspect that the latter will prove the better man. I was going to say the living ass would prove better than the dead lion, but I will not, for I have a profound admiration for him, and Garibaldi, even in the exigencies of proverbial expression, could not be called an "ass." Yet I have not seen him. I hate friction to an unlimited extent with the filth and frowsiness of the great metropolis; and as the General has been received and followed everywhere by frantic thousands, and I have had other things to attend to, I have not got in his way. The mob is mad, hopelessly mad! The people struggle to shake hands with him, and nearly wrench his arms off.

Garibaldi had arrived in London on April 11th, 1864. He was received with the greatest enthusiasm, and he stood up in the open carriage to bow

his acknowledgments. He was bare-headed, and wore a grey cloak over the famous red shirt. On the 14th he attended a performance at the Italian Opera, when Mario and Grisi sang in *Norma* and a scene from *Masaniello*. Garibaldi sat in the front of his box with a far-away and abstracted gaze.

Here are some authentic stories of General Garibaldi. He came to Stafford House, where the Duchess of Sutherland provided half a dozen red flannel shirts for the distinguished guest, and had them placed ready to his hand. At the end of the visit five of the shirts were found untouched. He had worn only one shirt through all that heat, dust, and turmoil. While in England, a slipper of the General's was sent to a celebrated surgical bandage-maker's to have something made for his wounded foot. During the time the slipper was at the shop it was kissed by more than two hundred ladies. I have this on the authority of a friend who knows the bandage-maker, dined at his house, and saw the slipper.

The Crystal Palace has been the great scene of Garibaldi's receptions of addresses and such-like. Twenty-five thousand half-crowns and a corresponding number of shillings have gone to swell the receipts of that establishment and produce, if possible, a dividend for the unhappy shareholders. This, I conceive, to be actually degrading; but, then, where else could he meet such masses of people? I don't think any man ever received such a magnificent welcome from the people of England. As might be expected, France looks very grim at our doings, and Napoleon is supposed, with truth, to be a good deal

“put out.” It was thought advisable to send Lord Clarendon on a special mission to Paris to smooth matters over. His Lordship has just returned, and, singularly enough, his return is immediately followed by the announcement that the General’s health has given way under his labours of love, and that he will leave these shores on Friday next in a hurry for Caprera, in the Duke of Sutherland’s yacht.

Thursday April 21st.—*The Standard* has been behaving in a most incomprehensible fashion. Yesterday Hamber was in a state of frantic rage about Garibaldi’s departure. The General was about to be driven from our shores by one of the most ignoble intrigues ever concocted ; he was to be pusillanimously sacrificed to some back-stairs cabal ; the working-men of Great Britain were asked whether the honoured guest of themselves and the whole nation was to be hunted forth from the shelter of our freedom because the Whigs had a diplomatic purpose to serve ; *The Standard*, alias Hamber, wanted to know why Garibaldi was thus kicked from off the English soil ; with much more to the same purpose. A letter was published in leader type, signed “An Englishman,” in which I recognise Hamber’s well-known fist, averring on positive knowledge that the statement that Garibaldi’s health is the cause of his sudden withdrawal is FALSE. So much for yesterday ; I was indignant and awaited anxiously this morning’s paper. When I got it I was amazed and disgusted to find Master Hamber roaring as gently as a sucking-dove ! Some pressure had evidently been brought to bear. I think Hamber is a *leetle* rash.

Finding that the General was to lunch with Earl Russell at Pembroke Lodge, Richmond Park, we started for a walk to Richmond this afternoon. Arriving in the Park at 2 o'clock we found crowds of people waiting to see the old boy. In a few minutes he arrived in a shabby turn-out, procured I presume by his host Mr. Seely, and driving rapidly. However, we were gratified by a close view of the red shirt and well-known face of the veteran. A grave, unassuming, simple, honest face, with hair not so grey as I anticipated. We were satisfied, for we should not have liked Garibaldi to leave the country without our having seen him. The weather was most glorious, the sky blue and cloudless with a strong southerly breeze blowing. The Park was gay with multitudes of well-dressed ladies and the town was decked with banners. A lot of asses were attired in the trumpery scarves and other abominations that the British Oddfellow and Forester induces himself with on festive occasions, thereby rendering himself supremely ridiculous to the thoughtful mind.

So much for Garibaldi and now for "The Divine William." To-morrow is his birthday, and festivities commence at Stratford and elsewhere. In these doings I take no part, nor am I in the smallest degree interested. "Fiasco" has hitherto been written on the brow of every one connected with the affair. Phelps has made a damned fool of himself.¹ Hepworth Dixon (Editor of *The Athenæum*) and the rest of the Committee have made a complete muddle of their share of the business. My friend Bellew has been

¹ See *ante*, page 147 n.

abused up hill and down dale without in any way deserving it, for he acted for the best without any intention of giving offence. Shirley Brooks, Robert Bell, etc., by seceding from the Committee bitched the London part of the festival. And so on. Poor Fechter, the best-natured fellow in the world, is abused like a pickpocket, because, after Phelps's preposterous conduct, he declined to perform Hamlet at Stratford. If Shakspeare could come to life again, he would be distracted, and, if he did not speak his celebrated soliloquy, and, deciding the question in the affirmative, instantly commit suicide, he was not the man I have taken him to be. Poor W. Shakspeare! after being knocked up by spiritualists at frequent intervals of late, and with the present turmoil hurtling round his name and memory, his spirit must have a mouldy *time* of it in *eternity* just now.

Monday, April 25th.—We have run up to town as usual on Monday, and Mary Anne has met Bellew and his wife in their pony phaeton. He is wild about some libel that has appeared in *The Standard* last week, and had called upon me twice without finding me at home. I had taken the trouble to ask Hamber to avoid offending him in the Tercentenary business as much as possible, but I suppose some underling has got a paragraph in.

A good joke in the House the other night. A debate was being held on the subject of Nunneries and Monasteries in this country; an indignant member, whose name I forget, said that he felt sure by means of these establishments "many young

women had been seduced ” (“ Oh ! Oh ! ”)—“ I do not mean *practically* seduced ” (great laughter).

A most ridiculous occurrence happened to me the other day. I was coming from the City with a lot of music under my arm, wind blowing in frantic gusts. I had crossed from Guilford Street to the enclosure of Russell Square, when a terrible gust swept from Woburn Place and carried my hat clean over the railings and trees into the middle of the square. There was no one in the enclosure—no gardener or nursery-maid ; I could not get bare-headed over the iron railing—a profound joke to small boys. I decided instantly, I must hoist my umbrella and keep it down over my head,¹ while I called a cab, and made the best of my way home, leaving my ridiculous and faithless hat to brave the pitiless storm all by itself. Fortunately it was my second-best tile.

A more absurd adventure happened a few days back to Mary Anne. I hope it will be a warning to Annie in the matter of *crinoline*. It happened in this wise (foolish ?). M. A. and I went to call on a Mr. Philips of Surbiton, about some property which, as executor, he had for sale.² We did not know each other in the least, and our visit was purely of business. Mr. Philips is a *Parsoon*, and as it turned out the most imperturbable Parsoon in the matter of laughter whom it was ever my misfortune to meet. After sitting by ourselves in the drawing-room for ten minutes, Mr. Philips entered, and of course we rose and bowed

¹ To be hatless in the open air was equivalent to seeking Death (of cold) in mid-Victorian days.

² Garrick's Villa at Hampton-on-Thames.

formally. Mary Anne had been sitting on a low "Prie-Dieu" chair, and her obeisances were so graceful and effective that, in bowing forward, her skirts tipped up the "Pray-God," which fell noiselessly. Dire was the result that followed Mr. Philips's request that we should "be seated." Mary Anne in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, was deposited helplessly between the extended legs of the "Pray-God"! I could not have helped her, all I could do was to say, "Goodness gracious! what an absurd opening to a conversation!" The gravest of Parsoons advanced, and without a smile assisted my preposterous wife to her feet, saying "I hope you are not hurt." She and I did not know what to do, for the desire to laugh was all-devouring, and he would not afford us an opportunity. Bursting, we cut short our interview, and became hysterical in the road outside his house.

I enclose a slip from *The Times* on the Shakspeare celebrations at Primrose Hill, the planting the oak, etc. It will amuse you.

The Shakspeare Tercentenary seems to have been altogether a failure. As already related, the theatrical jealousies of leading artistes like Samuel Phelps, Fechter, and Helen Faucit, deprived the performances at Stratford-on-Avon of their services. In London, there were performances of plays by Shakspeare at a few of the theatres, but the only out-of-door or popular celebration seems to have been this rather incongruous affair of Samuel Phelps planting an oak sapling (presented by Queen Victoria from Windsor Park) at the foot of Primrose Hill. The leading literary men of the time took no part in it, and the demonstration was



MARY ANNE, MRS. HARDMAN

(Photograph by William Hardman)

arranged entirely by "The Working Men's Shakspeare Committee," whose headquarters were at the Whittington Club. Phelps planted the oak, and some commemorative verses by Eliza Cook (the author of *The Old Arm Chair*) were read in that poetess's absence by Mr. Henry Marston, and Mr. Linnæus Banks made a speech. Later the party held a "Musical and Dramatic Fête" in the Agricultural Hall, Islington, when a Colossal Tercentenary Bust of the Bard, executed by Mr. Charles Bacon, was crowned in the People's Name by Tragedy and Comedy, the while was sung a Grand Chorale, "England's Music King." In the concert that followed, J. L. Toole sang (perhaps appropriately) *A Horrible Tale*, and Paul Bedford his (or rather Ainsworth's) famous ballad of *Jolly Nose*, which he had first warbled in the dramatic version of *Jack Sheppard* at the Adelphi Theatre in 1839. Perhaps for the Shakspeare Tercentenary the song was considered Falstaffian :—

" Jolly Nose ! the bright rubies that garnish thy tip
Were dug from the mines of Canary ;
And to keep up their lustre I moisten my lip
With hogsheads of claret and sherry.
For a big-bellied glass is the palette I use,
And the choicest of wine is my colour ;
And I find that my nose takes the mellowest hues,
The fuller I fill it,—the fuller."

So much for the honours paid to Shakspeare in the land of his birth. Perhaps we shall do better in 1964. In 1864, apparently the literary men held aloof because of the slight offered to Thackeray (see *ante*, page 118), and the general lack of organisation or suitable plans.

MAY, 1864

*Thames Cottage,
Hampton, Middlesex.*

Whitsunday Evening, May 17th, 1864.—Yours came to hand (as the clerks say in the City) this morning. Mary Anne immediately exclaimed, “Well, what is it: a boy or a girl? Be quick; open it and see.” *Alas!* we must wait till next mail, trusting however that it may not be *a lass!* I have enjoyed your letter enormously: to read it in this most delicious of all abodes, this little Paradise, shaded by richly blooming chestnuts, with a glorious sun shining over my head, was truly glorious. While I write this I hear great trouts leaping in the moonlight. When the fishing season commences (on June 1st) I expect that some of those splashing worthies will fall a prey to the flies of your friend. The weather for the last few days has been of the most brilliant summer; thermometer 77° to 80° in the shade. This is almost unparalleled for the middle of May. The holiday folk have invaded us by thousands. I see from the papers that more people visited the Zoological Gardens yesterday (Whit-Monday) than ever before on any one day. Thirty-one thousand, one hundred and seven were present. My roses are coming out in profusion; I could cut enough to fill a bushel measure already.

I enclose you a slip from *The Times*, containing a full account of “The Circassian Exodus,” as it is

called, which has excited much interest in this country. It is the remarkable and pathetic termination to a struggle among the most heroic on record. The capture of their last stronghold by the Russians was the signal for 300,000 human beings—warriors, women, and children—to forsake their home and flock in one forlorn, unwieldy mass to the shores of the Black Sea, where, awaiting the precarious chances of shipment to Trebizond, they have endured famine and have been smitten by pestilence and have died by thousands. It is the closing spectacle of a tremendous tragedy. The Turks have done their best in this emergency. The Sultan has subscribed *ten thousand pounds* from his privy purse for their assistance. A goodly number of the warriors have been taken into the military service of the Porte, and a certain provision has been made for the remainder of the helpless beings who have suddenly fallen upon an exhausted Treasury. But it is almost a positive calculation that death by means of disease and want will sweep away two-thirds of the existing remnant of a broken-hearted race. Circassia ceases to be a nation. The Circassians are no more.

General Garibaldi has landed from the Duke of Sutherland's yacht at Caprera, and has positively refused to receive the money subscription which was being collected for him. I expected he would decline it, though I think he would have been induced to accept it in some other form than coin. Suppose, for instance, the rest of the island of Caprera, which does not already belong to him, had been purchased and presented; or if a yacht fully fitted out had been offered for his acceptance. However, he is gone, and,

I think, is well out of the way. The indications of the dangers we have escaped in his visit to this country are numerous. That infernal "People's Committee" have been remarkably well bamboozled, and they do not feel themselves the less aggrieved for it. All their grand demonstrations have turned somehow or other to vapour; no political capital has been got out of them, though there have been marchings and processions with curious emblematic flags and rash devices and all the lunatic show of an absurdly imagined celebration. Naturally enough the members of the Committee (or "Comity" as they call it) are very angry, and they desire to know whom they are to be angry with. They have been sending delegates about to everybody for the sake of ascertaining this point. Latterly they have called on Mr. Gladstone to make enquiries, dashed with a few suggestive reproaches. The Chancellor of the Exchequer was deliberately courteous, tempering his saturnine aspect to mollify them as much as possible. The question put was "Why did Garibaldi leave?" "Did not the Government put pressure upon him to induce him to quit our shores?" being ostensibly implied. Behind it the meaning was, "Why were we not allowed to make the best of him? Why, alas! was he caught away from our clutch?" Mr. Gladstone spoke like a man whose profound belief was, that having sat down to one of Lord Palmerston's dinners, Garibaldi had had enough of England, or, at least, his doctors thought so. The deputation evidently believed that whatever the quality of the Premier's dinner it was not all it should have been and that it had given our distinguished visitor

a distaste for real Radical dinners; that the whole system of the reception of the hero has been an aristocratic scheme to belittle the "People"—a widespread idea, and who shall declare it is a false one?

There was undoubtedly some mystery about Garibaldi's sudden departure from England, and the consequent cancelling of his engagements to visit the great industrial towns of the north. Gladstone and other members of the Government stated that the General's health was the cause of this change of plan, and they were supported by the English doctor who was in attendance on the famous visitor. But Garibaldi's own personal doctor, Basile, asserted the General's health to be perfectly satisfactory, and that his wound no longer required any surgical care. Further, his friend and host, Mr. Seely, M.P.,¹ stated at a meeting of the Working Men's Garibaldi Reception Committee that his guest's health would certainly have permitted him to visit a few of the big centres, but Garibaldi said, "If I cannot visit all the towns I have promised, I will leave England at once." And in a letter to J. Richardson, a member of the Committee, Garibaldi wrote, "I feel *obliged* to leave England." A member of this Working Men's Reception Committee was Wilfrid Lawson (1829-1906), M.P., who had not then succeeded to his baronetcy, but was, as ever, an ardent reformer and Temperance advocate. The Garibaldi business was mishandled by the Government, for it gave the Working Men's Committee an excuse for suggesting that Queen Victoria, at

¹ Charles Seely (1803-1887), of Prince's Gate, London, and Brooke House, Isle of Wight, M.P. for Lincoln. Father of Sir Charles Seely, first Baronet, and grandfather of Colonel John Seely, M.P., Secretary of State for War, and D.S.O.

the instigation of the Emperor Napoleon, had something to do with Garibaldi's unexpected departure, and they passed a resolution repudiating "any such culpable subservience to Royal dictation at home or abroad."

I am rather sorry to find you siding with these beastly Germans against the plucky Danes. I have a strong liking for Denmark and a profound contempt and hatred for all that is German. I cheer for the Danes with all my heart, but I consider that the demonstrations of sympathy for this brave people in the House of Commons the other night, when the victory was announced, were ill-advised. If we do not fight the Germans, it is absurd to go on provoking them. If England, for example, had met with a disaster of a similar kind and we heard that the Berlin Chambers had roared with rapture we should not take the news affably or forget it easily. Let the country express its feelings: but the House is a place for legislation. It must have been pleasant for Sir George Grey, who read out the telegram, to hear his words received with other than contemptuous disapprobation, and accordingly he read away with unction. But those who should have the future welfare of old England at heart, should have been charier how they excited indignation abroad. If we cannot strike, let us be passive—at least in our Legislative assemblies.

Among the papers sent you are a couple of numbers of a quaint and expensive weekly joker called *The Owl*. I believe the paper to be an emanation from the Government Offices. It has long circulated privately among the more aristocratic of the Govern-

ment clerks, and eventually others of the outside world wished to obtain it. “ Well,” said the young swells, “ if they want it, they shall pay for it.” So it follows that I and others have gladly given sixpence for a paper worth only one-fourth of that sum. The Foreign Office and War Office are, I imagine, at the bottom of the whole thing. Apropos of the latter office, I am informed that Lord de Grey and Ripon has discovered an extensive gambling business among the clerks, and there are rumours of loaded dice having been used. Perhaps that may account for there being no *Owl* this week. Their last number (only three have been issued) contains an imaginary letter from the Emperor Napoleon, with the signature of his secretary, M. Mocquard, on Foreign Politics. It is a smartly written squib in French, and has actually taken in M. Mocquard himself, who has been fool enough to publish a letter in the *Moniteur* denying its authenticity ! M. Mocquard’s letter is as follows :—

“ To Monsieur le Directeur of the *Moniteur*,

“ The English journal *Le Owl* publishes under the heading of French Politics a letter bearing my signature, which it alleges to have received from the Imperial Court. *Le Morning Post* has reproduced it in its number of the 12th inst. That letter is in every point a most audacious forgery. I apply to it, without any reserve, that well-merited qualification. Receive, M. le Directeur, the expression of my most distinguished sentiments.

“ Mocquard,

“ Secretary to the Emperor and Chef du Cabinet.”

This is indeed a joke. I did not think the Emperor's Secretary was such a greenhorn.¹ All Paris is infinitely amused. This is just vengeance on Mocquard for his reply to the four Liverpool merchants, which, albeit the four were deserving of ridicule for their absurdity, was unworthy of the French ruler. Shirley Brooks and his wife are coming down to spend Sunday with us, and I dare say Shirley will have some information about this *Owl* for our edification.

Sunday.—As regards *The Owl*, Brooks considers it a very clever paper. It is intermittent, there having been no number issued last week, and is in no way intended or likely to be a rival to *Punch*. Shirley Brooks told me a story of Thackeray, or, rather, a story that Thackeray used to tell with great unction. W. M. T. *loquitur* :—

“ I like those Guardsmen, their conversation is so interesting. I met one once in the smoking-room of the Club ; we never spoke a word, but he was civil to me—he rang the bell for me, or he *didn't* ring the bell for me, I forget which—no matter. When I left, he left too, and we found we were both going in the same direction along Pall Mall. Silently we walked side by side—you must know I had not been *introduced* to him. At last we met a woman. I said, ‘ That’s a nice-looking girl.’ After a pause, he replied, ‘ Haw, yes, I have had her.’ After a longer pause, ‘ Haw, my brother has had her.’ After a still longer pause, ‘ Haw, haw, in fact

¹ Mocquard was foolish enough to write a further letter, to *The Owl*, which appeared in the issue for May 25th, 1864. *The Owl* seems to have lasted from April, 1864, to February, 1869, as a public journal. It comprised four small pages, and was certainly dear at sixpence, for there were no illustrations (beyond a clever frontispiece in the bound volume at the British Museum).

we've both had her.' No more was said, and shortly afterwards we parted. I *do* like those Guardsmen."

I am sure you would like Shirley Brooks. He is such a genuine, sensible, straight-forward fellow. He and his wife dine (with us) at the Bellews' new home in Portsdown Gardens on Saturday, to test the qualities of the great popular preacher's new cook. Frith (the well-known painter of "The Derby Day")¹ and his fat and pretty wife are also to be of the party. We expect a very pleasant evening.

The Anthropological Society of London did me the honour to elect me a Fellow of their body the other day without any solicitation on my part. I suspect Vaux,² of the British Museum, who is on the council, must have done the business, knowing that I take an interest in the objects to which the Society is devoted. Their publications discuss the great questions anent the origin of Man with liberality and impartiality. They are not bound to any particular school, but simply search after truth and facts. We also contemplate the formation of an Anthropological Museum and a Reference Library. Our President is Dr. James Hunt.³

Thursday, May 26th.—You don't care a damn who won the Derby yesterday, any more than I do. However, "Blair Atholl" was the lucky horse.

¹ W. P. Frith, R.A. (1819-1909), painted "The Derby Day" in 1858; it was preceded by "Ramsgate Sands" in 1853, and followed by "The Railway Station" (Paddington) in 1862.

² William Sandys Vaux (1818-1885), antiquary. Entered the service of the British Museum in 1841; Keeper of the Coins and Medals, 1861-1870. Author of books on Greek and Egyptian Art.

³ James Hunt (1833-1869), ethnologist, was the first President of the Anthropological Society, 1863-1867. Published his work on *Stammering and Stuttering* in 1861.

JUNE, 1864

Thames Cottage, Hampton.

I HAVE just passed through what is to me, nay to *us*, a veritable Pandemonium. When I mention Hampton Races I think the comment is requisite. Thank God, they are over, except shouting, of which there is a good deal on the opposite Hurst, where the races are run to-day (16th). Bellew came down and his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Stillwell. Mrs. Bellew was unable to leave town, being under the influence of a dreadful headache, to which she is a martyr. We have had a very pleasant day. We went across to a quiet part of the Hurst, where there were few people, and where, lying chatting on the turf, we watched the horses pass on. I don't care a damn for a horse-race and heartily wished the whole thing at the deuce. Still it must be confessed that a fine day with cigars and pleasant chat is tolerable even at a horse-race. I had to prepare as if for a regular siege against this infernal Saturnalia. I took my boat out of the water and laid it on the terrace at the bottom of the garden, taking everything valuable out of it. I also took the boards out of the punt and filled that stout bark several inches deep with water. Every place is carefully locked up and barred, for London voids all its filth on these devoted shores, although it

kindly sends down hundreds of peelers to protect us.¹

Bellew gave me the rough proofs of a chapter of his novel,² now in the press, as they contained a description of this cottage, where one of his scenes is laid. I will transcribe the description :—

“ His eyes wandered over the mossy grass lawn of Garrick’s Villa ; the weeping-willow (an offshoot of that which shadowed Napoleon’s tomb at St. Helena) bending over the river ; ³ the temple in which Garrick raised the statue of his idol, Shakspeare, sculptured for him by the hand of Roubiliac ; ⁴ the dark archway, under the high road, which Dr. Johnson suggested to Garrick as a means for joining his two gardens ; he gazed upon those tall chestnuts and elms which guard the boundaries of Garrick’s garden, and beneath which, on many a summer evening, the tragedian, surrounded by a knot of friends, whose names are now historical, sauntered and talked gossip which no Boswell has preserved ; and then his glance rested on a little cottage in a small adjoining garden which those trees completely overhang. It is a quaint little structure of Queen Anne’s period, with projecting bay windows, exhibiting the heavy wooden frame-work characteristic of that period.” [I have had these

¹ The morals of Hurst Park racegoers have evidently improved with the years, for when I had the loan of Mr. Theodore Cory’s super-houseboat, “ The Gipsy,” moored opposite the racecourse, in 1919, there was no occasion during the meeting to adopt the riparian precautions practised by Hardman.

² *Blount Tempest*, published in 1865. Second edition, 1875.

³ Another report asserts the willow was planted by Garrick himself.

⁴ Bequeathed by Garrick to the British Museum.

windows replaced by French casements opening outwards : Queen Anne's windows have such heavy frames that they obstruct what I want like all my fellow-creatures, the great philosopher included, viz. " more light." W.H.] " A cheerful little conservatory opens out of the bay-windowed drawing-room, with winding staircase descending to the garden beneath. The cottage stands at the end of this garden (like a cul-de-sac), bounded on each side by moss-grown walls over which Virginian creepers climb and from which clustering roses depend. Descending with a bank of grass the small garden reaches a gravel-walk upon the river's edge. A pretty summer-house at one corner overhangs the Thames and commands a view down to Hampton Court Bridge, behind which, rising over the heads of river poplars and royal elms, the pinnacles and towers of the Palace are discovered.

" A punt swings lazily to and fro at the water's edge, while in mid-current or on the opposite bank behind the ait

" ' By the margin willow-railed
Slide the heavy barges trailed
By slow horses.
Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dart and shiver
Through the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river.' "

Such is Bellevue's description of this delicious spot, and it is very truthful.

On Friday, June 17th, I might have been seen wending my way city-wards from Gordon Street with a ponderous volume under my arm. The volume was *Stuart* and weighed (as I found in due course) $2\frac{1}{2}$

pounds, and was duly posted to one E. D. H. with the Editor's kind regards. Having got rid of this heavy fellow, I fulfilled the purpose of my city excursion by turning into the Auction Mart, where, seeking out the room of Messrs. Rushworth and Jarvis, I placed myself at a well-polished mahogany table (one of several) and felt much as if I were going to pass through a lecture-room examination at old Trinity. Shortly after one o'clock a bell rings and Mr. Rushworth, raucous and chaffy, mounts the rostrum, hammer in hand. With our permission he will knock off the small properties first, and he forthwith disposes of the lease of a desirable residence at Peckham Rye to a gent of undoubted clerical appearance for some three or four hundred pounds. Then comes an Elizabethan mansion on the banks of the Thames at Wallingford with 80 acres of Park, to wit Howberry Park, which is knocked down for £17,900, and the auctioneer proceeds to offer Garrick's Villa at Hampton-on-Thames. The successful purchaser is "Grove, clothier, Battle-Bridge." I knew he did not care to a hundred or two what he gave so that he got it, and, as I had no wish to put money in the pockets of the Philips family¹ or to stand a chance of having it knocked down to me for more than I could afford to give, I desisted from competition. Assuredly there is much pleasant excitement to be got out of a sale by auction. Better luck next time. We have quite made up our minds to live out of London, and, if possible, on the banks of dear old Father Thames. I bide my time.

¹ See *ante*, page 175.

Garrick acquired his villa at Hampton in the middle of the eighteenth century, and it was his loved country home, and the place where he entertained his famous friends, until his death, which took place in 1779 at his house in the Adelphi. His widow (Eva Maria Violette, or Veigel, an Austrian) survived to the year 1822, when she was nearly a hundred. The villa at Hampton remained much as it had been in Garrick's time, and the house and furniture were bought from Mrs. Garrick's heirs by a Mr. Carr, and by him sold to the Philips family. So the property continued intact until June, 1864, when, as related by Hardman, it was purchased by Mr. Edward Grove, whose widow was in occupation until some twenty-five years ago. Mr. Grove, however, did not take over the Garrick furniture, which was sold by auction on June 22nd and 23rd, 1864. At this sale, Hardman was fortunate enough to secure some of Garrick's things, which must have been a little consolation for failing to secure the house. As he tells Holroyd in this same epistle :—

“ I write the continuation of this letter on a table once the property of David Garrick, and now (when I have paid for it, 11s.) mine. We managed to pick up for a very small sum several undoubted relics of the great actor. The chimney-piece from his bedroom, curiously entwined with gilt serpents, fell to me for four guineas ; also a couple of quaint pier bookstands of Chinese pattern, from the same apartment, for 22s. ; also the curious Indian chintz portière curtain which divided his bedroom into two parts. Of this same chintz David wrote a letter of earnest remonstrance to the Custom House people for their delay in passing it, urging that ‘ Mrs. Garrick

is breaking her heart about it! ' . . . I have also made the acquaintance of Mr. Grove, the successful purchaser of the house, and find him a very agreeable person. We arranged not to bid against each other for several things. He was most civil and obliging. So much for Garrick."

Hardman was certainly very lucky in acquiring this Garrick furniture at such low prices, for a set of bedroom furniture from the same house now finds a place of honour in the Victoria and Albert Museum. It is described as "This justly famous suite of furniture, all of somewhat fantastic elegance, which includes a dome bedstead with Indian cotton hangings, three wardrobes, a corner cupboard, and a set of imitation bamboo chairs. They are all japanned green and yellow in the manner, no doubt, of some of the furniture at the house in Adelphi Terrace described in the accounts,¹ and there are good reasons for thinking that they were designed by Robert Adam and executed by Chippendale. . . . Dazzled by social success, Garrick and his wife aspired to make their two houses compete in artistic magnificence with the mansions of the nobility which they were in the habit of visiting."² As Johnson noted of Garrick: "He now lives rather as a prince than an actor . . . his table, his equipage, and manner of living, are all most expensive and equal to those of a nobleman."

The other day we went to a most delightful Fête at Orleans House³ on behalf of the French Benevolent

¹ The manuscript accounts of Chippendale, Haig, and Co. for furnishing Garrick's house in Adelphi Terrace were presented to the Victoria and Albert Museum by Mrs. Sibthorpe Barlow.

² See article on *Garrick's Furniture*, by Oliver Brackett, in *The Daily Telegraph*, April 1st, 1925.

³ At Twickenham, and then in the occupation of the Duc d'Aumale, son of King Louis Philippe.

Society. The tickets were 10s., but they were well worth it. Our friends, Captain and Miss Blake, accompanied us, and the Captain being very susceptible to Princesses shed his gold freely. We bought some very elegant trophies from the stalls of the French Princesses. The Duchess de Chartres¹ and the Princess Marguerite d'Orleans were most affable and set a good example to the ladies of the Dramatic Fancy Fair, who, with the exception of Mrs. Stirling, content themselves with being stared at.²

Politics. An effort has again been made this session to effect an extension of the franchise ; of course it was unsuccessful. I am decidedly of opinion that the only proper method is to square representation with taxation. Let the sum that every subject contributes to the service of the State be the measure of the influence he is to have in the government of the State. Let every tax-payer have a vote. Let him exhibit his receipts and be registered accordingly. His name would then stand opposite to the sum he has paid in rates or taxes during the preceding twelve months, and when the voting was over the amounts paid by the electors for the respective candidates would be added up, and the suffrages of those who represented the largest amount would return the member. Here would be an end to all bribery, for those only would be open to bribery whose payments of taxes or rates

¹ The Duc de Chartres was a nephew of the Duc d'Aumale and a brother of the Comte de Paris (father of Queen Amélie of Portugal, who was born at the adjoining York House, Twickenham, in 1865). The Duchesse de Chartres died October, 1925, aged 81.

² See the first volume of this work, pages 151-154.

would be so small as to be insignificant. By this means lodgers earning enough to be liable to income or other tax, and *women* contributing to the support of the State, would have votes. What think you of this?

Politics again. We are in the throes and agonies of a Ministerial crisis. The Conference has come to nought and war with Prussia is imminent. I say with *Prussia*, for I don't think Austria will fight us. The Ministry has played the fool long enough and Parliament is excited. The British Public, too, is greatly enraged. I fancy Palmerston has had to contend with the Queen, who is evidently Prussian in her sympathies.¹ Shirley Brooks told me the other day that he had heard from a M.P. that Palmerston had recounted to some intimates that on a recent occasion the Queen appealed to a bust or statue of Prince Albert and professed to relate the reply to the Premier.² Lord Palmerston said (*not* to the Queen), "I will argue the matter with any *live* Prince you like, but hang me if I can manage a dead one." At a recent solemn Court ceremony the Queen wore the Order of Queen Louise of Prussia, and the Prussian papers boast that Victoria is on their

¹ See *ante*, page 155. The Queen wrote in 1863: "I know that our dear angel Albert always regarded a strong Prussia as a necessity, for which, therefore, it is a sacred duty for *me* to work." It is strange, in view of later history, to recall that the Bismarck scheme of a united Germany under the domination of Prussia and the policy of "blood and iron" embodied the views of the Prince Consort and Queen Victoria, and for which they worked twenty years before its consummation.

² Another story current at this time related that hot water and fresh towels, ink and new pens, were placed daily in Prince Albert's former dressing-room for long after his death by the Queen's orders.

side and that she has written autograph letters assuring the Prussian Royal Family that England *shall not* go to war.¹ I hear, through one of the Lords-in-Waiting (Lord Caithness,² but *don't mention his name*) that they have had the greatest difficulty in preventing her from going to Berlin within the last few weeks. He also says that during her husband's life-time it required the most gigantic efforts on Prince Albert's part to get her to go into public, and since his death it has been naturally much more difficult to induce her to do anything reasonable. There is no doubt but she is *queer*.

The "Alabama's" fight with the "Kearsage" is one of the chief topics of the day.³ I met the celebrated Professor Sylvester⁴ at dinner last night

¹ The Queen was successful, and Denmark was deserted and sacrificed, though it is only fair to add there was a strong Peace Party in the English Government also averse to war with Prussia.

² The fourteenth Earl of Caithness (1821-1881), Lord-in-Waiting, 1856-1858, and 1859-1866, in which last year he was created Baron Barrogill in the English Peerage. Inventor of a steam carriage, a tape-loom, and a gravitating compass.

³ The cruiser "Alabama" was built for the Southern States of America at Birkenhead, and for this alleged infringement of neutrality the English Government had eventually to pay £3,000,000 to the Northern States, who had claimed £130,000,000 damages! During her successful career as a privateer, the "Alabama" did immense damage to Northern vessels until she was sunk by the U.S. warship "Kearsage" in an action fought off Cherbourg on June 19th, 1864. Nine of the crew were killed, but Captain Semmes was rescued from the sea and brought to England in the yacht "Deerhound," the property of Mr. J. Lancaster. Most Englishmen admired the gallant Semmes and the exploits of the "Alabama."

⁴ James Joseph Sylvester (1814-1897), mathematician. Professor of Mathematics at Woolwich, 1855-1870, and at Hopkin University, Baltimore, 1877-1883. Savilian Professor of Geometry at Oxford, 1883-1897. Founded, with Cayley, invariant algebra.



THE BRITISH LION

"You may lead him, but you can't drive him."—*Popular Belief.*

CONTEMPORARY CARTOON REPROBATING QUEEN VICTORIA'S GERMAN AND SCOTCH PREDILECTIONS

(thereby renewing an old acquaintance of ten years ago), and he was furious against Semmes of the "Alabama" that he does not give himself up to the Federals! Sylvester argued that after a captain had struck his flag he was bound in honour to deliver himself over as a prisoner. I need scarcely say that the Professor is a staunch Federal in his sympathies, so, finding this, I refrained from discussing the subject so freely as I might, to avoid offence; for Sylvester becomes slightly rabid, as I find Federal sympathisers do. However, the "Alabama" has gone below; the scourge of Federal merchantmen is extinct. In the drama of *Punch*, there is one among the *dramatis personæ* who always miraculously escapes the prodigious blows of the crowing despot's baton, and contrives in return to give him numerous afflicting raps and taps in the most sensitive portions of his frame. In vain Punch counts his dead. This fellow shams decease in the row of corpses, and having inspired fresh confidence, renews the irritating iniquity of his proceedings. Some such a part the "Alabama" has played against the great Federal Navy for two years. Her game is over. Well did she serve the land she never saw. Not even her enemies can say she did not go down with honour.

George Meredith astonished us both enormously the other day by announcing his engagement to a Miss Marie Vulliamy¹—a very nice girl and one of a

¹ Meredith wrote to Hardman on June 7th: "What do you think of her? Is she not worth anything or all in the world? And she likes you so much—thinks, I believe, better of me for having such a friend, and hopes that Mrs. Hardman may take to her. I never touched so pure and so conscience-clear a

most agreeable family.¹ Poor Meredith's antecedents in the matrimonial way were unfortunate : to have been separated from his wife,² who afterwards had a child by another man, is not a cheerful matter for contemplation by a prospective father-in-law. On *me* devolved the unpleasant duty of negotiating with and explaining to the young lady's father all matters on which he wanted information. This necessitated a long and painful conversation between Meredith and myself, as he had to put me in possession of my facts. He is and has always been very taciturn on all matters relating to his personal history, and consequently he had now a great deal to tell me. It is a curious and painful story, but, of course, I hold his confidence sacred, especially as it merely *concerns himself*. I now know, what no one but himself has ever known, the history of his whole life. However, he is to be married, if all goes well in September, and we are in every way pleased with the prospect. The young lady has a little money (about

heart. My own is almost abashed to think itself beloved by such a creature. The day when she is to be mine blinds me. . . ."

¹ George Meredith's second wife, Marie, was the third and youngest daughter of Justin Theodore Vulliamy, a Huguenot, by his wife, Elizabeth Bull, an Englishwoman. The family lived at The Old House, Mickleham, Surrey.

² George Meredith married his first wife, Mary Ellen (Mrs. Nicolls), eldest daughter of Thomas Love Peacock, in 1849, when he was twenty-one, and she nine years his senior. After a somewhat stormy married life of nine years, Mrs. Meredith finally went to Capri with Henry Wallis, the painter of *The Death of Chatterton* : but happiness was never her portion, and she died in 1861, at the age of forty-one, leaving one son by Meredith, named Arthur. Her illegitimate child, by Wallis, was also a boy, named Harold, but later called "Felix."

£200 per ann.). I am sure he will make her a good husband. He *was married* before, he is going *to marry* now : you will understand the difference between the active and the passive “to marry” and “to be married.”

JULY, 1864

THE letter for this month was written from Pontresina, Haute Engadine, and was not copied. But the details of the Hardmans' tour abroad during July are available in a note-book. In company with two friends, Captain and Miss Blake, Hardman and his wife left London on June 28th, travelling from Charing Cross, "and were delighted with the new station," which had been erected in 1863 on the site of Hungerford Market. From Paris and Bâle the party proceeded to Lucerne, where they were joined by Albrecht, the Swiss guide.

July 2nd.—Mary Anne and I started in a *very* slow carriage for the base of Pilatus, and there, having obtained a very good horse for Mary Anne, we started for the summit at 2.45. Our road lay through orchards and meadows to pine forests, commanding lovely views of the Lake of Lucerne at every turn. Leaving the pine forests behind, we mounted the bare summit and arrived at the hotel on Klimsenhorn at 6.15. Alpine flowers very lovely. Most comfortable hotel. Germans came up in shoals, screaming and jodeling, and discharging rockets and other fire-arms en route. Capital supper and bottle of champagne *naturally iced*. Not much sleep in consequence of the noisiness of those damned Germans.

Sunday, July 3rd.—Albrecht called us at 2.45, and started for the summit. Germans who had been

coming up all night were howling and shrieking as usual . . . The whole panorama of the Bernese Oberland mountains burst upon our view. It was indeed a sight never to be forgotten. After seeing the sun rise, we returned.

Very different to the plucky Mrs. Hardman, Miss Blake proved an unsatisfactory companion on a mountainous tour: "Miss Blake is evidently unfit to travel. She is wretched, in terror of the mountains, and without strength for the merest walk. She had much better have stopped at home." So it was decided the party should separate. The Blakes ignominiously retired to Thun on July 7th for a prolonged stay, and Hardman and the indefatigable Mary Anne passed on to Andermatt.

July 9th.—Reached Altorf at 7.25. Monnechor—a great singing of men practising for the prizes to be given at Berne next Sunday. This noise lasted till 11 o'clock. My bedclothes very short and uncomfortable. If I have not caught a cold I shall be surprised.

July 10th.—The place is filled with several hundred Italians who are busy on the new road over the Oberalp. A similar road is in process of construction over the Furca. Both will be finished by next year.

July 11th.—We went to see the "Fibbia," a snow-covered mountain to the left of the St. Gothard pass.

July 12th.—The Oberalp. The view from the summit of the pass, looking down the valley of the Rhine to the mountains of the Tyrol, was very beautiful. The source of the Rhine interested us greatly. . . .

At Disentis we found a great Fair or Festival in process of being held.

July 13th, Reichenau.—Visited scene of Louis Philippe's professional labours. Saw the old Queen's name in the Visitors' Book in her own handwriting—"Marie Amélie, veuve de Professeur Chabaud, un des plus précieux de ses titres."¹

July 14th, Chur.—The cathedral most curious and interesting. Founded by St. Lucius, Christian King of Scotland. Relics and piece of *true Cross* (?). The church is built askew, because Christ on the Cross held His head on one side. Bought twenty-five Cavourini cigars for one franc! The cheapest cigars I ever bought, and they are really very tolerable smoking. We then went to see the Cadet Corps reviewed: some of them quite little boys, not more than ten or eleven years of age. They acquitted themselves well, firing most creditably together. After a very good dinner, we went for a stroll up to the Rosenhügel, commanding a beautiful view of the town.

July 15th, Thusis.—Walked through the best part of the Via Mala. It is indeed most lovely, but wants the terrible element from its being clothed with vegetation. The absence of trees makes the Devil's Bridge so much more imposing. . . . We were so much pleased with our Voiturier, an intelligent youth (beardless), that we engaged him to go to Pontresina with us. *Mem.* All the intelligent people are Catholics.

¹ When Louis Philippe fled from France in 1793 he took the post of a Professor at Reichenau College under the name of Monsieur Chabaud de la Tour.

Mary Anne has a pet theory that in this country the Catholics are dirty and intelligent, the Protestants clean but very stupid. If we lived abroad we should join the Catholic body, but should endeavour to strike out a new combination—"Catholic and Clean."

July 16th.—From Tiefenkasten we commenced another very steep ascent through a sort of petite Via Mala and, when in the narrowest portion of the road, we met a diligence and had a wild collision with it. Unfortunately our carriage was on the precipice side and the excitement for a few moments was considerable in such a critical situation, for our near horse became restive in consequence of his trace becoming entangled in the wheel of the diligence. However, we escaped with a slight injury to one of the spokes of our near hind wheel. Molins, where we stopped the night, is beautifully situated. A rushing stream roars between the hotel and a handsome house built by a native who made his fortune in France as a sugar-baker, and has returned to his native place to end his days. These grand houses placed in most inappropriate situations are the most remarkable features of this Engadine neighbourhood. The natives have a great taste and faculty in confectionery, and go to Paris, London, or elsewhere, to make money, their own valleys being too poor and unproductive for them; but they invariably return later in life if they have been successful.

July 17th.—Started at 7.30 for Stalla. Cloudless day. The flowers were lovely. I gathered a bouquet of *Daphne Alpina*, which has a smell of lilacs, and also some large violets with a scent; they were violet

heartsease and abound on the summit of the Pass near the two pillars which mark it and date from Roman days. Descended rapidly to Silva Plana, a village of small palaces, the inn being the worst house in the place. Reached Pontresina at 3.30.

AUGUST, 1864

*Thames Cottage,
August 24th, 1864.*

AT home again, after a glorious tour of eight weeks. I hope you received by the last mail a letter from me dated "Pontresina, Haute Engadine." In this land of retired pastry-cooks and confectioners is produced a strange and peculiarly delicious liqueur extracted from the "Iva" or "Achilloa Moschata," a mountain plant grown in those exalted regions. Having tasted it, I proceeded at once to obtain some of it to send to England. I was directed to the house of one Nicolo Pool, an old fellow who, having spent his best days in Italy as a maker of liqueurs, has returned to end his days in his native village of Celerina. Two francs a bottle is the ridiculously small sum which he charges for this luscious drink, so I agreed to take a dozen if he would pack them carefully in a box for 25 francs. He was aghast at the notion of sending the package to England, so we comforted him by telling him to send it to Thun, where I knew I could get it forwarded. This "Liqueur Iva" is almost white, like Maraschino, but has, when in bottle, a slight yellow tinge. As it passes over the tongue, it gives out in rapid succession four distinct flavours. Hawker,¹ who has, since I wrote the last sentence,

¹ The Rev. W. H. Hawker, Vicar of Steepe. His sister married Dr. Robert Liveing, another friend of Hardman's.

arrived from London somewhat unexpectedly and dined with us, and has tasted this same "Iva," pronounces his opinion that it is very delicious and probably a very healthy drink, for his botanical knowledge has made him acquainted with plants of the species from which it is distilled, and he says they are allied to the chamomile—not a very promising alliance in point of flavour, you will say: but don't be misled: it is *not* like chamomile tea in flavour at all. I would give a good deal if you and I could sip a glass of it together after a comfortable dinner in this same cot.

Having finished our business with good old Nicolo Pool, we took carriage from St. Moritz down the Maloja Pass into Italy. Chiavenna was our resting-place for the night, in an hotel which had been a ducal palace. Oh! what a change from Pontresina. Here we met two old maiden ladies travelling with their two nephews, of one of which latter I shall have more to say anon. We struck up a mild travelling acquaintance, and, as the young men were inexperienced, and among mountains for the first time in their lives, I gave them a good deal of information, advice, and warning. Would that they had followed it! ¹

From Chiavenna to Colico on the lake of Como and down in the steamer to Bellagio was our next day's journey.² Oh! Como! What a thrill of pleasure

¹ See later, page 212.

² In his note-book Hardman states: "Walked about the little town of Bellagio to take down names of streets for George Meredith," who was now engaged upon his Italian novel, *Vittoria*.

the sound of the name gives me. We saw it in rich sunlight, in storm of thunder and wind, and by soft moonlight with summer lightning playing in the heavens. We sailed on it over rolling waves, and we floated on it calmly under a dreamy awning. It was the poetry of existence. The oleanders were in fullest bloom, the magnolias scented the air, luscious ripe figs cooled our (or rather *my*) lips, gorgeous butterflies sent me careering madly, net in hand and sweat on brow, to catch them. We actually looked at a *villa*¹ that was for sale, and entertained serious thoughts of purchasing it. We could have got it for £1600 English money—a lovely place built regardless of cost by a marquis whose son had afterwards scattered the fortune of the family at the gaming-table. The walls and ceilings gorgeously painted in fresco, rich oleanders and magnolias in full bloom, and the lake washing the garden wall. It had cost four times the money asked for it by the creditors. Seated under the shade of a large catalpa in the gardens of the hotel we calmly discussed the pros and cons. I held the Devil's brief, and a very good "avvocato del Diavolo" I made, for my arguments were unanswerable, and the project was abandoned. Our English friends and comforts could not be given up for the society of dubious Italian counts and marquises. After a stay of five days, we tore ourselves most unwillingly away, and went to Milan, thinking to have gone to Venice, but the heat alarmed us. The Lombard temperature was so fiercely hot, that I began to think the Diavolo's retaining-fee had made me amenable

¹ The Villa Crivelly.

to his Satanic power for ever. We heard High Mass with glorious music in the marble cathedral, and were almost converted to the errors of Rome! We saw the celebrated "Last Supper" of Leonardo da Vinci and were disappointed, but "The Marriage of Joseph and the Virgin" by Raphael and the other gems of the Brera Gallery filled us with delight. Turin was our next point, to reach which we had to pass through Magenta, where we saw distinct traces of the hard fighting of a few years ago in the shot-riddled houses, and the monument to the French soldiers who fell for Italy's freedom.¹ These plains of Italy are *so* flat. Miles and miles stretch in every direction as level as a bowling-green. Indian corn, and Indian corn, and—yes, and Indian corn—no, there is a patch of hemp and a little flax. One need only see them to understand how they come to be selected as battle-grounds for Europe.

Turin, Hôtel de l'Europe—a place rendered memorable to me by a deplorable event. A clumsy waiter, confound him, emptied a dish of "côtelettes de mouton aux petit pois" over my back! I was calm, sir, calm; but I was a whited sepulchre, for within were ravening wolves. The landlord was "desolé," but that would not repair the damage done. It was my "only coat, save a "tail" of civilised life which I carried but never wore once. Soap and water freely applied got rid of the grosser part of the "entrée," but the subtle essence, the fatty element, had sunk

¹ In 1859, France joined Sardinia in the campaign for expelling the Austrians from Lombardy, and fought the successful battles of Montebello, Magenta, and Solferino.

deep into the texture of the cloth, there to lay in wait for every germ of dust which it could hold. To add insult to injury, this hotel was the most expensive we were in during our whole tour, charges exorbitant.

Turin is one of those geometrically constructed cities where everything is square or parallelogram. You stand in the great central square or "Grand Place" and look down long avenues of houses bounded by the open country running north, south, east, and west. This plan of building conducts a draught of air through a city and therefore is pleasant. Our stay in Turin was enlivened by one comic incident which caused us great amusement. Albrecht,¹ finding himself there, remembered that he had an uncle (his mother's brother) who had been in Napoleon's army, and who was now a pensioner and corporal and porter of the King's Palace. He knew not his uncle personally, but had only seen a photograph in full official costume. We accompanied our guide and friend on his search. The Royal Palace was reached by crossing the Grand Place just opposite to our hotel, and as we entered we saw in a dark chamber on the right a gorgeous figure in scarlet livery reposing calmly. "Why, there he is," exclaimed Albrecht. Not wishing to intrude our presence upon a family meeting, we walked on, leaving Albrecht to enter the dignitary's den alone. What occurred we don't know, but in a few minutes the result was indignant contempt on the part of red-coat and utter discomfiture on the part of Albrecht. It was *not* his uncle. And the wrong man, with dignified hauteur, as he walked

¹ The Swiss guide.

to an inner court, informed the crest-fallen uncle-seeker that the real Simon Pure was at a country residence of King Victor Emmanuel's: he was not the *town mouse*, but the *country mouse*. You can imagine how angry a town mouse would be to be mistaken for a country brother, especially by a little man brown, bristly, and not handsome. Oh! how we roared with laughter. Albrecht would insist that he resembled the photograph.

Turin and the Italian plains were now abandoned for the glories of the Val d'Aosta. The city of Aosta was reached in the afternoon of the second day after leaving Turin, and I think it astonished me more than any sight on the tour. It gives a title to the heir of the Piedmontese crown, who is Duc d'Aosta,¹ but that did not prepare me for its importance. To find a large and ancient city, with walls, towers, gateways, and a triumphal arch, all of *Roman* construction, planted far up this long valley, overlooked by snow mountains, nearly took my breath away. This town actually is able to trace back its existence to the year 1158 *before* Christ, when it was founded by a colony of the Salassi, who were of Celtic blood. Here they cultivated the land and worked the rich mines of copper and (they say) of gold, varied by struggles with those robbers, the Romans. The triumphal arch records the victory of Augustus over these unfortunate Salassi. The walls of the city form a perfect parallelogram, and, after the fashion of Roman camps, there are six gates—one east and west, and

¹ The title of Duc d'Aosta is now usually borne by a younger son of the King of Italy.

two north and south. It lies at the entrance to the valley which leads to the St. Bernard route. As Charlemagne and Bonaparte passed by this route, I prefer to disagree with Livy and put Hannibal down also as a traveller by this pass. Hannibal, Charlemagne, Napoleon ! Great names. Frederic Barbarossa went by the Engadine, by the Septimer and Julien passes. The great drawback to the valley and city of Aosta is the prevalence of cretinism and goitre. Most of the people resemble insane chimpanzees or diseased ourang-outangs.

We took up our abode with Jean Tairraz at the Hôtel de Mont Blanc, and next day made the ascent of the Becca di Nona, the mountain of the place—a long day's work from 5 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. When you consider the zones of vegetation through which we passed, starting from vines, which produce a wine of Sicilian strength and sweetness, through orchards of fruit trees, to walnuts, chestnuts, then to firs, cimbres, alpine rhododendron, and so on to the regular alpine flora and snow—not permanent, but only avalanche-snow in patches in nooks and corners sheltered from the sun—I say, when you consider these things you will be able to form some notion of the distance, 10,360 feet above the sea and 8,470 feet above Aosta. We saw Mont Blanc on one side and Monte Rosa on the other.

On Sunday, July 31st, we left Aosta at 6 a.m. for the St. Bernard. Mary Anne walked the part that is usually done by ladies on muleback (about $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours). We were afraid the monks might be shocked by our arriving on the Sabbath day, but found they did not

care a damn. On the contrary, they were ready for larks, and finding we could play, they set us down to the Prince of Wales's piano, and we performed two overtures as duets, *Don Giovanni* and *Le Nozze di Figaro*, to an admiring and enthusiastic audience of peasants and ecclesiastics at 1 o'clock on a Sunday afternoon! Never did we receive so great and evidently genuine praise. "Oh! Monsieur et Madame! vous avez beaucoup de facilité. Oh! c'est charmant, c'est magnifique!" They would scarcely let us tear ourselves away from the piano, and would apparently have listened to us all the afternoon. We had, however, many more miles to do that day, so at 2 o'clock we walked on, getting a carriage (oh! that I should so misname it) at Bourg St. Pierre about 3.30, and arriving at Martigny in the Rhone Valley in time for the 7.30 table d'hôte. Nay, more, we proceeded by the 9 o'clock train from Martigny to Sion, a very good day's work.

From Sion we followed the Rhone upwards to Brieg, calling at Visp, at a house part of an old castle, to see Albrecht's wife and children. "Barbara," as he calls her, is inferior in intellect and education to her sprightly little husband, but is nathless a good little woman and entertains a profound respect and admiration for the male bird. His two boys, Adolphe and Emile, were at home. We saw A.'s uniform; he is a lieutenant in the Swiss militia—I forget the technical name of the corps. This visit to Visp was most interesting to us, as it brought us in contact with the inner life of the inhabitants. From Brieg we went on to Eggishorn and Thun, where a week

was spent in "dolce far niente" before returning to England. Oh! that I could describe vocally the people we have met. That shameless Englishman (Mr. Brooke), with the stentorian voice who spoke French unblushingly, pronouncing every syllable so that it was stamped on your brain like a blow with a Nasmyth's hammer. "Garson! Garson! vous avez apporté beaucoup plus de l'eau, et trop peu de thé." Those preposterous Belgians who looked upon the Rigi as the pinnacle of the world, etc. The gentleman in the train at Thun who said, "Why, surely that is snow! I should have thought this hot weather would have melted it."

At Imhof we had an excellent dinner in a bedroom, as some beastly German was smoking in the *salle-à-manger*. The falls of Reichenbach are a bore, they are so taken up by harpies who obstruct the best views with *châlets*. The falls were illuminated at night and looked very pretty, but all that sort of Vauxhall work is very contemptible.

When I settled with Albrecht he had been with us forty-nine days, and counting four days for his walk from his home to meet us at Lucerne made altogether fifty-three days at ten francs a day. He was very low at the prospect of leaving us. He went on to Lucerne to meet a Mr. Hugh C. Smith, of 47, Belgrave Square.

We travelled from Thun with the architect of Amiens Cathedral, with whom we so ingratiated ourselves that he gave us a pressing invitation to break our journey some day at Amiens and pay him a visit. At Paris we saw the great review on the Champ de

Mars in honour of the King of Spain. At dinner at the Café Voisin we had "Pêches au Condé." At the Railway Station at Paris we met the two old maiden ladies whom we had seen at Chiavenna and Bellagio. They were too much overcome to speak to us for some time, but eventually we gathered the following painful fact from them. As I told you, they were travelling with two nephews, to whom and to their friend I had given a good deal of advice and information, especially as to trying too much without a guide. Their friend went his way over difficult passes, and the two brothers devoted themselves to their aunts and easy work. In due course of time they reached the Lake of Geneva and went to visit Montreux, where in years gone by the old ladies had buried a brother. At this place the thing to do, of course, was the Dent de Jatau, a mountain which, if you keep to the beaten tracks, requires no guide. The two brothers started early one morning alone, and were told that they might shorten the distance by a short cut with "roughish" climbing, which must not daunt them. They left the beaten track at the point indicated and missed the way, getting amongst steep and shaly rocks. Remembering what they had been told before starting, they were not daunted, but pushed onwards. Eventually, on pausing to take breath, they found themselves in a position from which they could not return, while the difficulties in their way of advance were equally great. "Forward!" was the word, and they clomb on. Presently the younger brother, who was in the front, heard the other slip, and, with an exclamation, he disappeared

from his view. He had gone over a precipice of about one hundred feet and was taken up a corpse, with a placid face and unbroken bones. His head had struck the rocks and concussion of the brain ended his life in an instant. The younger escaped, he knows not how, and the syndic went instantly with assistants and brought back the body to Montreux. When we met the poor old ladies, they were on their melancholy homeward route, direct from the fatal spot, having buried their nephew in his uncle's grave. A very sad story which cast a shade over what would otherwise have been to us a charming tour.

I return home overwhelmed with accumulated business. I, who am a gentleman at large, am expected to attend to so many things for other people.

SEPTEMBER, 1864

WE are in a perfect whirl, as you will understand when you have read this letter. It is quite a treat to light a pipe, when the household is asleep, and scribble to you on the other side of the world. Distance both of time and miles, and the vast ocean that rolls between us, invests you in my imagination with a sense of calm repose. It is impossible that you can have any bustle or excitement in Australia.

George Meredith is going to be married on Tuesday next, and Mary Anne and I go to the wedding, of course.¹ He is in a rapturous condition, his soul is filled with love dreams, which jostle rudely with the stern practical matters essential to the stern fact of matrimony. Kisses and Life Insurance, Angels and House Agents, Doves, Loves, and Leading Articles, etc., etc., do not assimilate. He writes one day to say he has referred a Life Office to me on the subject of his health, and the next he says, "I am whirled in a vortex! Some one bawls 'Tuesday!' There's a ring dropped half-way out of a swirl of vapour, while I roll along endless billows," and such like.

In a further letter of this date, Meredith continued: "Beloved Family Hardman. And here is Marie writing a race with me by my side! The difficulties have been smoothed; we have indeed plunged through powerful conflicts, and truly, like Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, we likewise have passed through fire, and by

¹ In the event they were prevented from going.

miracle we bore it and rose from it, fresh, fragrant—did ever man have such a sweet reward? . . . Oh Lord! Tuck, here's my heart swelling and sinking like night waves pressing to a beacon light. Oh! that it were over. My compliments to Albrecht, with whom I hope to make acquaintance. Poco and myself intend to compose an essay on 'The Occurrences,' illustrated by the meeting in this world of Albrecht and Tuck. I had intended to walk over to Hampton and see your darlings before writing, but this is Wednesday, and I shall have no afternoon to myself before Saturday, the day you name as the last for Bellagio. More letters, dear old boy! God bless you both, and keep you jolly! WE realise your happiness! Aha! WE!"

The marriage of George Meredith and Marie Vulliamy took place on September 20th, 1864, in the picturesque and ancient church of Mickleham, in Surrey. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Jessopp, of Norwich, at whose school Arthur Meredith was a pupil.

Sunday, September 25th.—Finding it quite impossible to go to Meredith's wedding on Tuesday last and reach Liverpool the same day in time to transact my business with my brother-in-law before his marriage on the following morning, we were most reluctantly compelled to abandon our project of being present. So we left London early on Tuesday morning, and returned by an equally early train on Thursday. We have had Lionel Robinson here to-day, and he, having enacted the part of best man to George Meredith, was able to tell us that everything passed off satisfactorily. From personal experience we can say the same of my brother-in-law's nuptials. We like our new sister, who is the only child of Dr. Trench, medical

officer to the Corporation of Liverpool, very much indeed. Wednesday was a severe trial to my system, but I have come successfully through the breakfast, a dinner-party, and a ball, besides two long railway journeys.

McDouall Stuart¹ has just arrived and has called on his publishers, but I have not seen him. I am told he is a hairy, purblind, silent man in an apparently chronic state of obfuscation. I was down at Hawker's, partridge shooting, on the First and met his nephews, two boys, sons of the Hon. G. C. Hawker, Speaker of the House of Assembly at Adelaide. One of them, Ned, said, "Do you know Stuart, Mr. Hardman?" I had not the honour of a personal acquaintance. "Oh! he is such a funny little man; he is always drunk. You won't be able to have him at your house. Papa couldn't. Do you know, once, when he got to one of Papa's stations, on coming off one of his long journeys, he shut himself up in a room and was drunk for three days." This amused me, for I had remarked in his journals a peculiarity to which he was subject (that is, if a man can be *subject* to a peculiarity)—he always seemed to be laid up as soon as he got to the settled districts. These two young Australians used to convulse us with laughter. They had come to England separately, but both overland. They used gravely to compare notes of their respective experiences in this style, generally during dinner. Ned to George, across the table: "I say, George, did you eat blood oranges when you were at Malta?" "Yes, of course, I did, but the best I had I got at Galle." And again: "I say, Ned, wasn't it jolly hot in the Red Sea?" "Yes, but not so hot as when I went up the Great Pyramid." Roars of laughter

¹ See *ante*, page 75.

from the elders of the party, who had been nowhere in comparison with these youths of twelve and fourteen. What especially seemed to have impressed these young native Australians was the great antiquity of buildings and the abundance of very old people in England compared with South Australia.

I heard a tale of the Indian Mutiny from one Lukis. After the fight at Cawnpore, all the officers had lost their horses, but his, having only run away, was brought back by a drummer-boy when the enemy were routed. He mounted and rode into the town. A nigger, who had been servant to some English family, hailed him and told him that a frightful slaughter of English women had been perpetrated, offering to lead him to the place. "Hold to my stirrup leather," said Lukis, and away they went. He was thus the first who entered the slaughter-house. On returning to the small army and telling them what he had seen, a frightful massacre ensued. Every body with a black face was killed, old and young, women and children. In one street he estimated that he saw upwards of three hundred corpses. Singular to relate, he was never wounded during all his service, only having his scabbard shot away, and was never ill until all was over, when he had a fever from sleeping out several nights on a tiger-hunting excursion.

Mary Anne sends by this mail a locket and chain for her god-daughter with her monogram "E.H.H." on the outside in blue enamel, with portraits of our two selves inside. Your little Ethel will soon be able to wear it on state occasions round her small neck.¹

¹ Where are the lockets of yester year? Twenty years after Hardman wrote lockets were still fashionable wear, but they

We have found a house to suit us at last. I dare say you know it. The name sounds very grand—"Norbiton Hall." But when you have got over the name there is no more grandeur to interfere with your comfort. It was originally built in the reign of Henry the Eighth, and a stone over the entrance gives the date of its renovation and alteration as 1681.¹ It was formerly the property of the Earl of Liverpool's family, the Jenkinsons, who stored it with rare trees and shrubs, so that the grounds now are embellished by about a hundred specimen trees, most of which are of about forty years growth. The property is freehold in fee-simple, and consists of eleven acres, half garden and half park-like paddock. It is quite secluded in its own trees, and is near Kingston, within ten minutes walk of Richmond Park, and about the same distance from Bushy Park. It is also within a good walk of Wimbledon. The new Kingston station on the continuation of the Richmond, Teddington line is within five minutes of us, so that we shall be within forty minutes of town. The old Surbiton station on the main line is of course further off. I shall have extensive Hot-houses, Pinery, Grape, and

had become smaller and were generally of gold. The domestic servants of 1884, however, preserved a taste for the larger shapes, made of silver—or imitation silver—and worn on a chain of big links. Inside, the locket contained a "likeness" of the maid's "young man," or, if unattached, of a parent or aunt.

¹ In the time of Henry the Eighth, Norbiton Hall belonged to Erasmus Ford. Later the property passed to Richard Taverner, a zealous Protestant, who remained there unmolested during the reign of Mary. Subsequent owners were the Evelyns and Farren, the actor of the eighteenth century. In 1829, Norbiton Hall was purchased by the Countess of Liverpool (daughter of Sir George Evelyn), and it was held by the Jenkinson family until 1859, when it was sold to Mr. Guy.



NORBITON HALL, KINGSTON-ON-THAMES

Garden front sixty years ago

(Photograph by William Hardman)

Orchid houses, and am absolutely going to be rash enough to keep a head gardener and two or three under-gardeners. I look, however, to Covent Garden as a mart for my fruit. I shall also keep cows, pigs, and poultry. Besides the Lodge, where one of the gardeners will reside, there are two cottages on the property. We are *not* going to keep either horses or carriages, as we both dislike the expense, anxiety, and annoyance, and much prefer walking or hiring what we require. Unless one is heartily fond of horses and regards them as necessities and luxuries of existence, one is much happier without them. I had large experiences of horseback when a youth and—don't care about it!

As a freeholder of Surrey, I may possibly be offered a place among the Magistracy, in which case I shall not decline: but perhaps they will not think me sufficiently good to form one of that stupidly respectable body, and I need scarcely say that I shall not therefore fall a victim to my grief. Norbiton Hall will give me abundance of occupation and interest, and will at the same time allow me peaceful prosecution of my favourite literary labours, which, in consequence of my shady condition of health during last winter and spring, have been rather neglected. I rejoice to say that I never was better in my life than I am now, otherwise I should never have undertaken so many great responsibilities. We shall sell or let 27, Gordon Street.

I post you a new comic periodical called *The Arrow*.¹ An article in your *Argus* on the Acclimatisation Dinner

¹ This paper was, presumably, short-lived. It is not at the British Museum, though later periodicals bearing the name in 1872 and 1890-1891 are there.

has amused me. The writer states the object of the dinner to be "to range the Kingdom of Nature in search of meat to test the esculent capabilities of so many of God's creatures as could possibly be brought within the range of cookery." This is splendid writing! If the name of God had not been introduced it should have been embalmed in the pages of *Punch*.¹

¹ Perhaps it was, for on a letter from Shirley Brooks to Hardman, dated November 26th, 1864, is pasted a proof, entitled *Menu of the Future: a possible result of the Efforts of the Acclimatisation Society*.

SOUPS

Boa Constrictor.
Frog.

Horse.
Rhinceros.

FISH

Boiled Sea-Devil.
Crimped Kraken.
Pickled Polypus.

Fried Jewfish.
Filleted Trumpeters.
Broiled Barracouta.

ENTRÉES

Scorpion and Dead Sea Apple Sauce.
American Oysters and Treacle.
Chinese Birds' Nests.
Surinam Toads and Guava Jelly.

JOINTS

Saddle of Tapir.
Roast Leg of Giraffe.
Cat and Minced Kittens.

Ostrich's and Horned Owl's Eggs.
Coral Insects and Melted Amber.

Potted Bear.
Bread Fruit.

Dodo's Liver.
Upas Onions.

Pickled Scales of Sea Serpent.
Gorilla's Ears in Sherbert.

White Beer. Nectar. Palm Wine.

N.B.—Cannibal Gentlemen and Ladies will be attended to at the Sideboard.

In his letter Shirley Brooks said: "Here is another proof for you of an interesting character. I wish I had thought of the subject when with you, as we could have cooked it up together."

A letter from Wren has come, in which he gives a glowing account of the improvement in your appearance. He recommends me, as I had told him I was not in good health, to make an excursion to your hemisphere. He says, "I do this on the strength of the change that I witness in Holroyd's appearance. When I quitted Melbourne in 1861, Holroyd was a spare, miserable-looking being, but you should see him now : gastric region protuberant and countenance denoting strong sympathies with that portion of his anatomy ; moustache that would make any witness quake, it is of the true Sardinian stamp."

As usual at this season there is no news political or other. *The Times* has chopped right round on the subject of West Australian transportation and decides against the export of convicts to that colony. I rejoice at this, not that the opinion of *The Times* is worth anything, but it points out the way which future events are likely to take. I have done all in my power to support your views—not that I could do much, for it is difficult to excite sufficient interest in colonial matters : a painful fact, but only too true.

It is a satisfaction to me that this letter is more of my accustomed length than some I have written lately. However, you need not be assured that I have always done my best, and hope to do so still until that glorious time when you and yours gladden us with a sight of your countenances in the old country.

OCTOBER, 1864

YOUR Friar is henceforth "Abbot of Norbiton."¹ The fee-simple of Norbiton Hall passed into my hands on Wednesday last, October 12th, and I am the well-satisfied owner of one of the prettiest places in Surrey, aye, or in England either for that matter. The more we see of our new purchase, the more do we admire, not only its present beauty, but its unlimited capabilities of being made more beautiful. My standard roses are unsurpassed in the world. I have hundreds! Many are veterans of great age, with stems like my arm or a horse's leg (not that my arm resembles a horse's leg). On one of the sturdiest,

¹ Meredith had just bestowed this new title upon Hardman, and used it first in his letter dated October 12th, 1864, written from Ploverfield, Bursledon, where he was spending his honeymoon. In his next letter, October 24th, he said: "My dear Lord Abbot, you frisk not in your letters to me. I pay you due respect, but an you continue this tone of formality, by God, I will unfrock you . . . I shall rejoice to see the Hall. But, my Father, in your future letters, date them from the Refectory, as of yore . . . Tuck, tell me of Thames Cottage, for I haven't heard from the faithless Dame Douglas, who swore she would write and send agreement." Meredith's proposal to rent Thames Cottage, Hampton, fell through, and instead he took Kingston Lodge, opposite to Norbiton Hall. Mrs. Hardman notes in her diary that Meredith stayed with them on November 24th-25th, 1864, and Kingston Lodge was inspected. The new Mrs. Meredith came on the 28th, and both husband and wife again arrived on December 8th. Meredith lived in Norbiton 1865-1867, and there he wrote the end of *Rhoda Fleming* and most of *Vittoria* and *Harry Richmond*. Here, too, was born his son William Maxse Meredith, whose first name came from his godfather, William Hardman.

which is at least half a century old, my vendor informed me that he had this year counted at one time no less than four thousand and seventy blooms ! Even now, in the middle of October, I could cut you a bushel measure full of varied and fragrant rose blossoms. Dost thou not like the picture, my friend ? Hinchliff went over the place with us yesterday and was in a state of supreme ecstasy at our good fortune in obtaining such a paradise. Our only wonder is that any one could bring himself to sell it. Hinchliff said the place was such as he imagined a prime minister only could be happy enough to possess, whereupon he dubbed me "Prime Minister" on the spot. We have cleared out of 27, Gordon Street, and what is more I have let the house, at a considerable increase of rental, to a tenant, a Mr. Shephard, a young man who intends to go to Trinity as a Fellow Commoner. I never had to advertise the house. We continue to live peaceably at our Bower on the Banks of the Thames, while upholsterers and such-like necessary evils get the Hall ready for us. We have already drunk our own cream and eaten our own butter, and we begin to feel quite rural—tooral looral in fact. When you return wealthy and portly to your native land, we will smoke pipes in a den far surpassing the dear old den in Gordon Street. My opposite neighbour's, Sir George Lambert's, place will by that time be for sale : you will buy it, and we will solemnly inaugurate another den, the Holroydian Autre, for nicotian and palavering purposes. Likest thou this Spanish castle ?

Meanwhile let us leave dreamland to take care of

itself, and deal with things present and real. And first and foremost let us treat of George Meredith and his honeymoon. I cannot send his letters for your perusal, I am obliged to copy them.¹ If you were close at hand (would that you were!) we could chuckle mightily over them with many pipes.

Shirley Brooks was also much interested in the Hardmans' new home at Norbiton Hall, and the following letters from him at this date may find a place here.

“ 6, *Kent Terrace, N.W.*

“ *September 14th, 1864.*

“ My dear Hardman,

“ Accept, and convey to the Lady of Norbiton Hall, our best united congratulations upon your having found the desired home. We trust that you and the heiresses may enjoy numerous happy years therein. Also that it will be our pleasant duty to watch the fulfilment of that wish, and cultivate the hospitium antiquum Troja, socii que penates. For Troja read “ Hampton,” where we have enjoyed ourselves like Trojans. I have a slightly remote interest in your house. Louisa, Lord Liverpool's daughter by his second marriage, married John Cotes of Shropshire. He was a fine young fellow, and fought North Shropshire at the first election after the Reform Act²; and, after the fiercest fight ever known in the county, he beat Ormsby Gore by 72 on a poll over 5,000. This victory, *he* may not know but *I* do, was

¹ Four pages of Hardman's letter-book have here been torn out. No doubt they included copies of the two letters from George Meredith, dated October 12th and 24th, 1864, written from Bursledon when on his honeymoon, which are printed in *Letters of George Meredith*, Vol. I, pages 158-160.

² In 1832.

solely attributable to the way I (ætat^{is} 17) gallopped about Shropshire in his interest, and wrote the most masterly and terrible squibs ever perused by an intelligent constituency. The house is therefore bound to welcome me with a neat nod when I come under its battlements.

"Mrs. Shirley will finish the note in answer to Mrs. Hardman's P.S. The advertisement is first rate, and shall be embalmed.

"Ever, my dear Hardman,

"Yours faithfully,

"SHIRLEY BROOKS."

"October 31st, 1864.

"My dear Hardman,

"You will see by to-day's *Times* the sudden and heavy loss we have sustained in the death of John Leech.¹ I hoped that Whitby had done him good. He dined with us on Wednesday at the *Punch* dinner; this was the last time I saw him living. On Saturday, at 5, I was at his house. He had wished to see me, but was then under an opiate, and it was thought best not to disturb him. At 7 all was over. I feel the loss very heavily, for we had been intimate both in

¹ Leech was only forty-seven years of age, and it is remarkable that within ten months he and Thackeray should have both died so tragically and prematurely; only one tombstone stands between their graves in Kensal Green Cemetery. Leech died after an attack of *angina pectoris*. When Mr. M. T. Bass, M.P., was bringing in a Bill for the prohibition of street noises, Mark Lemon wrote to him that he attributed Leech's fatal illness to disturbance of his nervous system caused "by the continual visitation of street-bands and organ-grinders." On the other hand, Dr. John Brown said the illness might have been caused by a strain when hunting. Leech lived at No. 6, The Terrace, Kensington—a row of houses which stood back from the High Street, west of Wright's Lane. There was a wide-paved space in front of these houses.

work and as friends for nearly 20 years. He does not die rich, the less so by several *thousands* given to his family outside his house, but Mrs. Leech and the two children will be well cared for. Her brother, who is devoted to her, has considerable property.¹ This is about the only consoling thing in the melancholy circumstances. I am not sure whether you met him, I almost think you did. I am not exactly in a mood for letter-writing, but I thought you would be glad to have a line. . . .”

“ *Eve of St. Lord Mayor, 1864.*

“ I really beg your pardon for not answering your last kind note of invitation, but I have been in an incessant alternation of scribble and business, out of which I have not yet quite pulled myself. We are very desirous of seeing the Hall and its Lord and Lady, and if they are in the same mind as when they wrote, we should like to come on Sunday. But if you have any other guests, or there is the least ill-convenience, I know you will say so. When I say Sunday, I should *like* to say Saturday evening, if agreeable.

“ I send *Punch*. You will see what I have said about poor dear John Leech. I thought it better than verses, which are sentimental rather than monumental.”

“ *November 26th, 1864.*

“ I hope that *Our New Governess* (title of my first comedy) answered sample, and has charge of the samplers of my dear little correspondent

¹ Mrs. Leech was a Miss Ann Eaton; she had a son and a daughter.

and her silent sister. Tell Ethel that I will never call her Paul any more after her touching request, in fact I will call her Peter if she likes.

"To-night I am going to dine with *The Dictionary of the Bible*¹ people in the Avenue Road. Robert Cooke is expected. I have a theory that he won't come, and also that I shall be awfully bored, but it will bring me into a fit state for the Sabbath.

"So Disraeli considers himself an Angel, *vide* speech to-day. And Cobden considers that he can be Premier. And Cox considers that he has got out of the Stansfeld mess. Bless them all for saving me the trouble of considering what to write about for the printer.

"I had all the *Punch* men to dine with us on Wednesday. My i, how the curtings smell of baccy. Given 10 men, 3 hours, a box of cigars and two pipes—I don't know arithmetic, but perhaps you can do the sum of smoke.

"If you will only send for Miss Emily Faithfull's photograph, you will be ashamed of having wronged that virtuous and hideous being by a single thought. The verdict, I hear from private (and the best) authority, was quite right, but I think that the Admiral ought to be hanged and the Watsons transported.

"Ever yours,

"SHIRLEY BROOKS."

Shirley Brooks's allusion to Emily Faithfull recalls the most sensational Divorce Case of the 'Sixties. Emily, daughter of the Rev. Ferdinand Faithfull, was born in 1835 at Headley Rectory, Surrey. Early in life she became keenly interested in the welfare of her sex, especially in promoting

¹ See the first volume of this work, pages 42-43.

remunerative spheres of work for women. In 1860, she founded a printing-press in Great Coram Street, with female compositors. Here much fine typographical work was produced, including *Victoria Regia*, dedicated to Queen Victoria, who gave her name to the Victoria Press and appointed Miss Faithfull by warrant Printer and Publisher to Her Majesty. In 1863, Miss Faithfull started *The Victoria Magazine*, which appeared monthly for seventeen years. Although primarily intended to voice her cause of remunerative employment for women, there were some excellent extraneous contributions by such well-known writers as Matthew Arnold, Roden Noel, Thomas Hughes, and Christina Rossetti. In 1868, Emily Faithfull published a novel, *Change Upon Change*, and shortly after began her career as a lecturer, wherein she achieved great success. Three times she visited America between 1872 and 1883, and her book recording these tours includes her impressions of the Mormons in Salt Lake City. In later years Miss Faithfull became a member of the staff of *The Lady's Pictorial*. In commemoration of thirty years devoted to the interests of her sex, Emily Faithfull, in 1888, received an autographed portrait from Queen Victoria and a Civil List Pension. She died in 1895. Here, obviously, was a useful and blameless life, spent in the cause of woman's welfare by a typical maiden lady of culture and advanced views—a pioneer of the band of clever and indomitable females who have since her time forced their way into most of the professions and obtained for their sex independence and "privileges" scarcely dreamed of in the 'Sixties. Yet it was the fate—the bizarre fate—of this spinster, presumably indifferent to men and above the calls

of sex, to be involved in a very scandalous divorce case, and, further, she had to submit in open court to the most painful questions concerning her virginity, with the result that her name was bruited abroad to the far ends of the world with much coarse jest and innuendo in the year 1864 and long after.

It came about thus. In 1854, when Emily Faithfull was nineteen years of age, she met, during a visit to Walmer, Mrs. Codrington and her husband, Captain (later Admiral and K.C.B.) Henry John Codrington (1808-1877), who had been severely wounded at Navarino in 1827, at which battle his distinguished father, Admiral Sir Edward Codrington, was in command. Mrs. Codrington and Miss Emily Faithfull at once formed an intimate friendship, and during the next three years Emily Faithfull was a frequent visitor to the Codringtons' house, 82, Eccleston Square. During part of this time, Admiral Codrington was abroad on active service in the Crimean War, where he commanded the "Royal George" in the Baltic and incidentally became on very bad terms with the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Charles Napier. Codrington returned to England in 1856, and it became the custom for Miss Faithfull to sleep in a bedroom communicating with the one occupied by the Admiral and his wife. Sometimes Mrs. Codrington would leave her husband, and pass the rest of the night with Miss Faithfull in her bed. In July, 1857, these curious arrangements ceased, and at Admiral Codrington's request Miss Faithfull discontinued her visits to 82, Eccleston Square. But they remained on perfectly friendly terms, and up till seven years later Miss Faithfull's letters expressed gratitude for the Admiral's past kindnesses to her.

In the meanwhile the Admiral had cause to be dissatisfied with Mrs. Codrington's conduct during the years 1860-1863 in London, Malta, and Hampton Court. He brought a suit for divorce, naming Colonel Andrews and Lieutenant Mildmay as co-respondents. Thereupon Mrs. Codrington retaliated with charges of her husband's misconduct with Emily Faithfull and Mrs. Watson, wife of the Rev. Joshua Watson. The case commenced in August, 1864, but owing to the vacation was not concluded until November. It was reported with extraordinary fullness of salacious detail, so much so that those persons who are agitating to-day for the suppression of full reports of criminal and divorce cases in the Press would gnash their teeth if such latitude was still in evidence. *The Times* devoted several columns of very small type each day to the evidence in the Codrington Case.

With regard to the Watsons, it is difficult to arrive at the correct facts of their participation in the case. Mrs. Watson was accused of misconduct with Admiral Codrington, and Mr. Watson evidently tried to procure persons to spy upon Mrs. Codrington. The charges against Emily Faithfull rested solely upon the statements of Mrs. Codrington and her solicitor, Mr. Few. Mrs. Codrington asserted that on one occasion, in October, 1856, when she had removed to Miss Faithfull's bed, the Admiral came in from the communicating room, got into bed with the two ladies and attempted to rape Miss Faithfull, who was asleep: but she awoke and resisted him. Mr. Few alleged that in his office Miss Faithfull stated that the Admiral had succeeded in his criminal intentions. But in the witness-box Miss Faithfull denied both these stories, though she



MISS EMILY FAITHFULL

(From a portrait in the possession of Miss I. Cochrane)

admitted to "saying something of the kind," on the strength of Mrs. Codrington's persistent assertions. She also admitted that the Admiral had come into her bedroom, clad in his night-shirt, and poked the fire.

The Jury found Mrs. Codrington guilty of the charges of adultery against her, and the Admiral not guilty of the allegations against him. The Judge directed there was no evidence to support the charges against Emily Faithfull. The general public belief was that, despite the peculiar bedroom arrangements at 82, Eccleston Square, Mrs. Codrington had invented the story concerning her husband and Miss Faithfull. Hardman makes a further comment upon the matter.

The last mail would communicate to the Antipodes that disgraceful picture of Society which is embodied in the Codrington Divorce Case. I hope you read it, especially Miss Emily Faithfull's evidence. To my mind the Lady Manager of the Victoria Press is simply a fool . . . Lionel Robinson writes: "Miss Faithfull I have met before now, and was rather pleased than otherwise."

The Thames Embankment, in spite of newspaper croakers, progresses rapidly, and lines of innumerable piles mark its outline, where it is not, as opposite the Temple, filled in with earth. It always reminds me of you.¹

The great topics which occupy the popular mind are spiritual. I mean the quarrels between Orthodoxy and Unbelief, the Bishops and Colenso, together with

¹ The scheme was completed in 1870, when the Victoria Embankment was opened by the Prince of Wales. See the first volume of this work, pages 16-19.

the supposed spiritual manifestations of those Yankee humbugs, the Brothers Davenport.¹ Apart from the spiritual and altogether fleshly is the Banting² question. Doubtless the coming Pantomimes will abound with allusions thereto.

As to *Emilia in England*, I did not send it, for I don't think you would altogether like it, and I would fain have you form a favourable impression of our Robin and his works. He will yet produce better stuff than *Emilia*. And yet I don't know, I think I will send it you by next mail.

The Hardmans evidently did not think very highly of Meredith's third long novel, now known as *Sandra Belloni*. Mrs. Hardman wrote the review of the book which appeared in *The Saturday Review* of May 28th, 1864, and in the course of her long article she pointed out the nebulousness, the remoteness from real life, of the thoughts and actions of Meredith's artificial characters in their pursuit of "the fine shades," and the lack of incident. Meredith, although annoyed by earlier reviews, took his friend's criticism calmly, and wrote to Hardman (May 29th,

¹ See later, page 244.

² William Banting (1797-1878) was an undertaker of St. James's Street. Being short, he suffered great inconvenience from excessive stoutness, and was even unable to tie his shoe. Walking exercises and Turkish baths proved useless, and in 1862 he weighed 14 stone, 6 pounds. Being also deaf, he consulted William Harvey, who, tracing the ear trouble to obesity, confined the patient's diet to meat, fish, and dry toast, with the result that his weight was soon reduced by 46 pounds. The delighted Banting published in 1863 a pamphlet entitled *A Letter on Corpulence, Addressed to the Public*. It was a great success, and ran to many editions. "To Bant" became a household phrase for reducing weight, and the Germans evolved the word "Bantingeur."

1864): "I hope to get *Emilia in Italy* (Vittoria) into *The Cornhill*. Tell my dearest D.¹ that she will be launched on a sea of adventure and excitement, and by the way thank her for the pretty notice I saw to-day in *The Saturday*. She gives her criticism very gently. But (tell her this) there is an end now to my working with puppets. I enter life with my people, and my resolve to merit money—which should mean to make it. Health sound, and brain in fine working order."

You will be glad to learn that the renowned Captain Semmes,² late of the "Alabama," sailed from Liverpool last Sunday week, to take command, as it is supposed, of a fine screw steamer, the "Ranger," which has for some time past been lying at Madeira. He was accompanied by eight officers and one hundred men, many of whom had served on board the "Alabama."

You say nothing of the termination of the War in New Zealand, although the unconditional submission of the natives is officially announced to us. The news seems too good to be true.

About 20 minutes to 7 o'clock of the morning of Saturday October 1st we were aroused by a tremendous concussion or rapid series of concussions. It sounded just like a heavy box of linen tumbling down a couple or three steps of the stairs. The windows rattled violently, and we rang our bedroom bell (Thames Cottage) to enquire what had happened. The servants had heard the noise, but could give us no informa-

¹ Demitroïa, Meredith's nickname for Mrs. Hardman. See also *ante*, page 98, for allusion to *Emilia in England*.

² See *ante*, page 194 n.

tion. I told Mary Anne to look at my watch (by which you will perceive that *I* did not get out of bed) in order to note the time, deciding in a sleepy tone that it was surely an earthquake. It turned out to have been a fearful explosion of gunpowder at Erith. Everything in the immediate neighbourhood was reduced to fragments, and Londoners were frightened out of their wits. In some parts of the East End the population rushed into the streets without clothing, and the general conclusion was that Dr. Cumming was right after all, and that the Millennium had commenced.¹ I suppose it was the largest quantity of gunpowder ever exploded at one time.² You may fancy what it must have been to awake us at Hampton. It is reported that the shock was felt as far as *Yarmouth*. One very curious feature of the explosion was that within a few miles of the scene of destruction numerous canaries and other small birds in cages dropped dead.

I was much impressed the other day by an account in an American paper which brought the magnitude of their Civil War more vividly before me than all the accounts of the battles and the "butchers' bills."

¹ John Cumming (1807-1881), divine. Published between 1848-1870 books on the Apocalypse, asserting that the last vial was to be poured out and the world ended very soon. But, as Dr. Doran observed, as Cumming took a seven years' lease of a house he could not have put much faith in his own prophecies. Mr. Alban Doran remembers that a pious but bibulous cook in his parents' employ fully believed in the expected cataclysm in 1858—the year of Donati's Comet. That flaming sword in the heavens was an awe-inspiring visitant, but he proved to be harmless.

² Two magazines exploded, the amount being 1,040 barrels or 104,000 pounds. Ten persons were killed, and three died later in hospital. The explosion was heard fifty miles away.

It was a statement of the expense incurred in carrying on this damnable struggle on the Northern side. In June last the Federal debt had amounted to 520 millions sterling. It increases at the rate of £800,000 per day, or £5,600,000 per week, so that, if Peace should be concluded by March next (a very improbable thing), the total will have reached no less a sum than £700,000,000—the charge for interest upon which will be £42,000,000 per ann. But this is not all; for it is estimated that the amount to be paid by the Government at the end of the war as compensation and damages will swell the debt to £1,100,000,000.¹ The interest on that would be £66,000,000 a year. The total value of real and personal property in the North is calculated at the utmost to be not quite double the amount of this almost fabulous debt. How is Yankeeland to get on with £66,000,000 sterling to find every year as interest on its public debt? Besides, a large standing army will be one of the inevitable results of the war, and the question of pensions for discharged and disabled men cannot be overlooked. At the very lowest estimate £100,000,000 will be required to carry on the Government of the country, while last year the total revenue derived from taxation amounted only to £31,000,000, just one half of the estimated charge for interest alone. And all this has been brought about by three and a half years of war. It is useless to speculate on their probable difficulties. Of course they will repudiate.

¹ The cost of the War of 1914–1918 to the British Empire was £9,590,000,000, and the casualties killed were 946,023, according to *Whitaker's Almanack*.

October 24th, Monday.—I write this from Norbiton Hall, where I and Mary Anne sleep to-night for the first time. The chicks follow in a few days. Our governess (Miss Redpath), who is a great favourite of ours, is leaving, so we are on the look-out for her successor, and a very harassing affair it is. The amount of genteel poverty that it reveals to us is really terrible, and we cannot help regretting that we do not want *several* governesses. I tell Mary Anne I won't have my feelings harrowed any longer, we *must* come to a decision.

This, our first day here, brings us a letter from the worthy little companion and guide of our Swiss tour, Albrecht, who, in the paroxysms of English composition, addresses me as "My dear Hardman," to our great amusement. He left us to go to Lucerne, to act as guide to a Mr. Hugh C. Smith, of Belgrave Square, who does not seem to have behaved very well to him, for the little man writes: "The first time I shall have the pleasur to see you I will relate you in which maner H. Shmid has treated with me. Never in my live I will forget Mr. Shmid's travel. *Mais patience par force!* Indid I was quite content to be at home and to take a reste." We shall probably have Albrecht over to see us in the spring, a visit which both parties will enjoy.

Roberts, the billiard champion, seems to fill the Victorian mind with amazement.

This letter is feeble, I fear, but you will understand that it has been written amid great confusion, with a host of other things to distract my attention. I look forward to the peace and quiet of my new home, with

my eye wandering out of window to gaze on beautiful lawn and trees, and then "Heigh! for Cobbett again." I was not at all well last winter, and had hard work to fix myself steadily to Stuart, and could not touch the great W. C. with effect.¹

¹ Despite this renewed intention, Hardman never completed and published his book on William Cobbett, which, at Meredith's suggestion, was to have been issued by Chapman and Hall.

NOVEMBER, 1864

Norbiton Hall.

I AM up a tree! My boiler has burst! It will cost me £100 before all is set right. All my hot-houses, etc., are worked by one large boiler which has to supply about two thousand five hundred feet of iron pipe with hot water. Just as we were beginning our winter forcing it cracked, and being cast iron it cannot be mended. The weather is singularly fine, and we have from six to eight degrees of frost every night. Consequently we are up a tree. In order to keep out the frost we burn candles at intervals of three feet in the Pinery and Greenhouse and Geranium House. So, to-night, I seem to be celebrating some festive occasion!—Heaven save the mark. I have a regular illumination, and shall be curious to know what will be the result in the morning.

On Tuesday evening, as you will see from the papers, the Bar of England gave a dinner to the eminent French lawyer, M. Berryer, in the Middle Temple Hall. Of course I was present. About 500 sat down to a capital dinner. I think we ought to have dined in forensic costume; it would have impressed the Frenchman more than an assembly of very ordinary-looking gentlemen in evening dress. We all sat in rigid rotation in order of precedence of call, and I was astonished to find myself quite among the *seniors*, with a host of men my juniors. You will

recollect I was called on April 30th, 1852. Every plate had a slip of paper with its holder's name upon it and the date of his call. At the cross table at the top of the Hall sat the swells and invited guests, including Lord Brougham, Lord Kingsdown,¹ the Lord Chief Justice, M. Desmarest (the Batonnier or elected chief of the French Bar), Mr. Gladstone (who, though not a barrister, was admitted as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and therefore *pro tem.* a judge), and a lot more Judges and Queen's Counsel. It was a very brilliant and notable gathering. The arrangement of the men in order of precedence naturally separated those who might have liked to sit together. For example, I should have liked to sit next to Orridge,² and Serjeant Parry, and Charley Coleman. Oddly enough, I found myself next to the latter, by chance of course, and on my other hand was an old Cambridge man who knew me, viz. Dumergue of Caius, an old Rugby man. The Attorney-General (Roundell Palmer³) was in the chair, and a very dry and unsatisfactory chairman he made. The contrast between him and Berryer or Desmarest was painfully to his disadvantage. Berryer has a most admirable voice and delivery; his modulating power was marvellous,

¹ Thomas Pemberton-Leigh (1793-1867), created Baron Kingsdown in 1858. Distinguished in equity. Refused the Lord Chancellorship. M.P. for Rye, 1831-1832, and for Ripon, 1835-1843.

² Orridge, a barrister, married a daughter of "Pater" Evans; they lived partly at Littleworth Cottage, Esher, the house Hardman rented in 1861.

³ Sir Roundell Palmer (1812-1895), Lord Chancellor 1872-1874 and 1880-1885 (in Gladstone's Ministry). Created Earl of Selborne in 1882.

and his action most effective and appropriate. Old Lord Brougham spoke well, for his years,¹ but was twaddly : his speech, as cooked by the reporters, reads better than it sounded. If it had not been for Cockburn and Gladstone we should have been disgraced. There was one portion of the evening which was not reported, and which was assuredly not creditable to the Bar of England. I allude to the direful struggle for hats and coats which followed the breaking-up of the assembly. As I wished to return home by the 11 o'clock train, I left my seat at 10.40, hoping to get away in time. I found myself amid a rampageous crowd of barristers at the door of the cloak-room, where some 400 hats, etc., had been entrusted to the care of one feeble, large-eyed, and remonstrant waiter, aided by a youth of tender years. Instead of giving out the necessary garments, this melancholy *garçon* wasted his time in begging us to be patient. Vain hope ! Fitzjames Stephen² (you will recollect him at Trinity) led the way, and I, urged on by pressure from behind, followed him. The small room was quickly crammed with barristers, and the floor paved with squashed hats. Some were irate, but most men treated the scrimmage as a profound joke. I gave up all hope of obtaining my hat, etc., and was wildly tossed about for a quarter of an hour, part of which time was spent in saving the small boy from being

¹ Eighty-six.

² Sir James Fitzjames Stephen (1829-1894), Counsel for Rowland Williams in the case of *Essays and Reviews*, 1861. Judge of the High Court, 1879-1891. Created a baronet, 1891. Author of books on Criminal Law. Elder brother of Leslie Stephen.

obliterated. Just as I was giving up the business in despair, I looked down, and, recognising the lining, I exclaimed, "By Jove! that's my coat!" and picked it up triumphant. Near it I soon found my hat, not much the worse for its kicking—happily it was not my best. A man pulled out two umbrellas from the chaos—one was his own and the other was mine! I fought my way out with great difficulty, but of course missed my train, and had to wait for the 12 o'clock, not reaching my "Hall" until 1 a.m.

The following evening Mary Anne dined with Mr. Deputy Virtue at the Lord Mayor's Feast. As my friend Lionel G. Robinson *he* said, "She might as well have gone with the *real article* instead of the deputy!" By dint of great persuasion I induced her to go in her second-best silk dress, and well it was, for a clumsy waiter spilt a lot of mustard over it. However, she was delighted with the spectacle, which is worth seeing *once*. I did not get a ticket, so I dined comfortably at the Club and escorted her home. I know who had the better dinner!

You will see that Miss Victoire Balfe,¹ the divorced wife of the impotent Crampton (late Minister at St. Petersburg, now ditto at Madrid), has married a Spanish Grandee, the Duke de Frias. It is asked, in polite circles, if her new husband's *name* has had

¹ Victoire (1837-1871), second daughter of Michael William Balfe, was a soprano singer, and made her début as Amina in *La Sonnambula* at the Lyceum in 1857. She married Sir John Fiennes Crampton (1805-1886), K.C.B. He, when Secretary to the British Embassy in Washington, was recalled in 1856, as he had offended the U.S.A. Government by recruiting soldiers in America to fight with the British Army in the Crimean War.

any influence on her choice . . . It is expected that as the Duke and Duchess de Frias are about to return to Madrid, the ex-husband will have to be recalled. Divorces made cheap to individuals, may become costly to the State.

Is it that the Home Government has come to its senses on the subject of Australian Transportation? Mr. Cardwell has at length intimated to the Colonial Governments the determination of the Home Authorities not to carry out the main suggestion of Earl Grey's Commission—that an increased number of convicts, estimated at about 1,500, should be annually dispatched to Western Australia. No substitute for transportation to Australia has yet been suggested, and although the abandonment of one penal settlement does not necessarily imply the abandonment of the system, yet it looks as if the attention of the Government was being drawn to the utilisation of this valuable labour at home.

The papers are speculating on the singular sustaining power of the Australian atmosphere as exemplified in two recent examples. I mean the three children lost for eight days and the man who was lost in the bush for eleven days, a drink of water being in both cases the only sustenance, if sustenance it can be called. You seem to have all rushed into a passion of admiration for the young girl who sheltered her brother from cold at her own expense.

You know, of course, that Mr. Thomas Hughes¹

¹ Thomas Hughes (1822–1896), son of John Hughes of Donnington Priory, Berkshire, was a barrister. He became Q.C. in 1869, and a County Court Judge in 1882. A follower of F. D. Maurice, he was much interested in the work of Christian

is the author of *Tom Brown's School Days* and its sequel, *Tom Brown at Oxford*. Well, sir, this said Hughes is a man to me most objectionable. He frequents Chartist platforms, and is a Radical of the deepest dye. The result of this is his appointment to the post of "Reviser of Military Regulations" by Earl de Grey and Ripon. His next book may possibly be called *Tom Brown's Sinecure*. His appointment is perhaps more immediately the result of his threatening to contest Halifax in the Radical interest against that Solon, Sir Charles Wood.¹ The post has been created for him, and is as neat a piece of Whig jobbery as I have known. To qualify him for this post, it is but fair to state that Mr. Hughes has seen considerable military service—in the neighbourhood of Primrose Hill, being Lieutenant-Colonel of the Bloomsbury Rifles !!

Socialism, and was Principal of the Working Men's College, Great Ormond Street, 1872-1883. Liberal M.P. for Lambeth, 1865, and for Frome, 1868-1874. *Tom Brown's School Days* was published in 1857 (anonymously) and *The Scouring of the White Horse* in 1859.

¹ Secretary of State for India, 1859-1866. M.P. for Halifax, 1832-1865. Created Viscount Halifax, 1866.

compartments the Davenports took their places, after being securely bound with ropes and the audience invited to seal the knots with their own signets. The doors of the cabinet were closed, and immediately a clamour of discordant music proceeded from the instruments in the centre compartment. But when the sounds ceased and the doors were again opened, the Davenports were found to be bound as securely and immovably as when they entered their separate compartments. Next the Brothers were bound by ropes to chairs placed in the middle of the room, and the lights extinguished. Again the weird concert commenced, but now the instruments flew about the room, *The Times* reporter receiving a blow on the face from a floating guitar which drew blood. "A cold wind passed across the faces of the whole company . . . sometimes the knee was patted by a mysterious hand." But when the lights went up the Davenports were still securely bound. Then one brother would take off his coat and put on a garment supplied by a visitor, but would be found with the ropes on as before directly the illumination was restored. Finally, a visitor requesting that one of the mysterious ropes might fall into his lap, it came at him with a rushing sound, striking the face of the person in the next chair. Evidently a Davenport séance had some physical drawbacks for the audience.

The Davenports' tricks were imitated and exposed by J. N. Maskelyne at the old Egyptian Hall in Piccadilly (pulled down in 1904, when Maskelyne removed his entertainment to St. George's Hall, Langham Place, which forty years before had been the scene of the Davenports' séances). Henry Irving and Frederick Maccabe,

then stock actors at Manchester, hired the Athenæum in that city and gave a burlesque performance of the Davenports' programme. Nevertheless there were many people who believed that the Davenports had Spiritualistic powers. Dion Boucicault, the actor, supported them in violent letters to *The Times*, which that journal refused to print, stating its case in a very personal paragraph. Lord Bury and Captain Inglefield having said they detected no trickery in the Davenports' performances, were advised by another correspondent of *The Times* to have themselves tied up with ropes and be thrown into the Serpentine together with the Brethren, who would then release and save the party by Spiritualistic agency—if they could!

Whilst I think of it I must mention an act on the part of Her Majesty which ought to win all the respect and affection of her subjects (that is, if she has ever lost any). You are probably not aware that since the injury to the old Chapel of the Savoy by fire,¹ Her Majesty has restored it most beautifully at her own cost. That, however, is not the point; she has caused an hour-glass to be placed, according to ancient custom, within reach of the pulpit; and this same hour-glass occupies exactly eighteen minutes in running out. The clergy thus have it, on undoubted authority, that the head of the Church of England considers eighteen minutes is the proper length of a sermon. May they take the hint! It is well known that the Queen does not endure long discourses, and I believe it is the custom for any new parson who is

¹ The fire at the Savoy Chapel occurred on July 7th, 1864.

going to hold forth in Her Majesty's presence to receive a hint on the subject.

An interesting Breach of Promise case has just come off, resulting in a verdict by consent for £1,000. Shortly, the story is that an undergraduate of Cambridge fell in love with the daughter of a tradesman of the town, one Coulden, an engraver (I have two pewters elaborately engraved by him, even to this day). The youth's parents objected, but without effect. His ardent soul found vent in amorous effusions duly read in Court. After a constant courtship, he goes to New Zealand to seek a fortune and a home for his fair betrothed. Homeward-bound ships bear more amorous epistles to his darling *en route*. She replies to Post Office, Dunedin. But, alack, shortly after landing, her faithless swain is united to a young lady, passenger in the same ship. They return to England, and the present action is brought. The Defendant's counsel is instructed to offer no opposition, to indulge in no derogatory remarks on Miss Coulden, to admit that his client was alone to blame, and to agree to the verdict above. Three cheers for the daughter of the Cambridge engraver! I am not surprised at the result.

The Australian correspondent of *The Times* this month writes, "I know of one *barrister* who gave £500 for a share in a quartz reef at Wood's Point, which share became worth £10,000 a few weeks after." I hope, whoever the legal brother may be, that he had the courage and firmness to *realise* when his share reached the value named.

I heard a curious story the other day of the origin of the employment of Algerian onyx for decorative purposes. One evening, some years ago, M. Schomberg, a friend of my next-door neighbour, and the relater of the story, was roused by a stranger of dishevelled appearance. "Don't you know me?" "No, monsieur, I have not that honour." "Don't you recollect your old schoolfellow, Adolphe?" He did remember, and the customary French embrace followed as a matter of course. Then came the account of what Adolphe had been doing with himself. He had been working in the quarries at Carrara, and, after much knocking about, he had been in the Legion Étrangère (a medley of all the ne'er-do-wells of the world) in Algeria. Adolphe passed some time with his friend, having nothing particular to do. At last, one morning, he rushed into M. Schomberg's room, exclaiming, "I have had a dream. I dreamt that my fortune was made; that I had that piece of marble, which I brought from Algeria, converted into a statue, which I presented to the Empress Eugénie, and it made my fortune." The friends determined to carry out the dream. The block of marble was sent to a common sort of sculptor, who quickly turned it into a St. Peter or a Virgin or something of that sort. By the assistance of Schomberg, Adolphe was rigged out in a good suit of clothes, for, a day or two after the Empress received the figure, she sent for him to see her. The Empress wished to reward him, or give him the value of the figure. He politely declined, with protestations of eternal fidelity to the Imperial régime. A few days later comes a message

from the Emperor, who also wished to see him. Adolphe went, and was ushered into a room where His Majesty was writing, alone. "M. Adolphe?" said the Emperor. "The same, your Majesty." "I have got some letters to finish, and shall be a few minutes; take a cigar," pushing a box to him. Adolphe was too confused to smoke the proffered weed. When the Emperor had finished his writing, he began by inquiring all about Adolphe; what he had been doing, where he had been, whether he had seen any quantity of the peculiar marble in Algeria. The answers proving satisfactory, the Emperor said, "Well, I will believe you. In three weeks' time, go to Marseilles; you will find a ship waiting, with fifty navvies on board. You will accompany them to Algeria, where you will find 150,000 francs placed to your credit at such a bank; you must set them to work in quarrying this marble. If you succeed, your fortune is made; if you do not, never show your face in France again." Adolphe protested. "Never mind protesting, do as I tell you; and, by the way, you have not been in Paris for some time—you will like to see the sights—take these," handing him a couple of notes of a thousand francs. Adolphe was quite overwhelmed, but, after a slight demur, accepted the Imperial present. In three weeks he did as the Emperor directed, and at this moment is worth two millions of francs. I may add that His Majesty showed such a knowledge of quarrying for marble that Adolphe said he might have worked at Carrara for years.

On Monday we went to Balham to dine with Robert

Cooke.¹ Thirty-six hours of rain from Saturday to Monday had swamped creation generally. The road through Morden was under water, so we had to go over by Wimbledon to get to our destination. The Cookes' party was an interesting one. Du Chaillu,² the great little traveller in search of gorillas, was there; a small brown Frenchman, who might easily pass muster among a lot of African savages. Miss Mulock, authoress of *John Halifax, Gentleman*, was also there, with her husband, for she is now Mrs. Craik. The story of her marriage is not without interest. Mr. Craik was smashed in a railway accident, and was, I believe, taken to her house, where she nursed him till he recovered. Nothing would do but he must marry her. She refused him several times, but he would not be denied. She is almost old enough to be his mother, being over fifty³ and quite grey, while he is not much more than thirty, I should think. He is minus a leg, but manages his wooden one very well.

The widow of Andrew Crosse,⁴ the celebrated electrician, was there, a very lively and talkative lady, who chaffed Meredith immensely about a passage in *Richard Feverel* which had prejudiced her against our friend. Mary Anne overheard this conversation, but

¹ Partner in the publishing house of John Murray. He lived with his sister in an old house near Clapham Common.

² See the first volume of this work, page 35.

³ Dinah Maria Mulock, Mrs. Craik (1826-1887) must have been old looking for her age, as she was but thirty-eight at this period. *John Halifax, Gentleman*, appeared in 1857. She married, in 1864, George Lillie Craik, a partner in the publishing firm of Macmillan and Company.

⁴ Andrew Crosse, of Fyne Court, Somerset, married, in 1850, his second wife, Cornelia Augusta, daughter of F. H. Berkeley, of Exeter.

did not catch the words of the offending passage, so, when the ladies retired to the drawing-room, she boldly asked Mrs. Crosse what it was. She was somewhat surprised at the reply. It was "Kissing won't last, but cookery will,"¹ as a piece of advice to "persons about to marry. On the drive home we discussed it with Mrs. Meredith (George riding outside, smoking a cigar), and she said that when she was going to be married an old aunt wrote her a letter of *discouragement* and *encouragement*, saying *inter alia* that she had read somewhere in a book, whose title she had forgotten, that "kissing won't last, but cookery will." Was not this singular, when she (the niece) was going to be married to the very man who had written it?

December 22nd, 1864.—The mail has been delayed by bad weather. Hinchliff and Dr. Liveing spent Saturday to Monday with us, and Hamber came down on Sunday. There was a considerable fall of snow, and we four men became boys, snowballing one another and rolling great avalanches on the lawn in order to construct a gigantic snow man, which remains even unto this day an object of admiration to the children.

¹ Mrs. Berry's actual words were, "Kissing don't last: cookery do!"

JANUARY, 1865

WE have been over to Wimbledon to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Holroyd, your father and mother. Sir Edwin, Lady, and Miss Pearson were of the party, and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Valpy and others. Your aunt seems unaltered and unalterable. Your sister Caroline is always charming, hearty, and full of fun and intelligence. Your brother George, the millionaire, was not present: in fact, I have not seen him since he was married. His horses and carriages are much talked about, and it would be impossible to exaggerate the perfections of his "turn-out." He has indeed played his cards well in the Railway world, and now cuts a very large "dash." He is a 'cute fellow, and I doubt not has made his money safe from the vicissitudes to which speculation is always liable. We had a very pleasant evening with your family, and drove home through a very stormy night to Norbiton Hall.

The Wimbledonians are up in arms against Lord Spencer's ¹ proposal to turn the Common into a Park. His Lordship has been much belarded by the Press generally, but notably by *The Times*, for his supposed liberality, and I see he has just been honoured by the bestowal of the vacant Garter. As you will doubtless be interested in the local politics of Wimbledon, I will

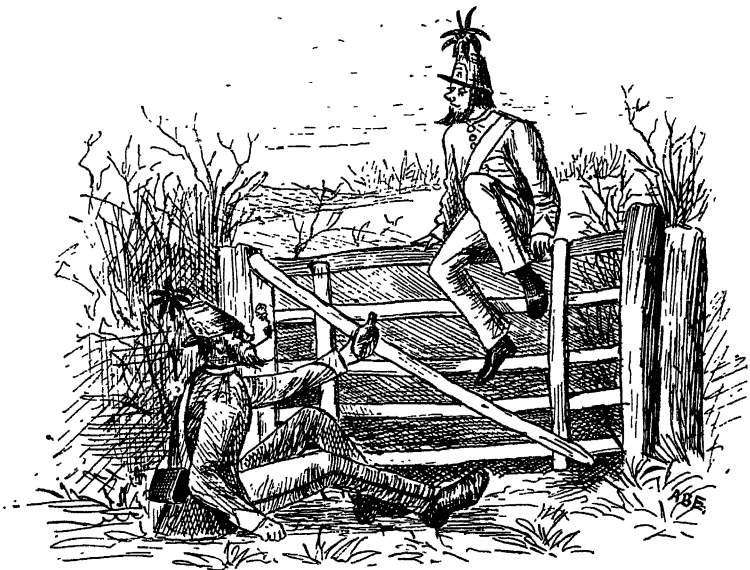
¹ The fifth Earl Spencer (1835-1910), afterwards Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He was one of the original founders of the National Rifle Association in 1860.

endeavour to explain the matter as fully set forth to me by Sir Edwin Pearson. The patriotic Wimbledonians and others entitled to Common Rights were induced by the representations of the Volunteer Rifle Association, backed by Lord Spencer, to permit a large portion of the Common to be set apart and enclosed temporarily for shooting purposes, a sum being charged for admission. Lord Spencer now takes advantage of this to assume that the Common Rights have been waived, and he therefore proposes to deal with 1,200 acres of the Common as follows : To set apart 700 acres as a park to be enclosed, with park-keepers, and lodges and gates to be closed at a certain hour, the public to be admitted with certain restrictions and not to be permitted to wander as and where their fancy may lead them, Lord Spencer and his heirs being Protectors of the Park in perpetuity. In order to indemnify himself for all expenses he proposes to have the right of disposing of all or any portion of the remaining 500 acres as building land. He also proposes to retain the right of pasturage over the 700 acres of park. Now the plain English of all this apparently philanthropic scheme is this : the 500 acres at a low estimate are worth £300 per acre, or would be so when the park was completed. Therefore he would put at least £150,000 into his pocket by that portion of the transaction. Again, he retains the right of pasturage over the 700 acres of park. That would be worth at least £2,000 a year. In fact, I have no doubt that the irate Wimbledonians are right in supposing that he would probably build himself a magnificent residence and that the park would practically become private. They

say, "We do not want a park, we prefer that the Common should remain a common, over which we can walk anywhere at any hour of the day or the night. Besides it is a direct insult for Lord Spencer to assert that we have abandoned our rights." The coming Session will doubtless see the annihilation of Lord Spencer's selfish project. I was surprised to find my head-gardener very warm on the subject. He asks, "Where shall we get our sand, gravel, and peat-mould, if Wimbledon Common is turned into a park?"

Lord Spencer was Lord of the Manor of Wimbledon, and his futile attempt to obtain possession of a large portion of Wimbledon Common was the reversal of the policy of his father, the fourth Earl, who had sold the famous Wimbledon House estate in 1846. This property, formerly a royal residence and much favoured by Charles the First and Queen Henrietta Maria, was purchased in the early part of the eighteenth century by Sarah Duchess of Marlborough. She died here in 1744, and Wimbledon House passed to her Spencer descendants. Over 1,200 acres were sold in 1846, and form the district known as Wimbledon Park, which has been partly built over with houses of varying class. The gardens of the original mansion had been magnificent.

Wimbledon Common has long been associated with Volunteers and Rifle Shooting. In 1797-1798 there were reviews here of Volunteers, and in 1803 there was great activity owing to the fears of an invasion of England by Napoleon. At that date the total number of the Volunteer force was 335,307. With peace in 1815 the movement declined, and it was not until 1859 that it revived owing to the interference of the second Napoleon



OUR AUXILIARY FORCES (IN THE 'SIXTIES)

1st Volunteer : " I shan't go to no more Manoovers, Bill, 'tain't 'arf a picnic."

2nd Volunteer : " No—and them Harmy Hossifers is so 'igh and 'aughty; won't allow yer to 'ave a boy with yer to carry yer rifle and beer, won't allow yer to smoke or sit down when yer feel tired, and never even ask yer to 'ave a drop of anythink to drink."

1st Volunteer : " Yes, blowed if they don't treat us as if we was SOLDIERS."

(From an original drawing by the late Colonel Sir A. B. Ellis, K.C.B.)

in Continental affairs. By June, 1860, the force numbered 130,000, and it was reviewed by Queen Victoria in Hyde Park. On July 2nd, the first meeting of the National Rifle Association was held on Wimbledon Common, and the Queen fired the first shot at the targets, where she secured a "bull's eye" and scored three points. In 1862 the House of Lords had a shooting contest with the House of Commons on Wimbledon Common. Despite a great deal of pungent ridicule, the Volunteer movement continued, and fully justified itself in the South African War, and, after later reconstruction, in the War of 1914-1918.

I am very busy with improvements, and am up to my ears in bricks and mortar. May my place soon be free from workmen. My boiler arrangements work now most beautifully. My vines are bursting into leaf, my peaches and apricots are in full bloom, and my pines are looking healthy. I have one house entirely filled with strawberry plants just thinking of showing flower, and all goes well.

Thanks for the papers with full accounts of the Molesworth divorce. I never read a worse case in my life, and I heartily pity the unhappily-matched Judge. I may tell you confidentially that I placed the papers in Mary Anne's hands for perusal, and she and I are utterly disgusted with the picture of upper female colonial life. Then comes your wife's letter to mine with more disparaging remarks on the conduct of her sex. What do your Antipodean males think of these doings of their females?

I see from *The Age* that an Aërated Bread Company on Dr. Danglish's system has been started at Melbourne.

If you have not tried this bread, lose no time in doing so. It is the only bread we eat at Norbiton. I have some shares in the Provincial Aërated Bread Company which have paid me 5 per cent. at the end of the first year, and they will probably pay 15 per cent. the second year. The shares in the London Company are not to be bought even at their present high premium; the price in the market, if any could be got, would be £12 to £13.

We joined in a most interesting ceremony the other day. You may possibly recollect, for I am sure I have told you, that our friend Shirley Brooks has two very fine boys, his only children, one 9 and the other 8: the elder Reginald, the younger Cecil. Well, sir, a note comes from Shirley Brooks to Mary Anne saying:—

“Which is the best way to ask a favour, to ‘out’ with it at once, or to make an elegant preface? If I knew which you preferred, I would adopt that course, but in the absence of perfect knowledge on the point, I will imitate the plan usually adopted by the late Mr. Burke and the present Mr. Brooks, and begin point-blank.

“Will you do Mrs. Shirley and myself the kindness, and our son Reginald¹ the honour, of being his Godmother?

“Having given you time to recover from your surprise at learning that he is, at nine years of age, in need of a sponsor, I will explain that neither he nor his brother have (I mean *has*) been christened, and that the omission began in no under-valuation of the

¹ See *ante*, page III and note.

ceremony, as I need hardly say, but in a series of illnesses and removals and postponements, and that somehow, having deferred the matter, we went on deferring it. But now we are seriously resolute on the baptism taking place, and are securing the necessary sponsorships. We propose that both the boys shall be christened, of course in the quietest way, at St. Paul's, Covent Garden, whence the little party will adjourn to the Hotel Bedford, close by, and have lunch. Reginald's Godfathers will be Charles Knight and Frederick Evans, and I think both are persons with whom you would like to be associated. I venture to hope, therefore, that we shall have the pleasure of hearing from you that (with the sanction of the Superior Power) you will do us this kindness.

"If possible we want to arrange it for Tuesday next, the 17th instant. The Superior Power will escort you to town, and we have selected the church as central and convenient to all. I address him separately.¹

"January 10th, 1865.

¹ "MY DEAR HARDMAN,

"I have written to Mrs. Hardman to ask her a favour, and I write to beg you to use your influence to induce her to grant it. Also I write to beg that on the day, hereafter to be finally fixed, you will give us the pleasure of your company, first at the place mentioned as a rendezvous, and secondly at the Bedford Hotel, Covent Garden, to meet a few friends, chiefly of 'the writing sort,' and partake of lunch. I shall be very much obliged by both acts of friendliness. We have something to do which ought to have been done long ago, and intimate friends can enable us to perform it without fuss, and in pleasantness. . . .

"I dined at the Windham Club yesterday with G. Wingrove Cooke, Mowbray Morris, W. H. Russell, Samuel Lucas, Robert Bell, etc., but the dinner had been planned by Mr. Novelli, who is held to be one of the three who give their entire souls to making a dinner correct. I send you the *carte*. We had the wonderfulest

"I saw George Meredith at the Club the other evening. He looks exceeding well, and has somehow altered himself—seems less poetic and more social.

"With my wife's best love, and my kindest regards, ever, my dear Mrs. Hardman,

"Yours most faithfully,

"SHIRLEY BROOKS."

I need scarcely say that we accepted the invitation. Besides the sponsors already mentioned, our friend Robert Cooke (John Murray's partner and right hand), with Mark Lemon,¹ the editor of *Punch*, and Mrs. Mark Lemon, were the representatives of the younger boy. Old "Pater" Evans, of Bradbury and Evans,² was present, and as jolly as usual. At 1.30 we sat down to a handsome luncheon, which resembled a wedding-breakfast without the newly-married couple. Champagne flowed freely, and cigars *ad lib.* followed until

wines, inserted, I suppose, at the exact second. Novelli told me, with a touching pathos, that he had been considering for years what ought to be taken directly after cheese, and he could come to no other decision than that, in the absence of anything more fit, a glass of very dry champagne should be the drink, though he felt conscious that this was *not the* right thing. I hope to dine with him in after years when his mind shall be at rest, for I am not like the Gods, and a good man in difficulties is not a sight dear to me.

"Believe me, my dear Hardman,

"Ever yours faithfully,

"SHIRLEY BROOKS."

¹ Mr. Matthews, of Grindlay's Bank, was godfather to Cecil Brooks: not Mark Lemon.

² Publishers and proprietors of *Punch*. One of "Pater" Evans's daughters, Elizabeth, married Charles Boz Dickens, eldest son of the novelist.

five o'clock, when we returned home. Old Charles Knight,¹ now about seventy-three, is a delightful old gentleman and possesses an interest that approaches the historic. I shall close this account with one remark arising from the Baptismal Service. I had not before read carefully the said service, and it horrified me to find that our children are expected to "crucify *the old man*": this is a sad prospect for us fathers: the mothers are not mentioned, unless "old man" includes "old woman."

The Rev. Samuel Reynolds Hole (1819-1904), the later well-known Dean of Rochester, was present at this curious festivity which combined a religious ceremony with a champagne lunch and a subsequent visit to the theatre. Hole was at this date Vicar of Caunton and a contributor to *Punch*, and he records of the Baptism of the Brooks Boys that "all things were done with due reverence." Shirley Brooks wrote in his diary:—"Hole came late, but was present during most of the ceremony. Reginald was nervous and bit his lip; Cecil grave, but inclined to be comic. . . . Afterwards to the Bedford. There we lunched in the 'Dryden' [Room]. I turned on plenty of champagne. Charles Knight made a very nice speech to the health of the children, whom 'he would not call the Christians of the hour!' Afterwards E.² and I and the young Christians went to see *Hop o' My Thumb* at Drury Lane. . . . Back to the Bedford for supper. Home by $\frac{1}{2}$ past 12.

¹ Charles Knight (1791-1873), publisher and author. Started (with his father) *The Windsor and Eton Express* in 1812, and later issued *The Penny Magazine*, 1832-1845, and *The Penny Cyclopædia*, 1833-1844.

² Emily, his wife.

So all went well. And there was the end of the Christening."

We went up to town the previous afternoon, stopping at the Bedford Hotel all night,¹ in order to be present at a Reading by Bellew at the Westbourne Hall, Westbourne Grove. His Reverence, by our request, read Meredith's *Grandfather Bridgeman* to an audience which gave our poet's work a hearty reception. Bellew's readings are a very great treat, for he is unsurpassed in his elocutionary powers. We had much pleasant chaff with our Parsoon in his little room "behind the scenes," if I may say so when there were of course *no scenes*. I will state *par parenthèse* that he and his wife come to us on Tuesday next to stay all night.

Miss Laura Hain Friswell in her book of reminiscences, *In the Sixties and Seventies*, gives an amusing account of the Rev. J. M. Bellew "behind the scenes" at one of his readings. In the interval she and her father, James Hain Friswell

¹ Concerning this, Shirley Brooks wrote to Hardman on January 14th, 1865:—"Well, touching the Bedford, then. It has been for years a House of Call for the *Punch* mechanics, many of our dinners have been held there, and much good work indited in the rooms called respectively 'Shakspeare' and 'Dryden.' Mrs. Warner, the proprietress, is the eldest of the sisters Romer, of whom Mrs. Mark Lemon is a younger one, and there is a sort of family tone about the house. It is quite a place for ladies—brides intending come with their 'mars' to gain a settlement entitling them to be married at the church. We stayed there while arranging for our house. I am 'at home' there. The sitting rooms are very clean and nice, the bedrooms are clean, but in the old, rather gloomy style. It is not a cheap place. . . . Why not try it for the one night, and you will soon see the character of the house. . . . I am writing amid printers and jabber.—S. B."

(1825-1878), went to the "little room," where on the bare and dirty walls they perceived several looking-glasses in silver frames hung at studied angles; on a table were silver-backed brushes and other luxurious appurtenances of the toilet. When Bellew came in he said: "Did you ever see such a hole? Like a room at a railway station: not even a decent looking-glass, so I have to bring all these"—waving his hand at the mirrors and brushes and bottles. "You must have a glass of champagne with me," he added, "just to drink further success to *The Railway Incident*," the piece by Hain Friswell which Bellew had just been reading. Mr. Hain Friswell commented upon the applause he had received and the vociferous way the hearers clapped. "Oh! yes," said Bellew, "they always do, but I never repeat, I set my face against encores. If they want *The Railway Incident* again, as they always do, they can come to the next reading." And he gazed into one of his mirrors, and ran his hand through his hair.

Probably no clergyman ever led such a restless life as Bellew or had such varied addresses. In 1857, when he was thirty-four years of age, a London paper published this account under the title of *A Popular Preacher*: "The following description of Mr. Bellew, the well-known preacher, who comes as an insolvent debtor before the County Court Judge at Canterbury, on the 13th October, is a curiosity in its way."

"John Chippendale Montesquieu Higgin (from the year 1846 having assumed his maternal name of Bellew, also sued, committed, and retained as J. C. M. B.), formerly of St. Mary's Hall, Oxford, undergraduate; then of King Street, St. James's, Middlesex; then of Fernanes Cottage, Fulmer Common, near Slough, Bucks, gentleman in no

profession or employ ; then of Southgate, Middlesex ; then of Eastbourne, Sussex ; then of Worcester, Worcestershire, Clerk in Holy Orders ; then of Prescott, Lancashire, Clerk as aforesaid ; then of Albert Terrace, Bayswater, Middlesex ; then for three months living on board the ' Hotspur ' ship, en route for the East Indies ; then of St. John's Cathedral, Calcutta, East Indies, chaplain in the service of the Hon. East India Company, and for a few days while there having an exhibition descriptive of Nineveh, and lecturing thereon ; then for three months living on board, first, the ' Hindostan,' and, afterwards, the ' Vectis,' ship, proceeding from Calcutta to England ; then of Glencoe House, St. John's Wood, and afterwards of 2, Marlborough Terrace, St. John's Wood ; then of 25 Thurloe Square, Brompton, all in Middlesex ; assistant minister of St. Philip's Church, Regent Street, Middlesex ; also author of two volumes ; and next and late of the Rose Inn, Canterbury, and now a prisoner in the Gaol of Canterbury."

Soon after this, Bellew was appointed Vicar of St. Mark's, Hamilton Terrace, and lived at 6, Marlborough Place, St. John's Wood. In 1862 he was at Walton-on-Thames, in 1863 at Thames Cottage, Hampton, and in 1864 he took a house in Portsdown Gardens, Maida Vale. Readings in America followed some years later. This was Bellew's most prosperous period. He wrote to Hardman from America : " I return here in September to commence an engagement of one hundred nights for one-half gross receipts, with a guarantee of not less than £6,000. The amount might reach £8,000 or £10,000. . . . I was in the midst of them all at Washington. Grant, Sherman, Sheridan were introduced to me among



THE REV. J. M. BELLEW AND HIS SECOND WIFE (*née* EAST,
AND LATER MRS. WILKINSON)

(Photograph by William Hardman)

others. Sherman is a fine fellow—I was most pleased with him. Sheridan is like a French officer—short, square-set, and a regular Napoleon face. Grant is a cold, reticent Methodist, with a quick eagle eye—resolute, a man who will carry his point, whatever it cost.” In 1870 Bellew was living at 162, Holland Road, Kensington, and he died at 16, Circus Road, St. John’s Wood, in 1874.

January 25th.—Bellew and his wife came to us yesterday and stayed all night and until the next evening at 6, when the Reverend Gentleman had to return to London to read at the Store Street Music Hall. Hardy also came to meet them, and we had some common friends (Mr. and Mrs. Jepson) from Hampton to complete our party. I need scarcely say that we had great larks. You would like Bellew, I am sure, he is so jolly and straightforward. If his novel, *Blount Tempest*,¹ gets as far as Melbourne, read it, and if you see an unfavourable and spiteful notice of it in *The Saturday Review*, do not be prejudiced by it. The reviewer makes a great point of heaping ridicule upon the author for what are palpable errors of the press, resulting from Bellew’s absence in Germany, when the reading of the proofs was left in the hands of an incompetent person.

James Virtue has brought me from New York a marvellous book called *Woman and her Era*, written by one of the strongest-minded of American women, Mrs. Farnham. She proves to her own satisfaction that Woman is Man’s natural Sovereign and Superior. She enters into details which would alarm the modesty

¹ See *ante*, page 187.

of every woman in creation who was not either a prostitute or a strong-minded preacher of a pet theory. She raves in that high-flown diction which is peculiar to those American women whom Dickens has so happily ridiculed in *Martin Chuzzlewit*. She is very difficult to quote for your edification, because she is so vastly diffuse, but I will endeavour to give you some idea of her notions as to the act of copulation.¹ . . . Sola! Sola! Mrs. Farnham has filled two 8vo vols. with raving bosch of which my specimen is more than usually intelligible. I cannot say that I distinctly comprehend all that I have written for your benefit, but a general notion pervades me of thankfulness that I have not married such a foetid example of strong-minded woman gone mad.

Various events point to a recognition of the Confederated States of America by England and France before very long. Our Envoy, Lord Lyons, and the French ditto, M. Mercier, have both been recalled—the former on the plea of ill-health. These diplomatic illnesses are very convenient. When Abe Lincoln enters on his second term as President, on March 4th, a curious consideration will arise. He will no longer be President of the United States. His first election was by a poll of every State in the Union. The Constitution required that every State should vote to render the election valid according to the laws of the Republic—and Mr. Lincoln was legally and constitutionally the Chief Magistrate of the United States. But his office expires and his functions cease in March.

¹ The quotation from this earlier Stopesian writer is omitted here.

Thirteen States out of Thirty-Three did not vote at all for his re-election—will not be reckoned by the Senate in taking the usual scrutiny of the returns. In America, Abraham Lincoln is Sovereign by a legal vote for four years. He is nothing when his term expires, until he is recreated by the same power which set him up at first—a power to which secession has put an end. For Lord Lyons to remain a Minister of this country at Washington would become a recognition by England of the status of Lincoln as President of all the States.

My magisterial honours are nearer than I thought, for I have already received notice that my name has been sent in by the Clerk of the Peace to the Lord Lieutenant, and my elevation to the position of “J.P.” is as good as settled. Pray for me, oh! my friend, that I may not, as *Punch* said, “commit myself twice as often as I commit other people.” By the bye, this week’s *Punch* contains a good attack on “Dr. John Bright and his Franchise Pill.” It is by Shirley Brooks.

I fear this will prove but a dull epistle, but I have no really good fun to send you. It is not granted to thy model correspondent to be always amusing.

FEBRUARY, 1865

WE have not relieved the tedium of our letters with a conundrum for some time past, so let us have a "go in." "Yes, let's!" In what do "Greenbacks"¹ resemble the Jewish Nation? In that they are the issue of Abraham, and know not when their redeemer cometh. I have heard worse conundrums in my time. Surely I have another for you. Why does kissing a pretty girl somewhat resemble cutting up a very tough goose? Because you can't help yourself. Ha! Ha! you are sold. Sola! Sola!

Being by this time in a proper frame of mind, we will proceed. There is a rumour that Lord Arthur Clinton (who was dismissed from the Navy the other day) has wounded his brother, the young Duke of Newcastle,² in a duel. The thing has been kept dark, but I believe there is some truth in it: at any rate the Duke has been wounded by his brother, but the *duel* is doubtful. Like many other wise men, the late Duke has begotten a worthless and foolish offspring. But what could be expected from such a wife as he unfortunately selected? Truly a man takes a serious step

¹ Bank notes for small sums issued by the Government of Abraham Lincoln.

² The sixth Duke of Newcastle (1834-1879) and Lord Arthur Pelham-Clinton (1840-1870) were the sons of the fifth Duke of Newcastle. Lord Arthur was later on involved in a more serious matter, the Boulton and Park Scandal of 1870; but he died while the case was in progress.

when he selects the woman who is to be a mother to his children—if he can beget any.

The fifth Duke of Newcastle, who had been Secretary for War and the Colonies during the years 1852–1855, and again Colonial Secretary 1859–1864, married in 1832, when Earl of Lincoln, Lady Susan Douglas-Hamilton, only daughter of the tenth Duke of Hamilton, and granddaughter of William Beckford, of Fonthill Abbey. Lord Lincoln divorced his wife in 1850, before he succeeded to the dukedom of Newcastle. She remarried, in 1860, M. Opdebeck, of Brussels, and died in 1889.

A ludicrous incident occurred in V. C. Wood's Court the other day. The subject in hand was a patent case, relating to some method of producing a purple colour which was then separated by the action of heat into red and blue. One of the witnesses was a Frenchman, who was examined through an interpreter, who was selected because he was supposed to possess not only a knowledge of languages but of chemistry. His ignorance of both was soon evident, however. A barrister of Jewish extraction, named J——, who is celebrated for a great paucity of H's, was examining, and said: "I believe, Monsieur, you 'eat (meaning heat) this mixture?" Whereupon the interpreter inquires: "N'est ce pas que vous mangez cette composition?" "Oh, Jamais, Jamais!" exclaims the Frenchman, with disgust and astonishment. The Court burst into a roar of laughter, which there was no effort to suppress.¹

¹ Some friends of mine, possessing a raw domestic servant, said one evening to the girl apropos of a piece of cold meat,

Some singular evidence that has recently been given before the City Court of Brooklyn, New York, has caused much amusement here. Dr. Brown, the chief physician of the Bloomingdale Lunatic Asylum, stated that not only was *Adler's German and English Dictionary* (a work regarded as a standard text-book in the States) written by a lunatic, but that one of the leading newspapers in New York is at this time principally edited in his asylum, and the leading editorial is written three or four times a week by a person of unsound mind in that institution.

We have recently (on February 1st) paid our first visit to Oxford. We went to stay with Cotter Morison, who has a furnished house at Abingdon, about seven miles from the University, for eight months. The object of our visit was to act as sponsors for his youngest child, a little girl named Margaret. Instead of going through London, we went by South-Western Railway via Kingston and Staines to Reading, where we joined the Great Western via Didcot to Oxford. Arriving at 1.37, we spent the afternoon in lionising and managed to get through a good deal of work. At 5.30 we left by train for Abingdon. To meet us at dinner came one Metcalfe,¹ whilom of St. John's, Cambridge, but now of Oxford, where he obtained a Fellowship (at Lincoln) and a church in the town. He is well-known as a Norwegian and Icelandic traveller, being the author of

"Heat this up for lunch to-morrow." The lunch hour duly arrived but no hot fricassee. Upon inquiry the wench explained, "Why, ma'am, you told me to 'eat up the meat for my lunch, so I 'ad it with my early snack at eleven."

¹ Frederick Metcalfe (1815-1885).

The Oxonian in Norway and a work on Iceland. He and I soon found much in common, not only in Norwegian matters, but in the fact that he had been at Shrewsbury School and afterwards at John's with my uncle, Henry Hardman. He it was who asked us the conundrum about kissing the pretty girl,¹ and he also told us that there is at this time at Corpus College a man named Watson, who is so very corpulent that instead of "Watson of Corpus" he is called "Corpus of Watson." Does not that forcibly remind you of our old University jokes? These things are but feeble examples of his talk, which was of the driest, most humorous and original. He stayed all night. The next afternoon came Fowler,² sub-rector of Lincoln under Mark Pattison (*Essays and Memoirs*) as Rector.

We are glad to have obtained a place for old Bainbridge (the Trinity gyp). Our neighbour, the Rev. Mr. Stewart, has taken him as butler and attendant on himself. Poor old Bainbridge, he has suffered tremendously for no fault of his own.

We had a very jolly dinner at Shirley Brooks's on Thursday last. Mary Anne and Mrs. Shirley were the only ladies present; we were eleven in all. Russell of *The Times* was to have made up the dozen, but his wife's severe illness prevented him. We had Sherard Osborn,³ Mark Lemon, Edmund Yates, Frith the R.A.,

¹ See *ante*, page 266.

² Thomas Fowler (1832-1904). Became President of Corpus, 1881. Vice-Chancellor, 1901. Author of books on Logic.

³ Sherard Osborn (1822-1875), R.N., later Rear-Admiral. Served in the Chinese War, 1840-1843, and in the Crimean War. Commanded the "Pioneer" steam-tender in Captain Austin's Arctic Expedition, 1850-1851. Served in China, 1857-1858. Author of *The Last Voyage and Fate of Sir John Franklin*.

old "Pater" Evans and others. By the way, you will see a very severe and offensive attack on Edmund Yates in *The Pall Mall Gazette*; he writes in *The Morning Star* under the signature of "The Flâneur," and is called by the *P.M.G.* "Neddy Yapp." The article is a disgrace to the new journal, which in other respects is well-written. But this is digression. Sherard Osborn is a remarkably nice fellow, very unaffected and quite the British Sailor. He is singularly clear-headed and has the faculty of explaining anything without redundancy of words and with rare perspicuity. He goes out to superintend the working and completion of the East Indian Peninsular Railways. He told me he should probably not remain above three years, by which time he will have obtained his rank of Admiral. Until he told me, I was not aware that, during the Arctic summer, the sun revolves round the horizon so evenly that nothing but the most accurate observation can detect any difference in its altitude. It is difficult, therefore, if not impossible, to determine your position or the points of the compass.

Our move into the country has caused a grand upsetting of our domestics and given us a good deal of trouble, although it has not been unaccompanied by amusement. The following letter convulsed us—I preserve the spelling:—"Madham, haven hird you ear in Wanks of a Parley-maid I take the liberty to aply on behalf of a frind of mine ho is in Wanks of such a situatian my frind is at Present in Norfolk but can come any time requeired is a tall fine woman 25 years of age can be well recomended Will rerquier 16 Pounds Wages if Madham you thin the Pircon I have tried to give a

slite desripshun of will sute your situatian I shall be glad to see you on hir bhalf yours humbly E. D. Timbes."

This week is peculiarly lively. On Tuesday I dined at the London Tavern with the Lodge of Honour and Generosity, of which my friend W. F. Smith was that evening installed Master. On Wednesday I dined at the Conservative Club with Robert Cooke to meet Hardy and Dr. William Smith (*Dictionary of the Bible*).¹ The Doctor is a most intimate friend of the celebrated George Grote and his disagreeable wife, and he was immensely interested by my account of meeting them at Neuchatel in 1863,² and the very unfavourable impression produced upon us. He said he should chaff them about it.

On Thursday night we dined at Norbiton Park to meet a large party of the good folks who are our neighbours. Our views on Missionary Societies, Sabbath Observance, and general priggishness, are utterly opposed to theirs, and we do not hesitate to say what we think. I fancy they regard us as not disagreeable eccentrics, and will not dislike us when they know us. These remarks apply to the laity; I am not so sure of the clergy. For ourselves, we have such a host of congenial friends apart from our new Norbiton circle that we don't care a damn what they think.

To-night we go over to Tooting to dine with Robert Cooke again, but this time at his private house, to meet Vambéry, the great traveller (whose book was offered to me—to revise translation and edit), who visited

¹ See the first volume of this work, pages 42-43.

² See *ante*, pages 67-69.

Central Asia disguised as a Dervish. I am very curious to see him, for report says he got so inured to dirty habits during his Dervish life, that he has abandoned the use of soap and water for years.

You will see from the papers that J. M. McDouall Stuart has had the honour of presenting copies of his *Explorations*¹ to the Queen and the Prince of Wales.

From Mary Anne's letter I find that she has a notion that I will not carry my *Life of Cobbett* to a successful termination. She will, I trust, be mistaken.² I can assure you that I mean thoroughly to conclude it. But I will say no more : deeds not words will be my answer to her unwifely prognostications.

My friend Dodson,³ who had Chambers with me in Lincoln's Inn Fields, has been appointed Chairman of Committee of Ways and Means in the House of Commons, and is universally agreed to be the hardest worked man of the present day. He is also, ex-officio, Chairman of the Committee of Referees on Railway Bills. I had the pleasure (?) of attending before him the other day as a Petitioner against the South-Western Railway Extension which comes close by my grounds but without actually touching me. He and his brethren decided that I had no *locus standi*, and I think they were right, besides I was glad that Dodson was not influenced by personal feelings. I thought there was

¹ See *ante*, page 76 and note.

² She was right.

³ John George Dodson (1825-1897), created Lord Monk-Bretton in 1884. M.P. for East Sussex, 1857-1874, for Chester, 1874-1880, and for Scarborough, 1880-1884. Deputy Speaker of the House of Commons, 1865-1872. President of Local Government Board, with seat in Cabinet, 1880.

no harm in trying to push the Railway a hundred yards away from me, if I could manage it.

It was Hardman's fate to have his properties invaded by railway schemes. The extension of the line from Kingston, with a new station at Norbiton, was duly effected. In course of time houses were built on adjoining land, and Hardman Road now preserves the local memory of this former occupant of Norbiton Hall.

MARCH, 1865

THE Emperor Napoleon's *Life of Cæsar* is published at last, and is causing much excitement in the present dearth of news. It is interesting to me to know, not of course from the Emperor's work, that Julius Cæsar pursued the Britons across the ford at this place, the first point at which the Thames could be crossed, and that Claudius constructed the first bridge (a wooden one) here, and made a road from Tooting through Wimbledon and the British Camp to the town and bridge, which were half a mile lower down the river than at present. This Roman road ran through my property, through what we know as the "Workhouse piece," the old Workhouse having been there many years ago. Dost thou not envy me the possession of a piece of an old Roman Road? I plant pyramid trees and sow potatoes over it, instead of excavating (with most likely no result), for I prefer to feed my imagination with the urns, pavements, or coins, that *may* lie beneath, while we and our friends fill our stomachs with the fruit and vegetables which will certainly be produced on its surface. I should mention that when the Saxon town of Chingeston was built, the old Roman Thamesa and all its belongings were obliterated, the materials being used to construct the new town, which was half a mile higher up the river. This accounts for the Roman road having become entirely disused and merged in fields.

On the 9th and 11th of this month we gave our first two large dinner-parties here. That on the 9th was to the Norbitonians and some friends from Hampton : it passed off tolerably well, but fell far short of its successor, which was to our more immediate friends and included Meredith and his wife, Orridge and his wife, Robert Cooke and his sister, James Virtue and his sister, Dr. Liveing, and our governess, Miss Lethbridge (a very lady-like and agreeable young lady)—so you see we were fourteen. This party was perfect. The folks at the first party represented in money value a very considerable sum, and would have been worth “looting” for the sake of their diamonds. But the second party represented intellect and general information, and you may be sure was far more to our taste. On both occasions we produced grand results by means of our forced flowers. On scagliola pedestals in each of the four windows of the dining-room were enormous azaleas in gorgeous bloom ; while table, mantel-piece, and Hall abounded in tropical ferns, cyclamens, and variegated hydrangeas.

The following Wednesday we went up to town to stay with the Hambers and go to the Adelphi, where Hamber had a private box. Hamber’s mother manages, or rather *mismanages* his household, and the dinner was a series of ludicrous *contretemps*. We were sorry for the excellent Tom, who was *rather* angry. However jollity and good fellowship were the order of the day, and what more do you want ? You may fancy what a fidget old Mrs. Hamber is, when I tell you that Mary Anne heard her express her doubt as to whether “Tom could be trusted to put out the gas !”

My friend Goodwin, of the *Essays and Reviews*, is appointed to the post of Assistant Judge at Shanghai, and leaves in a few days. This did not astonish me so much as the fact that he is also on the point of being married before he starts. It is a great nuisance to lose one's friends in this way. He will have to do also with that land of "Happy Dispatch," Japan, so, as I tell him, it is a chance if I ever see him again.¹ Rather a Job's Comforter, am I not?

Whilst I think of it I will mention a neat expression apropos of Missionaries which occurred in a paper read before the Anthropological Society (of which I am a Fellow) some ten days ago. "We live," said the author (Mr. Reade), "in an air which is purer than that breathed by savage folk. This fact has induced some thousands of our enthusiastic, but ignorant, fellow-countrymen to adopt a wild scheme for the remedy of this evil. They endeavoured to change the religious climates of whole continents by bottling up our moral atmosphere in missionaries, and exporting it at a very great expense."

On Thursday 23rd I attended at the Surrey Sessions at Newington (close by Horsemonger Lane Gaol) in order to be sworn in as J.P. for Surrey. I afterwards sat in the Seat of Justice for the whole of the day. On the Friday morning I attended again and (in conjunction with the Chairman, Mr. Johnson) heard two long cases which occupied us from 10 a.m. until 6.30 p.m. One concerned a "larking" and "practical

¹ C. W. Goodwin, the last editor of *The Literary Gazette* and *The Parthenon*, became Acting Judge of the Supreme Court of China and Japan in 1868. He died at Shanghai in 1878, aged 61.

joking " ending in a fight at a " Cabman's House of Call " in Lambeth. One of the men, Carter, had on a previous occasion been fined £5 for horsewhipping the Vicar of Hampton, Mr. Burrow, whom we know and (like everybody else) dislike. We gave Carter four months with hard labour.

I am told by a very good authority that my elevation to the Bench has flabbergasted several in the neighbourhood who are fully qualified and have been moving heaven and earth to get made magistrates, for a long time, but the Lord Lieutenant would not consent, regarding their education and manners as scarcely those of gentlemen. I can fancy they must feel very much annoyed to see a young man (36) like myself come suddenly into the neighbourhood, and without moving in the matter myself at all, or soliciting in the slightest degree, before I have been settled in the neighbourhood five months I take my seat on the Bench ! Truly my work is cut out for me. I am ex-officio member of the Highway Board ; I am told that I shall be appointed a Commissioner of Assessed Taxes and Income Tax ; of course I am ex-officio a Guardian of the Poor, and God knows what beside. I have had to make arrangements with the Police to take charges at 9 o'clock every morning, provided I have notice of the same by 10 o'clock the previous evening. All this is work that I like, and I find I shall have as much as will occupy all my spare time and more too. The only thing to be regretted is that it produces no income to His Worship : Honour is an empty thing, yet it is worth something.

One of the greatest excitements of the day is " The

Edmunds Scandal." A Mr. Leonard Edmunds held the offices of Clerk of the Patents and Reader ¹ to the House of Lords. In the conduct of his office of Clerk of the Patents he was accused of "irregularities" and subsequently of "pecuniary defalcations." The first investigation brought him in a defaulter to the amount of £7,000, which sum he at once refunded, and resigned both his posts, receiving a retiring pension of £800 a year. The Lord Chancellor ² gave his son-in-law, Captain Cardew, the Clerkship of Patents, and obtained for his son, the Hon. Slingsby Bethell (recently an outlawed bankrupt) the vacant Readership. Thus the astute Bethell profited by the misdeeds of Mr. Edmunds, and was enabled to benefit his own family. Unfortunately it became known to the Lords' Committee, after they had settled the pension, that Mr. Edmunds was a further defaulter to the extent of £9,000, and it is charged against the Lord Chancellor that he, being aware of this fact at the time when the Committee sat in deliberation as to according the pension to Mr. Edmunds, withheld his knowledge of it. What is implied against Lord Westbury is plainly nothing less than that he facilitated the resignation of Mr. Edmunds in order to procure two vacant places for members of his family. Lord Derby ³ did not mince matters: he did not hesitate to say that he had received positive information that the Lord Chancellor had promised Mr. Edmunds that, if he resigned his offices, no difficulties should be thrown in the way of his obtaining a

¹ Reading Clerk and Clerk of Out-door Committees.

² Lord Westbury (Richard Bethell).

³ See *ante*, page 141.

pension. Lord Westbury indignantly denied it, and Lord Derby bowed an acquiescence which clearly showed he did not believe him. A Committee has been appointed, and is now sitting with closed doors to investigate the affair. There are many very curious and scandalous complications. For instance, it is privately asserted that Edmunds is an illegitimate son of Lord Brougham, during whose Chancellorship in 1833 he was appointed; and it seems certain that out of the £400 a year he received from the Patents Office £200 was set aside to pay the interest on a mortgage of £5,000 on Lord Brougham's property, and £100 was paid annually to the use of Mr. William Brougham, his Lordship's brother (and heir). No one cares a damn what becomes of Westbury, but every one hopes that old Harry Brougham may be able to clear his reputation, which is truly national property.

“The Edmunds Scandal” proved to be a very complicated affair. It transpired that Edmunds had lived for many years with Lord Brougham and that a portion of his official salary *had* been allocated to meet charges on the Brougham estates. However, the Select Committee which inquired into the matter (their Report can be read in *The Times* of May 5th, 1865) acquitted Lord Brougham of any participation in these transactions but severely censured his brothers, William and James Brougham. The Committee refused to recommend any reconsideration of the grant of a pension to Edmunds. As for Lord Westbury, the Committee censured him on two points, firstly for permitting Edmunds to resign his office on the promise of paying back his defalcations, and secondly for permitting Edmunds's application for

a pension to go before the Parliament Office Committee without divulging the serious information he possessed affecting the applicant. *The Times* said the Lord Chancellor "is tried by a Jury of his own friends and convicted on two counts." A second Select Committee inquired into the conduct of Lord Westbury, with ramifications into the affairs of his son and the Bankruptcy Court, and reported that he had not acted from unbecoming motives but found him "lax and inattentive to public interests." A Vote of Censure upon the Lord Chancellor followed in the House of Commons and was carried, in spite of the defence made by the Government on behalf of their colleague. Lord Westbury thereupon resigned his high office in a speech "so full of real grace and dignity that it almost turned indignation into sympathy." He retired to Italy for a time, but eventually returned to the House of Lords to take part in Appeal work and Privy Council affairs. He died in 1873, at the age of seventy-three.

There is a perfect mania at present for introducing the South American dried beef, or "Charqui," as it is called, as a cheap substitute for our own national food. I have only seen this damnable stuff hanging up outside a shop, resembling very worn and shabby wash-leather. Heaven forbid that I should taste it. I should think that Dr. Kitchiner's ¹ advice for the slicing and proper preparation of a cucumber may be wisely followed—viz. throw it away. There is one good use to which it may be applied, since it is asserted by chemical testers to contain a more than usual amount of nutriment, let

¹ William Kitchiner (1775-1827), author of *Apicius Redivivus, or The Cook's Oracle*, 1817.

it be given to our prisoners, but for humanity's sake spare our poor workhouse folk. The police have seized a lot at the shop of the great Bug-destroyer, Mr. Harper Twelvetrees, to that worthy's indignation, as being unfit for human food.

Another interesting fact, for loyal folk, is that our Princess of Wales is going to produce another scion of royalty some time this summer.

A prince (now King George the Fifth) was duly born on June 3rd, 1865.



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